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THE SEVEN WONDERS OF SOUTHERN AFRICA.

HEDLEY A. CHILVERS.

PRESENTED BY:
V. PR. PL. M.
KASIVISWANATHAN CHETTIAR
PAGANERI.

With eighteen Coloured Plates by Chas. E. Peers.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

LET us probe the silent spaces,
Let us seek what luck betides us,
Let us journey to a lonely land I know,
There's a whisper on the night-wind,
There's a star agleam to guide us,
And the Wild is calling, calling—let us go.

SUCH an adventure as Robert W. Service visualizes in these lines will surely be found in what the Portuguese navigators once called, "the regions of surmise," that is, in the new countries of the old world. Southern Africa was one of them. Into Southern Africa the white man penetrated four and a half centuries ago, waged his difficult wars, sailed in perennial sunlight along unknown coasts, and, like Diaz and Da Gama in search of a seaway to India and fearful lest the magnetic mountains should draw the bolts from their tiny ships and sink them, constantly implored the Virgin to protect them from the Unknown.

The purpose of this book is to tell the splendid story of Southern Africa, and of the men who adventured far and suffered much to make it great. The aim has been to treat the subject broadly; and not only to combine the topographical and industrial facts of the Present with those of the picturesque Past, but also to stress adequately the real-life adventure stories of our own times. Without these the picture must be incomplete.

For the story of Southern Africa is both intense and diverse. Its chapters range exhaustively along the wide gamut of human experience. There is something of epic fire, for instance, in the record of Barreto's search, in 1569, for the lost mines of Ophir, his men marching inland in breast-plates of scorching steel and dying in scores in their tracks: and although this enterprise did little to consolidate the reputation of Africa as a land of gold, yet some 317 years later, and then only by a fateful chance, the sensational discovery was made of the Witwatersrand Goldfields. Is there any real appreciation in

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the great world outside, one wonders, of the magnitude of this two thousand million pound "Reef," of the discovery of this basin of gold from which enough ore has been drawn already to pay for some considerable portion of the Great War; and into which shafts have been driven nearly twice as deep as the height of any mountain in Britain, without indeed disclosing the end of its riches?

Little appears to be known of it (or of the great city which has been built upon it), or of the search for it by intrepid men, one of whom long suspected its existence but just failed to find it, while another came upon it by the merest chance, his foot knocking off a portion of its "outcrop."

But there are so many other magnetic factors in South African life.

Those who rejoice in fireside pictures of Pepys walking the ill-lit streets of Stuart London, will find something delicately akin to his times in the spacious days of the Cape, when British, Dutch, Huguenots, and Malays, landed and settled within sight of the "Table Cloth," as Table Mountain's characteristic cloud is called.

They will find, too, something curiously fateful in the fact that, as the brave old farmer voortrekkers, *or Dutch pioneers, trekked in their poverty and singing their psalms beyond the site of the Premier diamond mine on their northward journey nearly a century ago, they passed a fabulous wealth of diamonds and gold lying all unsuspected almost at their feet, their wagons jogging on to what they hoped might be the promised land. Their battles with the formidable Zulus and Matabele are among the big things in international history. There is the epic ride of Dick King to Grahamstown in* 1842; *and then there is all the rich episode surrounding the lives of Tshaka, Hintza, Dingaan, Kruger, the early days of Natal, Rhodesia, and the pioneer work done by Rhodes—who made a fortune out of diamonds before he was thirty and devoted much of it to Imperial expansion northward. And there is, of course, all the romance associated with modern progress and industry*

The chapters dealing with South Africa's diamond fields and mines will, it is hoped, not be found lacking in human interest, particularly the reference to the Sabie diamond mystery,

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which was incorporated mainly to illustrate the extraordinary element of drama to which the late H. B Irving alluded in 1912 *when in South Africa, as being almost inseparable, it would seem, from the mining of precious stones anywhere in the world. Other portions of the book deal with the Natives, the Griquas, and the railways; with South-West Africa, Central Africa, the Belgian Congo, Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda. The title, "The Seven Wonders of Southern Africa," is perhaps justified when the country can claim as its own such physical marvels as:* (1) *The Victoria Falls;* (2) *Zimbabwe, the Temple of Mystery;* (3) *The Rand Goldfields, and its* £2,000,000,000 *content;* (4) *The Premier Mine, the biggest "pipe" diamond occurrence in the world;* (5) *The Alluvial Diamond Fields;* (6) *The Bushmen, ethnologically the oldest of all surviving races;* (7) *The Cango Caves and the wild life now roaming within the national parks of Southern Africa.*

HEDLEY A. CHILVERS.

Johannesburg,

January, 1929.

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
	ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	iii
	PREFACE	v
	PREMIER'S FOREWORD	xiii
I.	OLD SHIPS FIND NEW HARBOURS	1
II.	THE OLD GOLD SEEKERS OF THE EAST AFRICAN COAST, WITH NOTES ON MOZAMBIQUE PORTS	20
III.	THE STORY OF A MODERN OPHIR	36
IV.	THE TRANSVAAL: YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY	60
V.	TABLE MOUNTAIN TELLS THE STORY OF THE CAPE	71
VI.	HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE CAPE	92
VII.	(*a*) GRAHAMSTOWN, THE EASTERN PROVINCE, AND THE STORY OF THE VOORTREKKERS	103
	(*b*) THE STORY OF THE VOORTREKKERS (*contd.*)	114
VIII.	DURBAN, AND THE FAMOUS RIDE OF DICK KING	129
IX.	FROM THE COAST TO THE DRAKENSBERG	157
X.	THE LURE OF ALLUVIAL DIAMOND DIGGING	173
XI.	KIMBERLEY, AND ITS DIAMOND MINES	187
XII.	PRETORIA, AND THE PREMIER MINE	192
XIII.	THE MAKAPAAN'S CAVE AFFAIR AND THE SABIE DIAMOND EXPEDITION	201
XIV.	THE SETTLERS WHO MADE PORT ELIZABETH	210
XV.	THE KNYSNA FOREST AND SOME MOUNTAIN MEMORIES	223
XVI.	THE CANGO CAVES AND NATIONAL PARKS OF SOUTHERN AFRICA	233
XVII.	THE NATIVE IN DANCE, WAR, AND SONG	251
XVIII.	THE CALL OF THE GREAT "SOUTH-WEST"	272
XIX.	THE STORY OF THE RAILWAYS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA	285
XX.	THE STORY OF THE GRIQUA TREK, THE GREAT FALLS OF AUGHRABIES, AND THE ORANGE FREE STATE	300
XXI.	GREAT ZIMBABWE AND THE BEGINNINGS OF RHODESIA	313
XXII.	THE CAVE OF THE RHODESIAN UMLIMO	327
XXIII.	THE STORY OF THE VICTORIA FALLS	334
XXIV.	RHODESIAN MYSTERY PLACES AND SOME OTHERS	344
XXV.	THE GHOSTS OF THE GREAT NORTH ROAD	353
XXVI.	KENYA AND THE CALL OF RHODES	366

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LIST OF COLOURED PLATES.

		Opp. page
1.	GROOT CONSTANTIA—THE HISTORIC HOMESTEAD OF SIMON VAN DER STEL.	1
2.	VASCO DA GAMA ROUNDING THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE	16
3.	HEADGEAR OF A JOHANNESBURG GOLD MINE	33
4.	AN OLD-TYPE MINE HEADGEAR ON THE RAND	48
5.	THE LANDING OF JOHAN VAN RIEBEECK AT TABLE BAY	81
6.	A MAILBOAT LEAVING CAPETOWN DOCKS	96
7.	THE VOORTREKKERS	129
8.	THE OLD FORT AT DURBAN	144
9.	THE SENTINEL—A MAJESTIC PEAK OF THE DRAKENSBERG	177
10.	ALLUVIAL DIAMOND DIGGINGS	192
11.	UNION BUILDING, PRETORIA—THE AMPHITHEATRE	209
12.	WHERE THE CULLINAN DIAMOND WAS FOUND—PREMIER MINE	224
13.	FACADE OF UNION BUILDINGS, PRETORIA	257
14.	ARRIVAL OF THE "1820" SETTLERS AT ALGOA BAY	272
15.	THE PORT OF NATAL—DURBAN	305
16.	A JETTY IN DURBAN HARBOUR	320
17.	THE CONICAL TOWER, GREAT ZIMBABWE RUINS	353
18.	VICTORIA FALLS—THE MAIN FALL SEEN THROUGH THE GORGE	368

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FOREWORD.

PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE,
PRETORIA,
NOV., 1928.

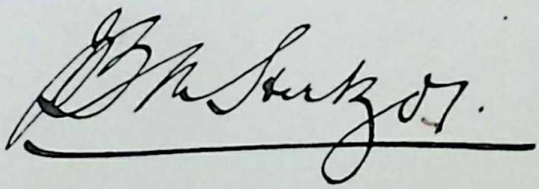
THE author of this volume has essayed the laudable task of making more widely known to the world the story of Southern Africa, and its great and abiding charm.

In commending the book and its purpose, I feel that it may be asserted with some confidence that no land possesses a more romantic history or one more calculated to inspire both young and old with feelings of pride, love, and respect. And apart from this, Southern Africa has a heritage of outstanding gifts of natural beauty.

We may reflect with just pride, too, that Southern Africa is, in effect, a land of epics—epics, for example, such as the heroic voyages of the Portuguese navigators Diaz and da Gama. Their fortitude, and the achievement of the latter in finding a sea-route to India around Africa, will always rank as notable feats in maritime history. The stories of the 1820 Settlers, and of the *Voortrekkers* who went north from the Cape and won new lands for themselves in the face of fierce and warlike tribesmen, these are permanent landmarks in the path of the nation's progress and tokens of the pioneer spirit that has made Southern Africa.

Southern Africa is a land where sunshine is almost perennial, where the air is pure and the spaces are vast, a land that calls back its sons wherever they may be!

The subject is worthy of any book. And the avowed aim of this volume must indeed have the approval of all who desire to see the country enter into that wider recognition, which is assuredly part of its destiny.



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Groot Constantia—the Historic Homestead of Simon van der Stel.

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CHAPTER I

Old Ships Find New Harbours.

I

IN August, 1487, while Spain was yet discussing the dramatic burnings and torturings of Torquemada, and while the souls of men fired by the beliefs of Henry the Navigator in a new sea-road to India, no less than by the fascinating adventures of Marco Polo, were looking to the riches of the East as a means of escape from the poverty of the West, Bartholomew Diaz, Receiver of Customs at the Port of Lisbon, sailed from the Tagus on a voyage of discovery. His mission was to find a way round Africa to India and to the rich spice-lands of the East. And it argues well for the intrepidity of the black-bearded captain that he set forth in such tiny caravels. The quaint little vessels, clumsy-rolling craft of only sixty tons each, with a slightly larger storeship following, would not have won confidence to-day for any trifling journey ; but in the more adventurous times of the Fifteenth Century, mariners were prepared to risk the storms, the uncharted reefs, the encounters with the enchantments, prodigies, giants, and fearsome wild beasts, which all believed terrorized the unknown South

The swarthy Diaz was interested in the trafficking of Europe with Asia. Henry the Navigator, Prince of Portugal, had realized some decades before how Venice, Genoa, and Pisa were enriching themselves by their trade with the East. He regretted that Portugal's geographical position kept her out of it. He knew that Upper Italy monopolized this trade along two lines, a northern by way of the Black and Caspian Seas and camel caravans beyond, and a southern through

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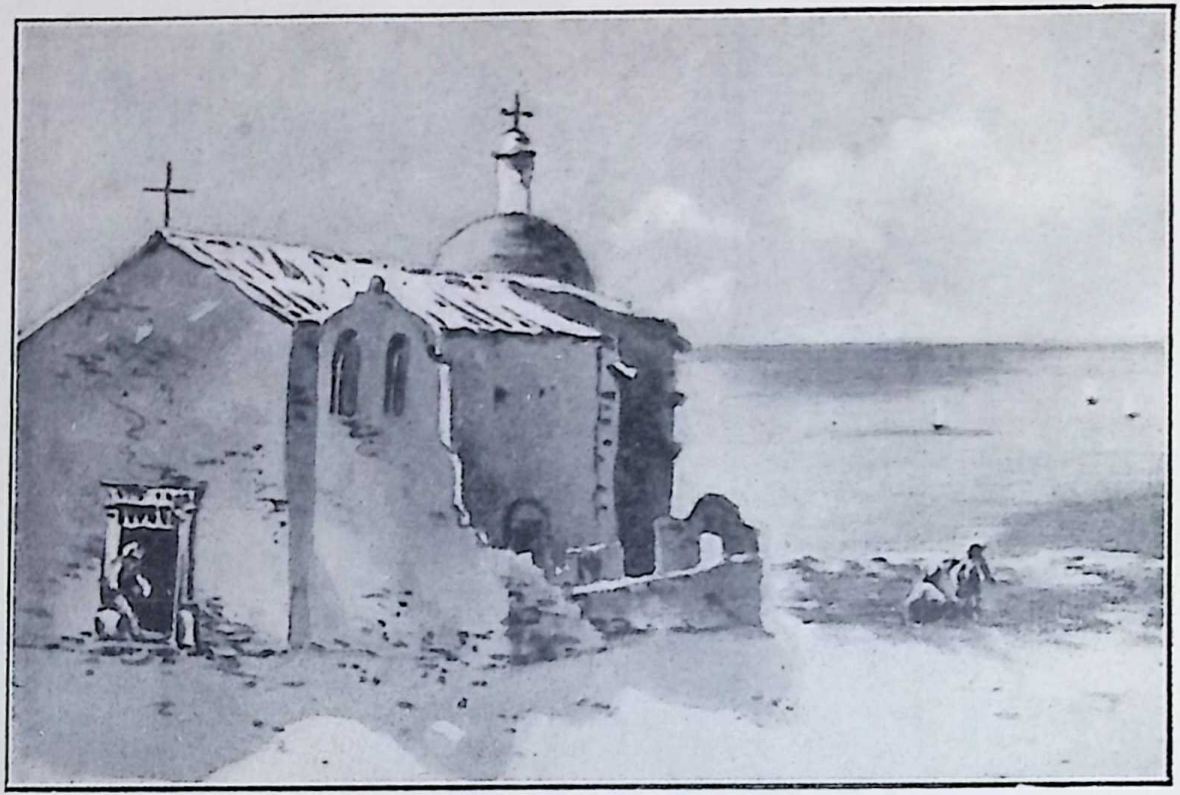

THE CHURCH OF THE NAVIGATORS AT SAGRES.

[G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London.

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the Syrian and Egyptian ports and via the Arabian Sea.* The headquarters of the former route were at Genoa ; those of the latter at Venice. The galleys and caravans of Italy took out cloth, velvet, and silver, and returned with gold, pearls, indigo, silk, spices, and precious stones. Spain, Portugal, Britain, and Holland, lying as they do on the western seaboard, were excluded from this trade ; and they viewed with very natural envy the rapid enrichment of the Italian States. Henry the Navigator was promptly determined to win for Portugal a share of this trade. He consulted, at Sagres, on the south-west promontory of Portugal, all the learned mapmakers, shipbuilders, and navigators of the day, his immediate object being the conquest of the ocean and the discovery of a sea-route to India. He died in 1460, but the great idea which he inspired, the idea of a seaway to India, grew and was translated into action, with the result that Portuguese expeditions groped their way successively down the West African Coast until, in 1484, Diogo Cao reached Cape Cross.

II.

King John II. of Portugal lost little time in testing this faith of Henry the Navigator, in a Cape–India seaway. And thus it was that the Diaz Expedition came about. Unfortunately, its equipment was poor, that is, judged by later standards. In those days there was no adequate means of keeping water fresh—it was retained in covered casks in the depths of the rat-infested holds. There was a lack of vegetables, a predisposing cause of scurvy. The crews, too, which crammed his little vessels were of a motley order, were dirty, ignorant, and probably not entirely made up of sailor-

* The northern or Genoese route had been broken up completely by Tartars and Turks and by political disturbance. These had wrought the ruin of the Eastern caravan trade of Genoa, a circumstance which filled the Genoese sailors with a desire to sail round the world and to reach the East by sea. Among these was Christopher Columbus. He, however, got little encouragement in Genoa, and he eventually sailed west in 1492 under the aegis of the Spanish Queen Isabella. He died in the belief that the American coasts on which he landed at sunrise on 12th October, 1492, were the eastern parts of Asia, and that, therefore, his voyage had been theoretically successful.

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men. Moreover, with them were convict negresses condemned for crimes committed in Portuguese Guinea These, as may be imagined, increased the nondescript character of the personnel. Chained below decks, they sometimes bewailed their fate, which was to be taken from their foul quarters, dressed in good clothes, and to be landed on the unknown coasts of the South, there to spread to the equally unknown inhabitants the gospel of Portuguese goodwill

Southward went Bartholomew Diaz Without misadventure his ships were blown over the great Atlantic rollers until the sun seemed to go north, familiar stars to be obliterated, and new ones to come up from the south.

The vessels clung to the bright, yellow-green coast, risking the reefs and taking the chance of being driven ashore. At last in the little crow's-nests, the look-outs sighted the head of Cape Cross at 21° 50′ south, about 100 miles north of Walvis Bay and Swakopmund. And all along this coast they doubtless saw, afterwards, the white bones of great whales, grim relics of storm and of the savagery of the hunting sharks. And so tacking out to sea and down the shoals they crept at last into Pequena Bay in latitude 26° 38′ south. And there they dropped anchor.

Pequena Bay was gay with bird life—gannets, penguins, terns, gulls, and petrels—from the eggs of which the sailors replenished their supplies The low-lying coasts seemed destitute of human life. Such humans as existed, and who as we now know lived on honey, eggs, seal flesh, and the carcasses of whales, had probably fled at the approach of the white strangers with the great winged boats. One of the convict negresses was landed here She was bedecked in finery and put ashore to spread talk of the Portuguese among the inland tribes, and to give advice to any Portuguese ships which might call there afterwards.

This spot is known to-day as Luderitz Bay.

Once more the ships sailed south. The winds were conflicting and the current difficult. Diaz stopped off the Orange River, the waters of which take their rise on the summit of Mont aux Sources, some 800 miles eastward in the Drakensberg Range, and thus virtually cross South Africa, so that

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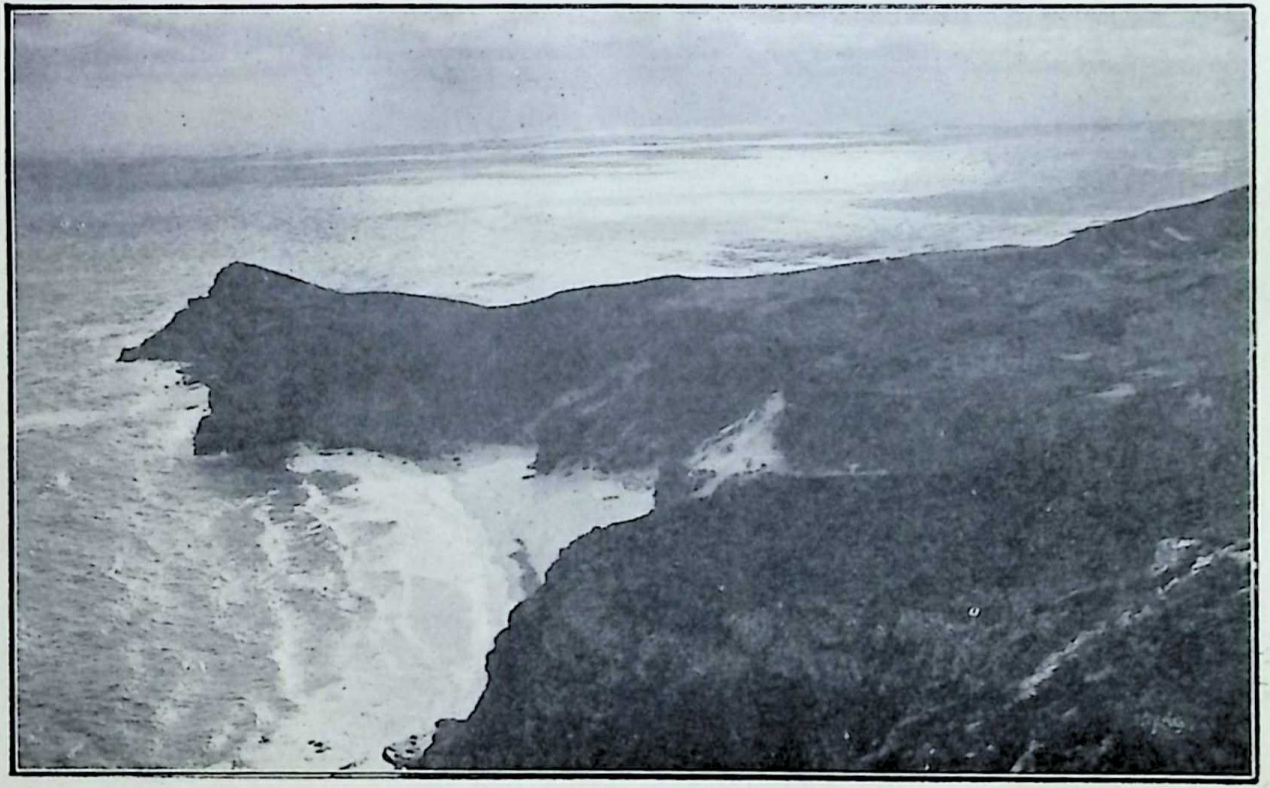

SUNSET OVER THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, FEARED AND LOVED BY THE NAVIGATORS OF OLD.

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the ships of this early explorer must have ridden a greenish sea darkened for many miles out with débris from the new continent. Bartholomew went on. Giving his vessels a south-easterly course, he ran into heavy seas, drove about under bare poles, poised on the big grey hills, and cast into seething whirlpools, while the sodden decks creaked and the blast tore through the rigging. After thirteen days of it, and bearing in eastward all the time, he made no land, and ultimately realized that he must have passed the southernmost extremity of Africa. So he steered north. And gradually the misty outline of a remote coast gladdened his eyes. He had passed the "Cape." Table Mountain had eluded him perchance in some night, and he had now reached a point east of it and on the southern coast of Africa near St. Sebastian Bay. He brought his ships to anchor here in a little inlet which he named Angra dos Vaqueiros, or the bay of the cattle-keepers, because to his amazement he saw numerous cattle grazing ashore and startled yellow-black herdsmen—Hottentots—who at once rushed down between cattle and ships and drove their herds inshore. And their nomadic camps were for long after entranced, no doubt, by fanciful fireside stories of the ships which had come up in the night.

III.

Diaz stayed in this peaceful spot for repairs. His vessels had suffered greatly in repeated storms, but having careened them and made them more seaworthy he sailed on to a place which he called Aguada de Sao Bras, now Mossel Bay, and obtained fresh water

A stirring adventure, it is said, befell him here. He was taking in water at a favourable spot on the beach when Bushmen appeared suddenly on a hill overlooking the watering place. They threw stones at the sailors until Diaz seized a cross-bow, shot upwards, and killed one. The scene of this conflict was probably the rocky, solitary Munro Cove at the southern end of the Bay of St. Blaize. Later on, around the picturesque coast, he put in at the Bahea da Lagoa, known now as Algoa Bay, whereon is the modern town of Port Elizabeth. Bartholomew Diaz and his officers went to an

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islet herein and took counsel together. They had sailed some 6,000 miles, had found that there was a southern coast to the African Continent, had rounded it, and as the shore was beginning to recede north-east they saw that the stories of the Egyptian Jews and the Arabs who had established settlements south of Egypt were probably true, and that the new maritime route to the Orient was already almost proven. The heart of the chief explorer was doubtless overjoyed. He set up a stone cross on the islet bearing the arms of Portugal.

The attention of Diaz was now drawn to lithe, yellow figures gathering shellfish on the mainland. He gave orders that another of the convict negresses was to be put ashore. And it requires little imaginative effort to visualize this poor wretch, possibly no criminal at all in the light of the laws of to-day, left alone on the beach weeping and imploring while the ships raised their anchors and sailed into the unknown. The yellow men were probably Bushmen gathering shellfish for consumption in their cavern dwellings. The ships went on to the mouth of the Great Fish River, about seventy miles south of the modern port of East London, and that probably was the furthest point reached by Diaz on his voyage of 13,000 miles.

Then they turned back on the homeward journey, undertaken with thankful hearts. They scudded towards the vast grey mass of Table Mountain and erected a memorial pillar close by on 16th August, 1488, veered north, and put into the little bay near the southern point of the Orange River to pick up their storeship. Of the nine men they left on it as caretakers on the outward voyage, only one had survived, a ragged delirious wretch whose transports of joy brought about his death a little later. After anchoring a while in the Gulf of Guinea and at the Gold Coast, they at length reached Portugal and entered the port from which they had departed.

Thus ended the first voyage of discovery to South Africa Diaz and his crews were greeted by the King as heroes. They met Christopher Columbus, keenly interested and anxious to make a great journey to the Orient by sailing

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VASCO DA GAMA, WHO DISCOVERED NATAL IN 1497 ON HIS HISTORIC VOYAGE AROUND AFRICA TO INDIA.

[From a portrait in the Old Durban Room of the Durban Museum.

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westward from Spain. Not only were their presumably coloured stories of new lands and queer races wonderful to the simple minds of the day, but it was felt also that they had all but found the new seaway to national greatness. So that the golden squares of old Lisbon and the sunny inns and the villages rang surely with the exploits of the sailormen until in due time there came the chastening reflection that the task of exploration had not been quite completed ; that while the sailors of Diaz had done most of that which had been required of them in rounding the Southern Cape, the task still remained to prove finally the sea-route to India.

This, then, it was felt, must be left to a greater expedition And thus was mooted the later project, the expedition of Vasco da Gama. Diaz was certainly to the fore in it. He no doubt urged very strongly that ships should be built twice the size of those in which he himself had sailed He can be pictured elaborating his arguments, dwelling on the fierce storms of the South Atlantic, the need of adequate store-ships, of water, and of arms. So that at last he himself was ordered to supervise the building of the boats for the new expedition, and to shape them to meet the dangers which he had encountered with so little loss of life. Meanwhile, the news of these great doings had caused the utmost consternation in Italy. " When news reached Venice," states Priuti in his Chronicles, " the whole city felt it greatly and remained stupefied. The wisest held it as the worst news which could ever arrive."

IV.

Vasco da Gama, a native of the Province of Sines in Southern Portugal, was invited to become Captain-General of the new Armada. A cold, stern individual of thirty-five, with a fierce temper and unshakable resolution, he was held to be the ideal man for this greater voyage around the southern extremity of Africa and across the unknown seas to India. Control of any such adventure demanded a big type of man. The sailors of those days required discipline. They were superstitious and often mutinous, and it would fare ill with any officer who allowed them by familiarity and

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the habit of near approach to get the upper hand. So, while Bartholomew Diaz occupied himself with the building of the boats, Vasco da Gama got his crews carefully together—one hundred and seventy in all—and installed the latest bombards and small arms. He perfected his plans. He chatted often with the skilful Jewish Astronomer-Royal, Abraham Zacuto, on the sunny heights overlooking Lisbon. He learned from him the best methods of navigation. He got some schooling, too, in the use of instruments—Genoese needles, hour-glasses, log-lines, sounding lines, and primitive quadrants He resolved on keeping his ships together by lanterns on bow and stern, lanterns which, in these days, would appear dim and ineffectual, perhaps, as they shed their dull yellow light on the ornate sterns of his cumbrous ships, but which must have looked friendly enough to them at nights on the tossing wastes of the sea. He realized, too, that perhaps many who sailed would not return, and that it would be wise to train his sailors to be carpenters, cooks, gunners, pilots—all and everything, in fact, pertaining to the sea.

V.

On 8th July, 1497, the three ships, the "St. Gabriel," "St. Raphael," and the "Berrio," went out of the Tagus, commanded respectively by Vasco da Gama, Paulo da Gama, his brother, and Nicolo Coelho. There was, as they went out, a complimentary exchange of the leader's standard of red and gold, the brothers honouring each other thus as they began the voyage. Diaz, sailing with the "St. Gabriel" a little way on the voyage, must have looked wistfully on the ceremonial, on the new boats sailing forth just as he had done ten years before; and he doubtless felt the bitterness of the farewells when the ships vanished in a golden haze, hull down, from the Cape Verde Islands, steered by his old pilot, Pero d'Alenquer, and left him behind. He probably watched them out of sight in the wan light as he steered away to El Mina, the old Portuguese station on the Gold Coast, a station which he had helped to found as a younger man.

Shortly after this, da Gama's fleet scudded into a storm.

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Driving south-west, the ships went nearer the coast of Brazil than of Africa. Herein da Gama showed his daring. Forth he went into the white wastes instead of hugging the West African coast as Diaz had done ; and he faced the nameless ocean ghosts which haunted the beliefs of all sailormen of the time, such, for instance, as the old giant Bishop of the Sea with the phosphorescent mitre, dragging down ships and sailors, with just the same boldness as he had frowned at the fears of his crews.

The storm continuing, the sailors on the smallest boat began to murmur. Lying below deck, thrown here and there, bruised and sick, they planned to seize the vessel, but thought it wiser to wait until the men on the other ships could be persuaded also to rise. Nearly three months had now elapsed since they last saw land—S. Thiago in the Cape Verde Islands. The vessels had suffered damage and the seas were still often lashed into fury, and so at last, possibly after taking many turns at the helm himself, da Gama bore eastwards, judging it wise not to test further the temper of his men or the strength of his ships. And presently they began to see queer, slow-flying land birds with a tendency to float on the gulf weed, and whales, and seals ; while the sea changed from blue to green. They realized then that they must be nearing land, and over the gloomy crew came a better spirit.

On 4th November, 1497, the man in the little crow's-nest on one of the ships shouted " Terra ! Terra ! " and far away to the east while the sun was yet low the excited sailors saw a golden thread of low-lying land—perhaps a far-off glimpse of the gleaming green slope of Kamiesberg near Hondeklip Bay. There it was, on coasts begirt with sea-weed that the sailors of da Gama first sighted sunny South Africa But finding no natural haven they stood off once more, and on Tuesday, 7th November, came sailing in full upon a spacious bay. All was excitement. The chief captain sent Pero d'Alenquer in the small boat to sound for good anchorage. He found it a useful harbour able to afford shelter against all winds, except those from the north-west. It extended east and west, and was named Santa Helena.

How the expedition, harassed by hostile blacks, was glad to set sail on Thursday, 16th November, 1497, and to

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put into Saldanha Bay to ascertain the latitude; how also some days later they had sight of the Cape of Good Hope—perhaps with its "table-cloth" of cloud, and how at last they glided into the Bay of St. Bras (Mossel Bay) where they remained for thirteen days—these are successive steps in a necessarily brief narrative

Vasco decided to dismantle his storeship here and to transfer the contents to the other ships, and this work proceeded until, when he sought to replenish his water supplies, the blacks became angry as in the case of Diaz, and thrust their cattle towards the bush.

"Why do you take away our water?" appeared to be the meaning of their shouts

The day before Vasco left he placed on a height near the shore a stone pillar and a cross. This cross which was very high was made, presumably, out of the mizzen-mast of the dismantled provision ship The stone pillar was one of several carried by the Armada to be left at new ports, and had the arms of the King of Portugal engraved thereon.

As the ships set sail the sailors saw a dozen natives appear suddenly They surrounded the cross and pillar. In a few minutes the mast and cross-yard were toppled over, and the pillar fell; and thus, at what is now known as Mossel Bay, were demolished in a few seconds da Gama's tokens of Faith and Dominion.

VI.

Now, however, the spirit of mutiny which had simmered for some time before the Cape had been rounded broke out anew, provoked doubtless by bad weather and frightful under-deck discomforts. The men aboard the "Berrio" sought the means to foment a simultaneous rising of the other crews As this could not be done except by hailing, and as mutinous plots do not usually succeed when the conspirators bawl their plans abroad, they were in a quandary A lad got to learn of what was toward and told Nicolo Coelho about it Now, the crew of the "Berrio" was a crew of sons of the soil. They were not all sailors.

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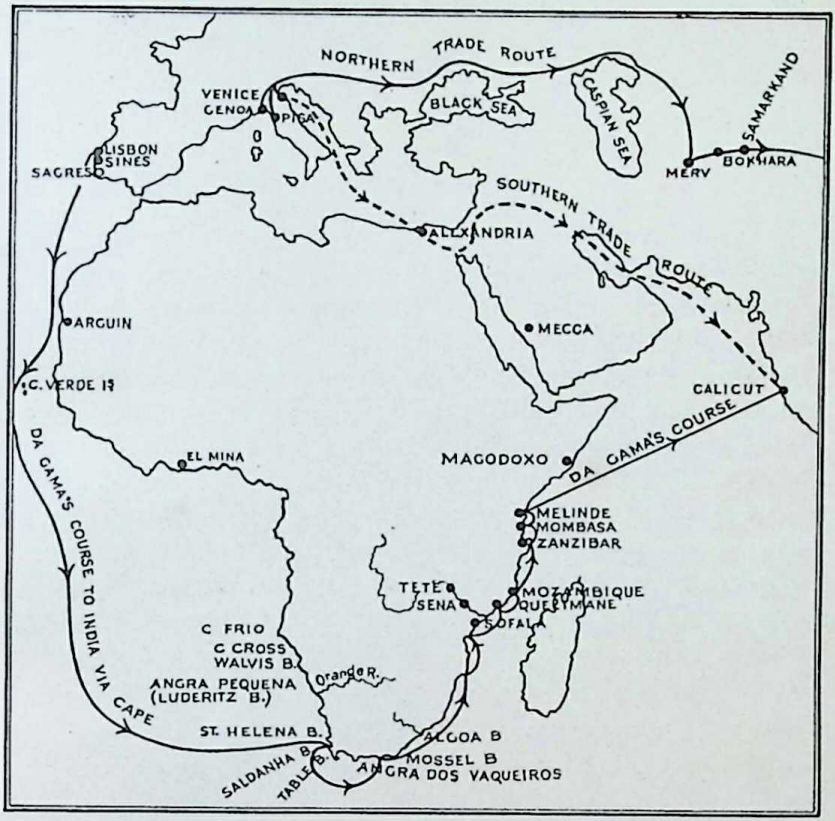

MAP SHOWING (A) THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN CARAVAN TRADE ROUTES WHICH BROUGHT WEALTH FROM THE EAST TO VENICE, GENOA, AND PISA; AND (B) THE VOYAGE OF THE PORTUGUESE NAVIGATOR, VASCO DA GAMA, WHO, IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO CAPTURE THIS TRADE BY WAY OF A SEA-ROUTE, SAILED FROM LISBON, DOUBLED THE CAPE, DISCOVERED THE EAST AFRICAN ARAB SETTLEMENTS, AND REACHED INDIA. DIAZ, WHO HAD ALSO ROUNDED THE CAPE ON A SIMILAR MISSION A DECADE OR SO BEFORE DA GAMA, ONLY SUCCEEDED IN REACHING A POINT SLIGHTLY BEYOND ALGOA BAY.

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In this " Berrio," a small, rakish caravel with queer humps fore and aft, its foul cramped spaces, and its collection of swarthy, desperate men, the dark plottings continued, and the captain's boy continued also to make report. Though greatly alarmed, Coelho said nothing, until one day in order to quieten the men he remarked, pretending ignorance of all that was going on, " Brothers, let us strive to save ourselves from the storm. For when I can get speech with the Captain-General I will certainly require him to put back and you will see how I will do it."

This calmed the crew It put the men into more friendly relation with their crafty skipper. They praised his wisdom and, doubtless, even the terrified negresses chained below joined in the chorus of approval.

The storm died gradually down. The wind howled less dismally in the night, the moon looked upon them kindly as it peeped through the scudding clouds, and the boatswain's pipe sounded less like some eerie call. And so the guttural appeals to the Virgin were heard less and less, and the ships bowled along together through a blue and sparkling sea. Here the cunning Coelho made the most of his chance. Ranging alongside the Captain-General's ship, he presently hailed him thus : " It will be well to put about, sir, since every moment we had death before our eyes, and if we captains do not choose to put about, and the men are so piteously begging us to go back, then it may be that they will kill or oust us."

The quick-witted Vasco understood the inner meaning of this. He turned away He knew that on the smallest ship of his fleet there was mutiny or something akin to it. He also knew that unless he quelled it remorselessly, all the black-bearded rascals of the fleet would soon find means to put him away, to throw him overboard, and to join afterwards in ascribing his disappearance to mischance in a storm. He knew, too, that Diaz had also been, to some extent at least, turned back by his seamen eleven years before. So with many thoughtful pullings of his beard, he summoned at last the crews together and made a subtle speech.

" I am not so brave," he began, " as in a storm not to

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have the fear of death upon me. So doubtless if bad weather comes again I will be fain to put about."

The news thrilled the crews.

"But," he went on, "I must first be justified—justified before the King who sent me hither. To which end I shall require you to sign some wherewithal to warrant me to turn my ships."

The crews clamoured joyously They avowed their readiness to sign.

"God has softened the heart of the Captain-General," they cried.

Vasco da Gama held up his hand.

"I do not wish you all to sign," he said, "but only the chief seamen; those who understand best the business of the sea."

And three seamen came forward, and the master, and the chief pilot.

Vasco ordered these down to his cabin And while the crews were talking excitedly he bade the men's representatives below sign the warrant for turning the ships about, and when this was done he called suddenly upon his servants to put them in irons. He ordered heavy irons for the master and the pilot.

The reappearance of the men in irons froze the hearts of the crews.

"See, men," cried da Gama, "you have now neither master nor pilot, nor any one to show you the way henceforward."

The words were heard in silence.

"Because," added the choleric captain, "these men whom I here arrest will return to Portugal below deck if they do not die before that. I do not require master or pilot," he declared, "because God alone is the master and pilot. Henceforward let no one speak of putting back, for know, by Heaven, that if I do not find what I have come to seek I do not return."

The leader's dauntless attitude saved the expedition; and thereafter was no more talk of seizing the ships and

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turning back. We discover in da Gama a leader born: one decreed by unusual gifts of character to steer his old ships into new harbours.*

VII.

The caravels crept past the bush-crowned shores of a beautiful coast, and on Christmas Day, 1497, da Gama named it Natal, that is the natal day of the Saviour. They had reached a point roughly three hundred miles beyond the Fish River, the farthest point touched by Diaz.

On this great day doubtless there was much wine and song; and da Gama must have felt rejoiced to think that he had all but demolished the old Ptolemaic theory that the Indian Ocean was land-locked and that there was no way around Africa He had already virtually proved that which Diaz had failed to prove. Diaz could not have said definitely, for instance, that the coast did not again turn south; da Gama knew that the shores of Africa went north-east, and that they were washed by an extensive ocean, and that if he veered his vessels several more points eastwards towards the rising of the sun he would in all probability reach India and the lands of Marco Polo.

They made no landing at Port Natal; da Gama sailed past it. Indeed, the fact that one of the masts of the " San Raphael " was found to be sprung, the breaking of a mooring rope, and the turning of the Armada well out to sea suggest once more the contrary winds and seas which had hindered the expedition from the start, and in this case caused them to miss the harbour of Delagoa Bay and to touch at a point on 11th January, 1498, opposite the Rio Cobre, a small river, possibly the Zavora, between the Limpopo and Cape Corrientes But as the coast began to turn inwards towards Sofala, the port where the Moors traded so profitably in the long ago for gold, and continued inwards, da Gama took advantage of the winds to pass it by, fearing lest the waters of the bay should draw him in, and that perchance the

* The old Portuguese diarist, Correa, who wrote the description of the mutiny upon which this account is based, was admittedly a little fanciful. Nevertheless there is probably a good deal in his story.

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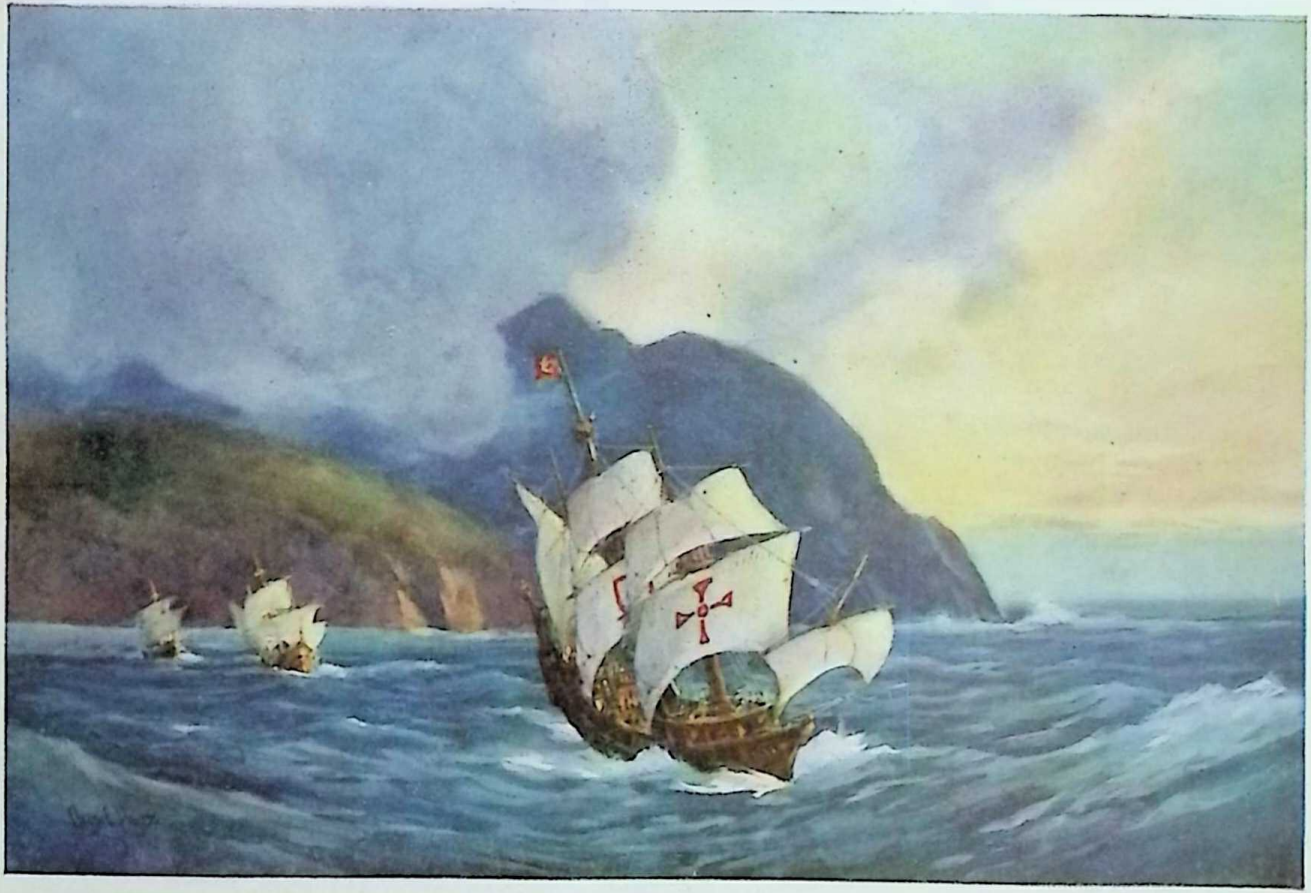

Vasco da Gama Rounding the Cape of Good Hope.

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mountains of these mysterious coasts would pull the bolts and nails out of his ships and that they would fall to pieces The passage past the mouth of the Sabi River and Sofala, which lies to the north of it, meant that the explorers had also missed one of the most significant river estuaries in the Old World. For it was at the Pungwe estuary that the gold seekers of the time of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, the worshippers of Baal and the Sun, pushed their way inland with Indian, Arabian, Persian, and Syrian miners, and, so it is said, built the great mysterious Zimbabwe temple, and took away, via caravan and sea, huge quantities of gold.

VIII.

The mariners, indeed, were now entering a new and entrancing coastal region over which brooded the influence of Oriental civilizations relict from the long ago. They were soon to see old stone watch-towers, and the white forts, and the dhows of the Moors, and were thus about to learn that the men from Arabia and Egypt, and India, had been sailing down an East African littoral as yet unknown to the traders of Portugal. Da Gama sailed on. At Quelimane fever and scurvy attacked his men ; and his crude barber-doctors with their limited dispensaries of herbs watched the poor fellows die helplessly ; at Mozambique, farther on, five or six fighting boats put forth to attack them, and the roar of the bombards was heard for the first time in those sunny waters ; at Mombasa, which they reached at dusk on Palm Sunday, 1498, they found the place aglow with banners of red, blue, and gold. The sinking sun etched distinctly in a clear sky the tracery of masts, rigging, and the houses of the town both domed and flat. Here they narrowly escaped a treacherous plot to run them aground and to murder them in the harbour. The crafty men of Mombasa afterwards came out silently at midnight in two vessels, dropped out of them with knives between their teeth, swam to the cables, and proceeded to hack at them, but the Portuguese on watch, believing them to be tunnyfish, were not at first disturbed, until in fact they recognized the dark figures grabbing the chains of the " Raphael's " foresail. They then gave the alarm. The attackers vanished. As the Portuguese prepared to

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cross the bar they found that one of the anchors had parted, and they were compelled to sail without it When they were hull down over the horizon, the Mombasa folk came forth and secured the anchor, probably by diving for the rope end, and placed it outside the palace of the ruler as a symbol of a successful foray. It was found there by the Portuguese soldier-navigator D'Almeida when he captured the city in 1505.

But the Portuguese who were anxious at all costs to cross to India were still without a pilot, and so they made farther north to Melinde, a trifle over sixty miles beyond Mombasa, and some 3° south of the Equator. It is not necessary to follow the voyagers in detail much farther. At Melinde there were negotiations for a pilot to India with a dazzling potentate whose robe of silk-lined damask, bronze chains, and huge red sunshade impressed the fleet no less than his five-foot trumpets of ivory, all used similarly in ceremonial by the descendants of the Persians of Chiraz who settled on these coasts in the Eleventh Century. And as the result of many palavers a pilot was found to make the crossing to India. Wherefore, on 24th April, 1498, the fleet set sail. Skilfully piloted by a "Moor of the Guzerat nation," who used charts divided into small squares by meridians and parallels, and whose instruments of navigation were probably more scientific than any ever possessed by da Gama, the Armada made a swift crossing and sighted India on Friday, 18th May They sighted it at Mont Eli, a point 2,220 miles from Melinde, and sailed down the mountainous coast to Calicut, casting anchor there on Sunday, 20th May, 1498, The journey had lasted 316 days, during which these three tiny ships had sailed over 12,000 miles.

IX.

Da Gama was a great captain. He rarely relaxed discipline, was never pusillanimous, and even while his sailors who had accompanied him throughout the trials of the outward and homeward journeys—back by way of Melinde, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Mozambique, and Mossel Bay—were embracing each other joyously as they rounded the Cape of Good Hope en route to Lisbon, he spoke sternly

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to the mutineers whose plots might in the long ago so easily have wrecked the enterprise.

"You who mutinied," said he, "must appear in chains before the King. What do you say of the great shame with which you have covered yourselves?"

"Sir," replied the sailor Joao Dameiroeiro, "we acted according to our lights; you according to yours."

The death of his brother, Paulo, at Terceira in the Azores was a great tragedy near home. This lovable man had ailed ever since repassing the Cape. But at last, on 29th August, 1499, two years and two months after setting out, two out of the three ships returned to Portugal—the "San Raphael" had been burned on the homeward journey—and da Gama and the fifty-five survivors of the original complement of one hundred and forty-eight were welcomed back by King, Queen, and Court.

And the King made to the sad, stern captain, still grieving over the death of his elder brother, the epic remark: "Dom Vasco da Gama, you have rested too little."

X.

This great voyage led the way to the almost immediate overthrow of Arabian dominance of the Indian Ocean, to the storming of the gates of the East—Socotra, Ormuz, and that great ancient trade clearing-house, Malacca—so that in a few years the Portuguese had won the overlordship of the Indian Ocean, and had control of the coveted spice traffic from the Moluccas. It pioneered the route, which led to the later rivalries between the fleets of the Dutch and British East India Companies and the sailormen of France and Spain. It brought about the beginnings of Portuguese colonial dominion in East and West Africa. And it inspired the occupation of the Cape Colony, an event which led to the settlement of vast territories towards the Equator. And for these important reasons it stands in vital relationship to the birth, life, and destiny of South Africa.

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CHAPTER II

The Old Gold Seekers of the East African Coast, with Notes on Mozambique Ports.

I.

LOURENÇO MARQUES, the Capital of Portuguese East Africa since 1907, lies 295 miles north of Durban and 394 by rail, almost due east of Johannesburg. It is to-day a fine tribute to the practical results of the voyages of the early Portuguese explorers, for it is a delightful old-world town of red and white, lying along the rising slopes of Delagoa Bay, always, as it seems, aglow in perennial sunlight, gay with foliage, flowers, and tropical palms. At night, when one of its many carnivals is in progress, and the sounds of music and revelry float across the harbour, the charm of the place is enhanced by a multitude of green, blue, and yellow lamps, and every sound is heard with startling distinctness over the waters—the mirrors, as it were, of many colours.

The town, indeed, has sprung into a prominence never anticipated by its two founders—Lourenco Marques and Antonio de Caldeira—who, in 1544, went around the bay and the estuaries in a quaint little Arab *pangaio* made of beams sewn together; not nailed. They were amazed at the big herds of elephant they then saw thereabouts; so that from that time onward a little vessel was sent there every year from Mozambique to obtain ivory.

It is difficult to believe as one now scans the place from the bay and notes the far stretch of its harbour anchorage, its beach which has become a centre of fashion and festival, and the yachts in the bay, that as recently as 1876 it possessed only five main streets, one square, and nine side streets dimly

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lit at night and sometimes not at all; and that the town itself was isolated from the surrounding country by lack of roads: for to-day Lourenço Marques has a population of 10,000 whites and is *en rapport* with the rest of the Province by way of magnificent arteries, one of which—that connecting it with charming Namahacha in the Lebombo Mountains—is fifty-five miles long and is among the best motor highways in the Sub-Continent. There are other fine roads: to Goba—the main road to the Union of South Africa—and to Marracuene, and thence to Gazaland. The advance of the Port is reflected, too, in the imposing appearance of the big Polana Hotel which stands on an eminence overlooking the sea and looks almost Greek in the white perfection of its lines. There is the picturesque frontage of the Railway Station, an original effort of architecture; there is the busy perspective of the docks, with its giant cranes, modern apparatus, and steamers loading and unloading freight for the Province and the Transvaal. There are the administrative offices and residence of His Excellency the Governor, and there is ubiquitous evidence of enterprising municipal government

The Portuguese at the Port are reasonably proud of their railway and of the speed and punctuality of their trains—particularly their smoothly running mail trains which make the journey from Ressano Garcia, on the Transvaal Border, to the Port, a distance of fifty-five miles, in fast time; and it is quite clear that the increasing volume of traffic pouring through Lourenço Marques—brought there by the ships of the world, it seems—must inevitably lead to further dock expansion and a larger traffic tonnage over the Rand-Delagoa line. Much of this progress is attributable, of course, to ceaseless internal development, to trade in the produce of the sugar farmers, the cotton and tobacco planters, to big dealings in native commodities, and to the operation of trade agreements.

The Port will accommodate vessels of deep draught both in the bay and at the wharfside. Its wharves, which some years ago were of restricted extent, are now nearly a mile long and cost some £500,000. This area is made entirely of ferro-concrete, and the docks handle some 3,000 tons of

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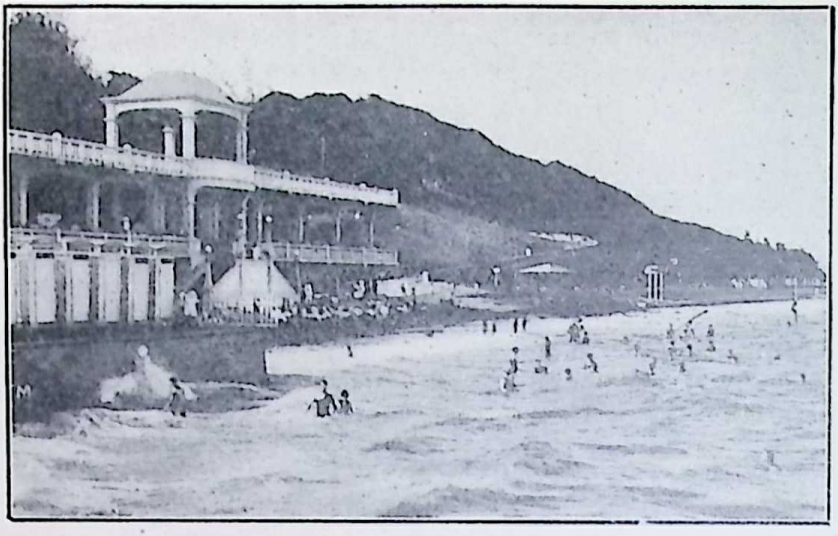

KEEPING COOL IN THE SUB-TROPICS. IN THE SEA AT POLANA, LOURENÇO MARQUES.

STATION AND GARDENS OF LOURENÇO MARQUES. THE POETRY OF STONE AND TREE AS APPLIED TO THE PROSE OF INDUSTRY.

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in and out cargo daily, chiefly coal. The most powerful of the twenty-three electric cranes is one of 60 tons hoist. There is also a £30,000 dry dock, capable of dealing with vessels up to 1,400 tons.

Further along the front is bright evidence that the social activities of the place are developing *pari passu* with its commerce. For the Polana foreshore, once the resort of herds of wild elephant, is no longer a solitary area. It is now being built up with kiosks, club-houses, and marine drives ; and there are bathing booths and pools, and a concrete diving-tower electrically lit for night bathing. The same tendency to build on sites overlooking the sweeping shores of the bay is observable here as elsewhere along the coast of South Africa. Even on Inyack Island far out in the harbour —which, by the way, is twenty-six miles long and twenty-two wide—little white dwellings are making their appearance.

The town reflects the spirit of the past as well as the present, for there is a memorial arch to the memory of Vasco da Gama in the public gardens, where flourish glorious tropical palms and flowers ; the offices of His Excellency the Governor and the Executive Council Chamber are of old Moorish design, and Band Square, with its mosaic pavements and café life, is not unlike one of the Bohemian squares of old Lisbon. Here, like born boulevardiers, the Portuguese forgather day and night to discuss with all the vivacity of true Latins the questions of the hour. The swarthy Mohammedan of the red fez, the foreign crews of ships of call, the natives, the cool white drill of the Europeans, all add to the gay cosmopolitanism of Lourenço Marques, to the interest of its broad Avenida Aguiar, and to the shops of the busy, narrow Rua Consiglieri Pedroso.

The Port, which has made these extraordinary strides, certainly owes something of its name and fortune to the goldfields of the Transvaal, for its geographical situation is such that it is the natural outlet of that inland Province which has its nearest approach to the sea through Portuguese territory. Similarly Rhodesia, north and south, has its most economical outlet to the sea by way of such a port as Beira near Sofala in Portuguese East Africa.

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II.

Beira, the little yellow port—for it is built on sand—which lies at the mouth of the Pungwe and Busi Rivers, is a place of present interest and of mediaeval memory. Through it to-day, as already indicated, passes much of the traffic for Rhodesia—over the Beira-Mashonaland Railways, which, it was said, took, in some districts, toll of a life for every sleeper laid. But that was in the old fever days when those famous hunters, Upsher and Archer, kept Beira talking of their lion stories, as after some successful hunting expedition they went back to the town to enjoy their gains. To-day Beira prides itself on its healthfulness, on its growth, on the passing of fever and discomfort; and on the fact that settlers are now raising waving fields of cane and maize; and that sisal hemp, coconut palms, and rubber are earning substantial profits for farmers.

Beira indeed is showing steadily larger on the mosaic of Africa. A factor in its future, of course, is the interesting line which connects it on the north with the Zambesi, which it reaches at Murraça, one hundred and seventy-five miles away on the south bank of the great river, and links the Port with the southern terminus of the Shire Highlands Railway. The line passes through the land of the lion and of big game. It traverses some glorious tropical scenery.

But Beira is chiefly interesting to many by reason of its close proximity to insignificant little Sofala, often overhung with a golden haze, and once among the most famous ports of old. Sofala may have been the Ophir of the ancients. It may have given access to the land of Punt. Nobody really knows; but nowadays it is difficult to look upon these places without picturing the fleets of antiquity which anchored in the silting harbour of Sofala or went inshore to load up golden ingots taken from the mines, that they might be shipped away through the Red Sea to the great courts of Biblical days. Sofala, too, will ever be linked with the names of Albuquerque, who, in 1505, led the first Portuguese settlement there; and Pero d'Anhaya, who built the great fortress of San Caetano which was washed down long afterwards by the encroaching sea; and above all, Sofala will be remembered

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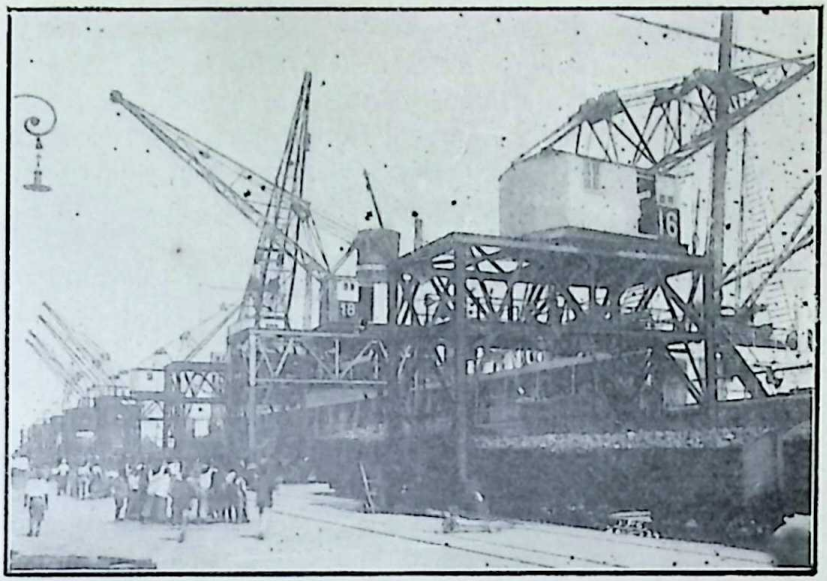

THE BUSY WHARVES OF LOURENCO MARQUES. A PORT WHICH HANDLES MUCH TRAFFIC TO THE GOLD AND COAL FIELDS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

A BOULEVARD OF EAST AFRICA. BAND SQUARE, LOURENÇO MARQUES.

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as one of the spots on the coast from which that brilliant and tragic soldier, Barreto, and later on Homem, decided to lead their expeditions inland to discover the mines of King Solomon. How Barreto was diverted from his purpose by the fanatical priest, Monclaros, so that he eventually took his men instead by way of the Zambesi River higher up—and how he laid down his life for his king—this is a story which lives almost exclusively in the minds of historians; but which, nevertheless, deserves a wider audience. Why is it, one wonders, that African epics such as this are so little known to the world? Even in outline their appeal seems irresistible. It might serve a good purpose, therefore, to set down the story of Barreto's and Homem's adventures in some detail, particularly as they throw light on the former condition of a country which is fast becoming a great field for European settlement, but which, in those days, was associated almost solely with the mystery of the lost gold-fields of the ancients, and with rumours of ingots as large as boulders.

III.

All Portugal was infected with this gold craze in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Wherefore the young King Sebastian resolved to send such an expedition as had never before left Portugal to ascertain once and for all whether Sofala was or was not the Ophir of the ancients. Was it the port for the gold of the Queen of Sheba's mines?

To determine this he appointed his most brilliant soldier, Francisco Barreto, with instructions to sail to Sofala and inland to the unknown territories where was the place called "Fura" by the Kaffirs, and "Aufur" by the Moors, which was perchance the Ophir of the Bible. And he was to capture those gold mines for Portugal

Barreto had been Governor of India. He is pictured to-day as a white-haired soldier on whose face thought had graven many refining lines; who was stern yet just, and as General of the galleys, much venerated by his men. One thinks of him, too, as of a man of parts, who had fought against the Moors, and knew as much of military tactics as

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of men. Had everything been left to him perhaps another story might have been written of this expedition; but unfortunately King Sebastian charged him to pay some attention to the advice of that relentless, fanatical Jesuit, Father Monclaros, who, well-meaning doubtless within the limits of his bigotry, was yet to prove the evil influence of the enterprise. Father Monclaros appears to have embarked at Lisbon with a certain very bitter memory obscuring his view of the purpose of the voyage. It was the memory of the martyrdom of Father Dom Goncalos da Silveira in Africa eight years before. Father Silveira was a missionary who, after baptising the Monomotapa, the potentate who dwelt at no very great distance from the mines of King Solomon, was strangled in the night by order of his own convert, and his body thrown to the crocodiles. And it seems certain that the horror which that martyrdom had inspired in Father Monclaros had translated itself into an inquisitorial determination to lead this great expedition by way of the unhealthy Zambesi Valley through the territories of the Monomotopa, in order to avenge the Holy Father's death.

Barreto had with him his son, a gallant fellow whom he loved; and there was his second in command, Vasco Fernandez Homem, a prudent soldier, even if a little inferior in resolution perhaps to the supreme commander. With three ships brilliantly bedecked with flags and banners, and amid the pomps and benedictions of priests and the acclamations of the multitude, the little army sailed out of the Tagus; small perhaps as we measure armies in these days, only a thousand men or so, but the largest that had ever sailed for distant ports.

And now we may visualize officers and soldiers gathered at last at this, their base. They doubtless resembled so many vivid spots of colour dotted about the fort at Mozambique, the pale tints of the few houses gleaming in the sunlight, and the old cannon frowning over the yellow fort almost as they do to-day. And a general council was presently held as to the line by which they should advance, when all the officers and some twenty friars attended. Father Monclaros was there, of course, sternly resolved on punishing the enemies

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of the saints. All the officers and the friars supported the proposal to sail down the coast to Sofala and to establish a base there, and then to go inland to the mines.

Father Monclaros stood up.

"I protest," he said, "against this plan. We should sail down the coast to the mouth of the Zambesi, and then go up the river, and across to the mountain where we may yet meet with those who slew Father Dom Goncalos da Silveira. And by that course, and with the blessing of God, shall we reach the mines."

The decision lay with the white-haired commander And he decided to make his base at Sofala and to over-rule the counsels of the holy father. Yet, he pondered, would the King not condemn him for disregarding the priestly counsels? And after all was the Zambesi route so very much more deadly than the Sofala route, and might it not be easier to travel up stream than overland? And so, eventually and after another talk with the priest, he changed his mind, and resolved to march to the mines by the Zambesi route.

In November, 1569, therefore, he set out with a thousand white men. He had many slaves also, and certain Arab half-breeds who knew the country well and who were to act as interpreters. They had horses to pull the guns, and asses and camels to carry the water-bags, provisions, and ammunition. Many of the soldiers wore breastplates of shining mail. These became very hot, unbearably so, and the weary, sweltering men doubtless pulled them off and carried them rather than collapse and drop out. For it was the hottest season of the year. The malarial mosquito was everywhere prevalent, bred in the solitudes of a thousand stagnant pools; the tsetse fly was also active; and soon sickness broke out.

The river water proved foul. There had been heavy falls of rain and the streams bore plenty of débris from the upper reaches. Drinking-water had to stand long in the calabashes so that the sediment might settle. Many drank from the river and died. Sena was at last reached and a camp was formed on the right bank of the Zambesi, close to the fort. Barreto at once ordered a well to be dug, and

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although he was consumed with anxiety owing to the mortality among men and animals, yet he moved cheerfully about, inspiring all with his courage and example. The slaves were throwing up piles of earth in their well-digging when a coarse-featured Arab half-breed, who dwelt in a Mohammedan settlement a few hundred yards away, stole in to Barreto one day and whispered that the water was being poisoned.

That night the settlement was quietly surrounded. The shadowy shapes of the Portuguese flitted into the entrances to the Arab huts, over which hung great tropical palms, and presently deep-throated cries and moans resounded through the stillness. Then other white-robed forms were seen dashing towards the river to hide themselves in its rushes, and these were pursued by swordsmen. All night and next day the hunting went on, and a number of the principal men were arrested. Father Monclaros, who had always maintained that the oxen were being poisoned, "so that the Governor was vexed and cast black looks upon me when I spoke to him," thus describes the fate of these unfortunates, among whom was the Sheik himself:

"These were condemned and put to death by strange inventions. Some were impaled alive; and some were tied to the tops of trees forcibly brought together and then set free, by which means they were torn asunder; others were opened up the back with hatchets; some were killed by mortars in order to strike terror into the natives; and others were delivered to the soldiers, who wreaked their wrath upon them with arquebuses." One alone abjured his faith, but did not save his skin. He was baptised in the name of Lourenco and then hanged, the fathers "offering him great consolation." And all this happened in the long ago when Shakespeare was but a little child sleeping with his brothers under old oak rafters at Stratford, and when Drake was despoiling the Spaniards about Porto Bello and Panama.

IV.

And now the old General, riding a horse which had "escaped the poison at Sena" and wearing his gleaming

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breastplate, rode on with his 650 men, his 2,000 slaves, and his road and river transport. Twenty strange old boats laden with his stores crept laboriously up stream. He was resolutely determined to reach the goldfields. His force meanwhile continued steadily to die off. His son had expired of fever ; but still he pressed on until one day he saw ahead the army of the hostile chief Mongasi, which was so vast that it literally covered the hills and valleys. The sun sank upon a scorching day. Throughout the clear night the natives could be heard banging their war drums. The wild rhythmic thud of their feet and their sombre chants told the sleepless soldiers at their hillside bivouacs that battle would probably be joined at dawn.

The morning sun had scarcely thrown its lateral rays across the field when, after a feint by the white force, the natives were seen rushing on behind a hideous old witch-finder Her eyes rolled and the fingers of one hand clawed the air, while with the other she cast a calabash full of charms into the air.

" Come hither, thou," commanded Barreto, addressing one of his sharpshooters, " and pick off yonder old witch."

The man fired. The sorceress jumped higher than ever, thudded to the earth, and lay still.

For a moment the natives, who believed her to be immortal, were stupefied ; then they rallied and, brandishing their assegais and discharging showers of arrows, swept resolutely on the little army on the hill.

Eventually the natives wavered and broke ; later they returned, and sought to envelop the white force with the horns of a crescent-shaped line ; but shot and ball tore through them, and in the end they fled, leaving, it is said, nearly 6,000 dead on the field, while Barreto had merely lost two and had sixty wounded.

These losses to the Portuguese, trivial as they might seem, were serious to a force whose effectives were now probably less than five hundred ; indeed they proved fatal to the mobility of the expedition, for not only were many men ailing, but the objective was still far off, food supplies

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were running short, and the recent battle had made heavy inroads on the ammunition.

A general council was therefore held. With one accord it was resolved to turn back towards the Zambesi.

"Holy father," said Barreto later to the priest, "look upon these men. See how they are still dying. Think of the dead lying along the Zambesi, and remember," here he pointed an admonitory finger, "it was you who counselled us to march this way. It was you who caused us to abandon the route from Sofala. And God will call you to account for all the lives lost in this adventure"

The commander spoke in this strain and there was an angry scene; but a week later he collapsed. He was placed on a rough bed, in a straw hut, hardly conscious. Close upon midnight his heroic soul departed, and with it went the soul of the enterprise. Not a coin could be found in his garments for his obsequies or for the weal of his spirit.

Less than two hundred men now remained. Most of these were sick. Homem, advised by Father Monclaros, made all preparation to return to Mozambique, and soon they were all on the march towards the coast. They followed the route by which they had set out with such courage and high hope not long before.

V.

"Are you not making another attempt to get to the mines"? inquired an officer of Homem at the Mozambique Base. "No," replied Homem. "On the advice of Father Monclaros, I have abandoned it."

The officer seemed astonished. "I am afraid," he said, "that when His Majesty hears of this you will fare badly. Father Monclaros is a priest, not a soldier."

The words impressed Homem, and shortly after he began to organize another expedition to strike inland from Sofala to the mines by the route originally chosen by Barreto and his council of officers in 1569.

The force made good progress. It pushed inland and eventually reached the site of one of the mines—a great

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hole from which natives were carrying baskets of earth which were washed at wooden troughs and from which they extracted grains of the metal. Instead of the mighty nuggets, so heavy that men could not lift them, these, then, were the mines, thought Homem (somewhat erroneously perhaps), for the possession of which there had been such huge expenditure of blood and treasure. It was a bitter blow. He decided at once not to hold the country. He concluded some small trade treaties with the chiefs, and returned to the coast with a force still further reduced by fever. And as they re-entered the old yellow fort of San Sebastian at Mozambique, the disillusioned and enfeebled soldiers must have felt how deeply the shadows sometimes lie over the founders of empire. They must have reflected bitterly on the end of the great enterprise which, fired with hope, and amid banners, trumpets, and the plaudits of excited throngs, had sailed out of the Tagus not so very long before. All they had got from it were some minor trading rights and a few grains of gold, for which they had sacrificed many hundreds of the best men of the nation, including the indomitable and chivalrous Barreto.

VI.

Those who to-day glide in big well-found ships to anchorage under the old battlements of Fort San Sebastian at Mozambique will surely spare a thought for the tragic figure of old Barreto. For is he not still the very genius of this place, of this mysterious and little changed Mozambique? Is it not thick with ghosts; the ghosts of the ancient gold-seekers who pushed inland in Assyrian and Babylonian caps, and in their Chinese and Indian, Phrygian, and later their Portuguese caps, on the same great errand—gold? And somehow the memory of the big heart of Barreto surpasses them all. To-day, as then, the sun shoots down on the jaundiced battlements until the very stone takes on the hue of Barreto's elusive gold, and even the little bark canoes which surround the coastal liners are, it would seem, of another day and time. Their bamboo paddles resemble long-handled spades; their amazing cargoes—mongooses, caged birds, coral, shells, and fans—may at

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Headgear of a Johannesburg Gold Mine.

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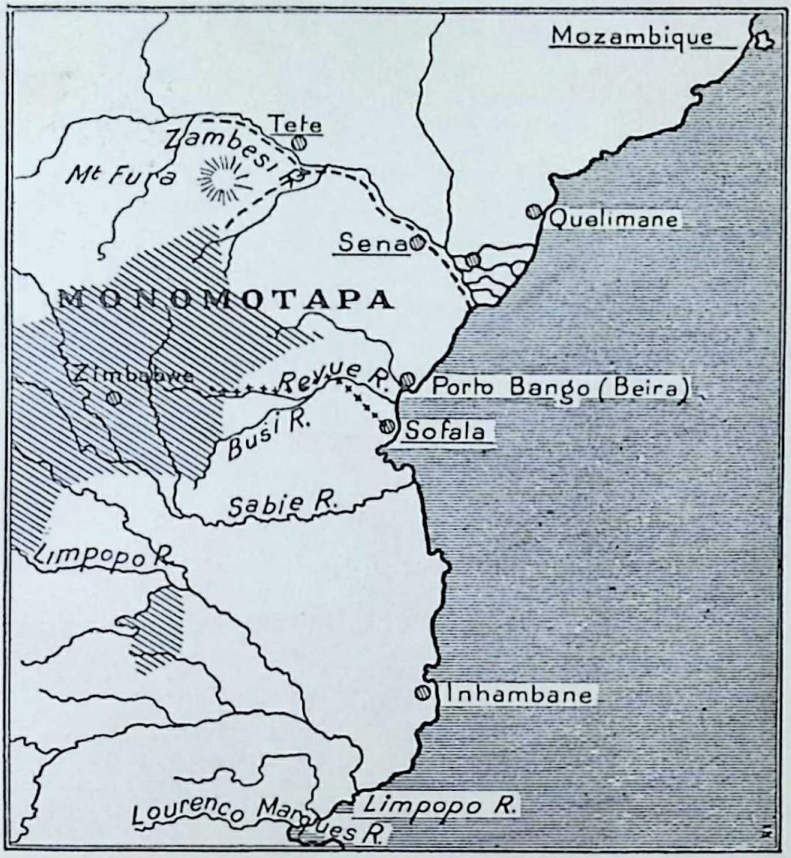

THE FATAL GOLD TRAILS OF THE OLD PORTUGUESE TREASURE SEEKERS! SKETCH MAP SHOWING A SMALL PORTION OF SOUTHERN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES, WITH THE ROUTES TAKEN BY BARRETO AND HOMEM IN SEARCH OF THE LOST MINES OF OPHIR. BARRETO'S ROUTE ----- HOMEM'S ROUTE ****. ANCIENT GOLD-FIELDS

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any moment sink to the bottom even as the grinning black traffickers shout to the decks of the steamers.

And ashore! Old Mozambique to-day is like a little dream-town made for a water-colourist. The sun glares on its beautiful pale blue, green, and yellow walls, giving an extraordinary effect of tropical orientalism. In the strong light it is sometimes difficult to determine quickly where the blue of some house-front terminates and the sky begins. Its crude perspectives impress with a sharp and beautiful charm.

The streets are often full of convicts in heavy blue blouses, with their prison numbers sewn on in red—for it is now a penal settlement—and the Portuguese sentries sometimes wear uniforms in which most people would swelter to death; and yet one might remember that it was Barreto's men who marched inland more than three and a half centuries ago in breastplates of scorching steel. Here in this quaint old town you may see the barred windows and heavily bolted doors of Barreto's time, and even the mica panes in the windows. And some may discover matter for wonderment in the thought that much of the time-worn stone which went to build the lofty walls of the fort—sometimes forty-five feet high—was imported from Portugal over four hundred years ago in the crazy, high-pooped caravels of the period.

Quelimane, near one of the mouths of the Zambesi, and Chinde, not far from the main estuary of that river, are other quaint and interesting little ports with trade in sugar and sisal and other commodities—both linked with the romance of history.

Portuguese East Africa extends to-day from Amatongaland to the south, to Tanganyika territory on the north, and covers an area of 261,700 square miles. The territories under the direct control of the Government comprise the districts of Lourenco Marques and Inhambane in the southern, and the Quelimane, Tete, and Mozambique districts in the centre and northern portions of the Province. In addition there are two great areas under the administrative control of Chartered Companies. One of these, which lies between

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the Save and Zambesi Rivers, in the centre of the Province, is governed by the Companhia de Moçambique, which has achieved considerable success during the past thirty years in agriculture and trade. It extends from Rhodesia on the west to the Indian Ocean, and comprises within its borders the historic lands of Sofala and Manica. The other area is under the rule of the Companhia do Niassa, embracing the region between the Mozambique district and the Rovuma River, the boundary on the extreme north. These territories, which extend from Lake Nyasa to the coast, have remained more or less undeveloped owing to the financial difficulties experienced by the controlling authority. The renewal of the Charter for a further period was, at the end of 1928, under consideration by the Lisbon Government. These lands are considered to be exceedingly rich in minerals and agricultural prospects, and the feeling exists that they should revert to the direct control of the Provincial Government. Porto Amelia, the seat of administration, is comparable with the finest natural harbours in the world. Portuguese East Africa has a coast line one thousand miles long and possesses some of the best harbours on the African seaboard. Its agriculture is rapidly advancing; fever is being overcome, so that from all parts there is an insistent call for labour. It remains a fascinating country, a country with a history, a country of great names, a country whose beginnings lie far in the past.

And above all, perhaps—for those who dwell in South Africa—it is the eastern gateway to Rhodesia and the Transvaal.

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CHAPTER III.

The Story of a Modern Ophir.

I.

JOHANNESBURG: the City of Gold! Trite words, but faithful to the facts! The imposing town symbolizes to-day on its lofty plateau nearly 1,000 miles north of Capetown that great reef of gold which the Portuguese were not destined to find, but which was to be discovered three and a half centuries later by a humble South African prospector. His foot happened to strike against the outcrop of a £2,000,000,000 reef when out for an afternoon walk some forty years ago.

And thus was history made!

Nowadays the town thrusts its lofty buildings into the blue from a height of 6,000 feet above sea-level. It houses (of itself and in its small contiguous towns) 250,000 whites and as many more blacks; and it is still expanding. It is like a vast watch set in the middle of a sixty-mile chain: and the seals at each end of the chain are Randfontein and Krugersdorp on the Western Rand, and Springs on the Eastern; and the chain is the gold-bearing ridge itself—the Rand.

"I like your blue-sky town, stranger," recently observed a communicative visitor. "Every time I walk down one of your streets, I reckon I'm coming to the sea." But as the town is several hundred miles from the coast (482 miles by rail from Durban and 394 from Lourenço Marques), this doubtless must be accepted as a compliment to its sense of sunny spaciousness.

Before telling the story of the rise of Johannesburg and the Rand goldfields, some of the present features might be

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outlined of this city of records—born with a golden spoon and destined to be the great distributing centre of the Union of South Africa long after its gold mines have ceased to be.

One of its most striking achievements, perhaps, is the Witwatersrand University. It is represented by a great pile of white buildings on 82 acres of ground, facing north, which, now fully completed, has cost roughly £900,000 sterling. In the champagne atmosphere of the Rand, its 1,300 students strive towards graduation in the Arts, Science, Medicine, Engineering, Commerce, and Law, and some idea of the progress made by them and the University may be gained from the fact that Johannesburg now trains its own medical men and passes them through its own schools as fully fledged practitioners. The University, in fact, confers all the major degrees It even graduates scholars in Music and Architecture. No mean record this for a city of such recent origin!

A bright little bit of America, too, has found its way into the University grounds—the Yale University Observatory, which, under control of one of their own astronomers, is making a photographic survey of bright and double stars of the Southern Hemisphere. He proposes to take 30,000 negatives. His aim is to discover, on behalf of Yale University, the distance from the earth of as many of them as possible. The instrument used can photograph a shilling a mile away so clearly that the date can be read. He, like others, has been influenced by the cloudless character of South African skies; indeed, there is reason to believe that the extraordinary clearness of the African night will bring an ever-increasing number of distinguished astronomers to the country. As far back as 1905, the high average of perfectly clear nights made a powerful impression on the various noted European astronomers who came to South Africa with the British Association. And incidentally the climate of the Witwatersrand is equal to any in the world.

But the Yale instrument in the University grounds is not the only big telescope which drags secrets out of the southern skies. There is the Union Observatory at Johannesburg, with its magnificent 26½-inch telescope,

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which already has some splendid achievements to its credit despite its comparatively brief existence. It became widely known under the direction of Dr. R. T. A. Innes, who retired from the control of the Observatory at the end of 1927. He had previously done notable work at the Cape under Sir David Gill. The chief of his many claims to distinction is that some years ago he located the nearest of all the fixed stars, Proxima Centauri. He is the discoverer also of a very large number of double stars.

After Education, Agriculture !

There may perhaps seem a quaint little anomaly in the fact that although Johannesburg is primarily a mining and industrial centre, it holds annually the biggest agricultural show in Africa—one that is only definitely surpassed south of the Line by that of Sydney. And Sydney's much larger population explains the superiority of its show attendances over the Rand's recent 105,000—achieved, by the way, in 1927, the coming-of-age year of the Witwatersrand Agricultural Show. The anomaly vanishes, however, with the reflection that the city has the wealth of the mines behind it, that it is situated in the Transvaal which has two-sevenths of the cattle of South Africa, and that the Rand by virtue of its great population provides the biggest of all South African markets for the produce of the farmer. Imagine what the 200,000 natives working in the mines alone consume in maize, meat, and other foods !

At Show time every Easter, therefore, Johannesburg is *en fête*. Its citizens flock to the far-spreading grounds, to the huge motor hall, to the industrial stands, and to the fascinations of the big main ring. At Easter, Johannesburg is the Show and the Show is Johannesburg. And that doubtless is why the city, though not comparable with Sydney in the matter of population, is still able to stage every year one of the biggest agricultural events of its kind in southern latitudes.

The Juggernaut car of Progress moved slowly in the older centres of civilization. A Norfolk vicar once entertained his parishioners with stories of the people who lived in the village seven hundred years before. It was a picturesque

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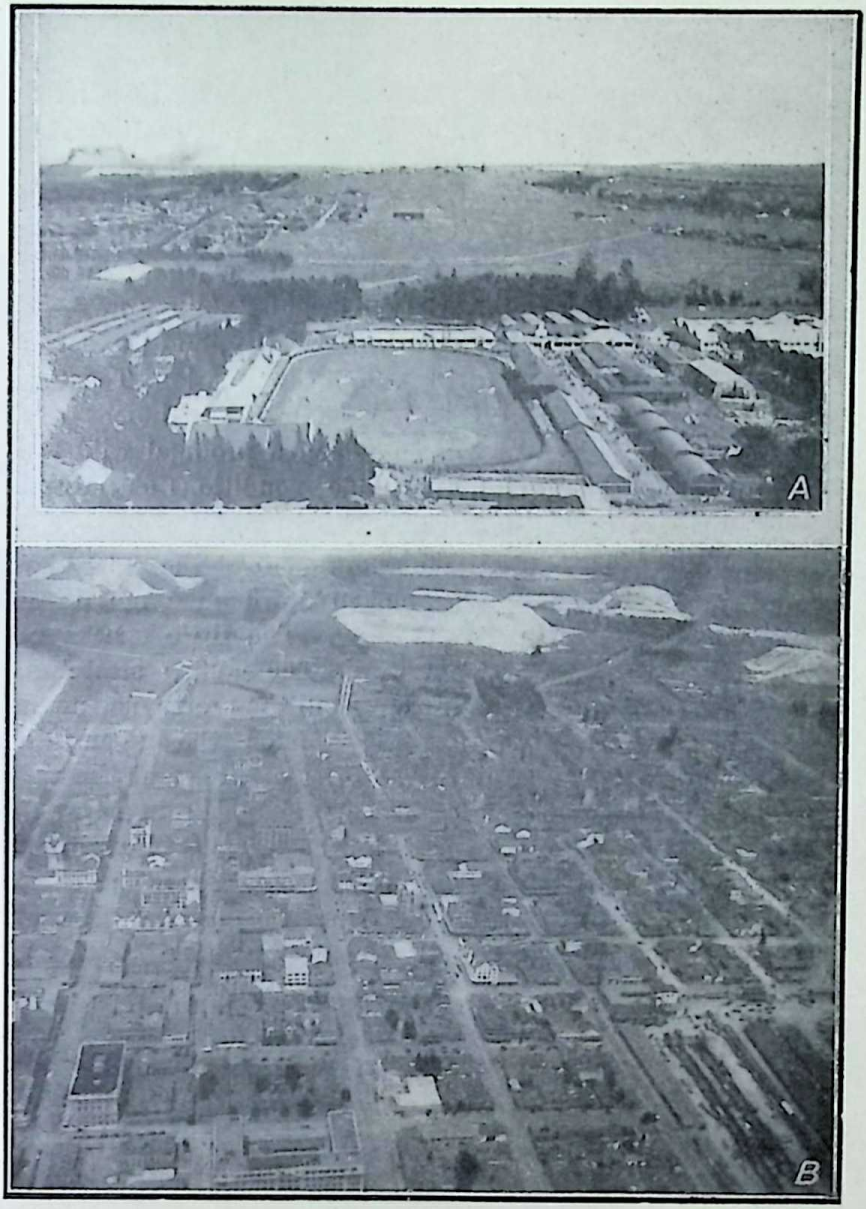

(A) WESTWARD HO! A VIEW OVER THE WITWATERSRAND AGRICULTURAL SHOWGROUND LOOKING OBLIQUELY ALONG THE WHITE LINE OF MINE DUMPS.

(B) AERIAL VIEW OF THE GOLDEN CITY, JOHANNESBURG, AND THE WHITE DUMPS OF SOME OF THE DEEPEST MINES IN THE WORLD. [*S.A. Air Force Photographs.*

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essay on " the rude forefathers of the hamlet." Its boundaries had hardly altered down the centuries. How amazingly different is the case of Johannesburg! For within the lifetime of any young man, the wilderness in which it began has become a place of great buildings. The city hall (which cost £400,000), the law courts, the various clubs, banks, " Corner " House, art gallery (housing a brilliant collection of pictures representative of all schools), the great hospital (with a thousand beds), the racecourses at Turffontein and Auckland Park, the crowded streets, and stately stores—all these are evidence of swift growth, prosperity, and the power of gold. In all directions, indeed, there is expansion. Towards the north, particularly, there are numberless homes and flowering gardens, and a zoo in which a prodigal wild life (the African lion notably) lives under conditions as natural as the modern zoologist can make them.

Thus it was that an airman who flew over the great city wrote awhile back that he " looked down on a mosaic of vivid green, red, orange, and grey. The little specks of colour (he said) shone like jewels. The golfing stretches, and Wanderers' Club turf enclosure, and the pretty elongated ovals of the racecourses—these supplied the green; a multitude of tiled roofs gave the orange note, and the tall dumps were etched in a series of pale grey masses in a curved chain almost from one horizon to the other. To the east of Johannesburg was another mosaic, Germiston, the third largest town in the Transvaal. Here the spidery lines of the Reef railway branched off in all directions—to Natal, to Pretoria, and to the southern area of Johannesburg. And in Germiston (he concluded) I was able to pick out the buildings of the gold refinery, where over £40,000,000 worth of the precious metal is treated every year."

This then, in brief, is the Johannesburg of to-day. What is the story of its past?

II.

Those who reach at dawn the great plateau nearly 6,000 feet above the sea, where lies buried the sixty-mile gold reef of the Witwatersrand, will marvel at the outlines

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of the towering hills of silver sand which, when the strong winds blow, melt into the mists of the morning.

Since 1886 an army of industrious workers has been adding ant-like to these mighty dumps. Along the imposing summits creep little black dots which, as they stop, are enveloped suddenly in puffs of whitish smoke as if shells had burst over them. These are trucks tipping waste sand—pulverized rock from the great crushers. They are adding with ceaseless activity to these pale masses, these mounds which will remain, for many thousands of years perhaps, as tribute to the engineers who sank shafts over 7,000 feet into the earth to mine that reef which seems to-day to be almost without limit.

At evening, too, when the sun gilds their edges with faint lines, when the dark shapes of the headgear are submerged in shadow, when the roar of the batteries comes rumbling across like the queer moan of the sea, a sound intensified in the night, then the fantastic spirit of it all gets into one's soul. And sometimes in the small hours the ghostliness of the sandhills becomes more wonderful still under the rich green light of the African moon.

Among the occasional gold seekers who in 1884–85 appeared on the Ridge of the White Waters (to give the Witwatersrand its own expressive Dutch meaning) was a sturdy pioneer, who, sleeping in adits and in the sparse shelter of rocks, followed up his belief in a great reef of gold to the point of personal sacrifice. That man was a Mr. Fred. Struben.

It is not pretended, of course, that this resolute prospector actually discovered the great line of Reef into which the army of 21,000 white miners and 200,000 blacks are blasting and delving to-day; but he did all the "spade work," he found the parallel subsidiary reefs, he lived on the high veld, often ill-nourished and not always well clad, and on one occasion even sold his gun to buy food for himself and his native helpers.

It was his epic spirit which prepared the way.

It was all very strangely fascinating, for it was virtually a mighty treasure hunt. When food ran short, Struben

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would sally forth and shoot one of the graceful little yellow buck which once abounded in those regions, creatures able, it would seem, to live on almost nothing. After sundown, in that brief still period which precedes the night, when little more than the singsong voices of the black labourers lounging over their camp-fires broke the quiet, then the ghostliness of the high veld seemed most impressive ; and if Struben ever permitted his mind to wander—reclining under canvas when funds permitted and almost shelterless when they did not—he must have dreamed of the ghosts of old Carel Kruger who came up from the Cape in 1834 searching for land and gold and ivory, and of Erasmus, his three sons, and others who trekked with Kruger a year or so later, most of whom died fighting at their wagon wheels, slain by the Matabele of Moselikatze somewhere to the west.

A certain Mr. George Walker had been employed by this prospector and his brother to work a small battery at a spot some miles distant from what is now Johannesburg. He grew tired of the gold-seeker's life in unfrequented gorges, and left their service to look for other work at Langlaagte, slightly to the west of Johannesburg. As it happened, a farmer was building a house there, and he engaged Walker to help him. Walker went to the spot where they were quarrying, and noticed that the stone was of conglomerate type and that the doorway of the stable was of conglomerate stone. In it he saw visible gold. Later on, while walking in the vicinity, he accidentally kicked against an outcrop of gold-bearing rock.

" I have found the main reef," he said to the owner of the farm. And thus was the historic discovery made.

There is a Homeric note of tragedy in the end of poor Walker. He was not of the type that accumulates fortune. His little frailties were all too human for the inhumanities of wealth ; and so he who, strolling about in the sunlight, was destined to find the £2,000,000,000 reef—as its content has been roughly assessed—worked on and died in poverty.*

* How this prodigious reef of gold originated, how it came to be tilted so that the upper end of it touches the surface while the lower,—curved like the side of a bowl,—is sunken into depths at present

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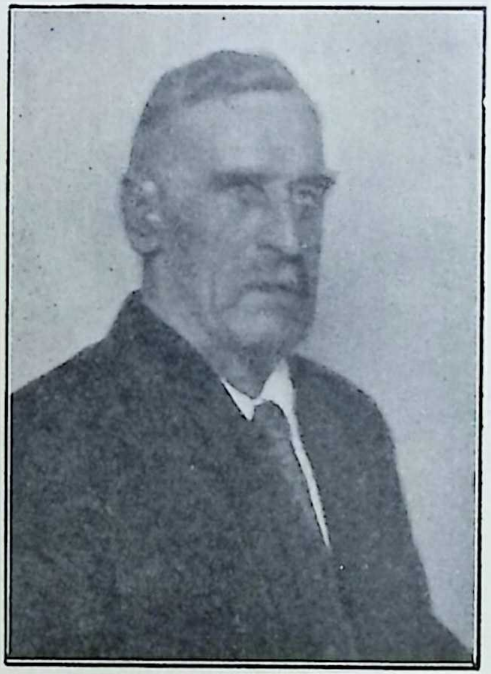

THE LATE MR. GEORGE WALKER: THE PROSPECTOR WHO DISCOVERED THE TWO THOUSAND MILLION POUND GOLD REEF IN 1886.

MR. J. HUNTER McLEA, ORGANIZER AND SECRETARY OF THE PIONEERS OF THE TRANSVAAL GOLDFIELDS, POINTING OUT IN 1926 THE EXACT SITE OF THE DISCOVERY IN 1886 OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST GOLDFIELDS.

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III.

But when the sensation made by the location of the main reef leader had sunk into the minds of South Africans, the gay old diamond diggers in their narrow shacks at Kimberley would pause between their card games under the lamplight and would proclaim their intention to make for the new fields (although in some cases preference was expressed for the established fields at Barberton), and gold, and little but gold, was talked of in store, shack, and shebeen until the hooded wagons laden with goods began to trek up north from Kimberley, and in dribs and drabs south-westward from Barberton. Gradually the scene of Struben's pioneer efforts changed: the reef over which sportsmen had hunted wildebeeste became dotted with little tents, and a new and more Bohemian community arose.

And now began the great trek. Whereas at the time of the Kruger proclamation of the goldfields in 1886 there were only about 100 people in Johannesburg, the figure had grown to 3,000 by 1887. From all parts converged donkey-carts and covered ox-wagons. The dust of the many quaint

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unknown, has often inspired curiosity and discussion. Is there any theory to account for its origin? Dr. E. T. Mellor in 1916, and Dr. L. Reinecke later, propounded the theory which is largely accepted nowadays, and which has the support of leading engineers such as Mr. James Whitehouse, the late Engineer of the Central Mining and Investment Corporation, whose professional life has brought him into close and constant touch with the problem. This theory is to the effect that at one time a great river ran from the north to the Witwatersrand, through a delta into a lake, or into some large water surface. The river sometimes became torrential, and carried with it large pebbles and gold in suspension. These pebbles and gold particles ultimately formed part of the sediment deposited in the delta or lake-bed. The gold had been derived from denudation of gold-bearing rocks which have since vanished. At its mouth this prehistoric river probably ran through the delta by way of several effluents, as indeed most delta rivers do now-a-days. The richest zones of reef in the Witwatersrand, when picked out, almost define the beds of these old-time effluents. At a later date the whole deposit was covered by other beds which to-day form the overlying quartzites of the Witwatersrand series. Then came a period of upheaval. To the north of the reef, the granites forced their way upwards, tilting the reef in one part (now the Central and West Rand) very steeply. If one opens a book, and picks up one corner of a page, moving it upwards and very slightly towards the middle binding, that would indicate the lay of the reef; one portion of which, from the centre to the west, dips steeply into the earth, while the other, the eastern part, lies at an angle far less pronounced.

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THE CAVITY MADE BY THE EXPLOSION OF FIFTY TONS OF MINING DYNAMITE AT BRAAMFONTEIN, JOHANNESBURG, ON 19TH FEBRUARY, 1896.

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caravans raised red clouds in the summer's sun. There were outspans, too, on the site of what is now called Ferreirastown and the old Market Square, Johannesburg, and a Bret Harte spirit of irresponsibility prevailed.

The first-comers lived happily in tents, wagons, and walled huts under roofs of tarpaulin or reed. They ate, as one old pioneer has put it, " from iron pots in which meat and vegetables were boiled together into a sort of broth. Knives, forks, and other little necessaries were luxuries." As in the late Great War, hope of victory welded resolve. Right merrily they roughed it. Many men of outstanding financial ability, too, got in early then. They made great fortunes by buying up highly mineralized ground for a song ; but Cecil Rhodes, misled by a technical report that the value of the reef had been exaggerated, was not in the van of the moneyed fortune-hunters.

Queer birds of passage drifted into the camp. Among them was that arch-criminal, Deeming, who made a brief stay in Johannesburg, but during that time managed to murder four men in a night somewhere on the site of the present General Post Office, and after that to make a dramatic get-away to the coast. On the road he is said to have fallen in with some pedestrian. He killed him also and, by transferring his own papers to the pockets of the dead man, created the belief that he himself was dead.

But it was really a very orderly community which, despite the misdeeds of Deeming and some others, was now settling down to the prose of actual mining. Such characters as figure in Bret Harte's " Outcasts of Poker Flats " and in the " Draw Stranger " tales of the Wild West, did exist of course, but in no great numbers. And as the business before the Rand was mining, to mining it settled down. The miners soon found that it was more profitable to have their batteries near the shafts and to conserve or pump water, than to cart the ore over long distances to where water was obtainable. Dams were therefore constructed as closely as possible to the line of reef, and pumping plants were installed. The first processes were crude, the supply of competent mill-men very limited. Ordinary copper-plate amalgamation was

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NOT AN ALPINE CLIMB! BUT A STRUGGLE UP ONE OF THE MOUNTAINOUS DUMPS WHICH HAVE BEEN GROWING STEADILY AROUND THE GOLD MINES OF THE RAND FOR THE PAST FORTY YEARS.

[*Photo, "Rand Daily Mail."*

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employed, followed by some process of concentration. Buddles, blankets, shaking tables, canvas tables, and vanners were all pressed into service, and as only 50 to 60 per cent. of the gold could be obtained by amalgamation, most of the lower grade mines were soon in a bad way.

In 1889 there was a severe slump. Share prices and land prices declined. Fortunes were lost; and it became clear that unless a higher proportion of gold could be won from the rock, unless more efficient processes were invented, the new goldfields would prove a failure. And then, with splendid opportuneness, came the discovery of the cyanide method of extraction. It saved the fields. Newer methods became general. The trade in explosives became enormous, and no sooner had the railway reached the Rand,—which it did in 1892,—than it was called upon to "handle" large quantities of dynamite. The great dynamite disaster of 19th February, 1896, drew attention to the dangerous nature of this traffic.* But needless to say, it did not affect the irresistible progress of the fields. And right along the Reef the mine shafts were driven more deeply and the little white dumps began to rise higher and ever higher, until they made a vast imposing chain, with prosperous Johannesburg in the centre.

IV.

One effect of the resultant increase of population was to influence the Rand to press the Kruger Government for political rights and the franchise; another effect was to mobilize Dutch and British opinion into rival camps. From

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* The effects of the great dynamite explosion of the 19th February, 1896, were appalling. When the rescuers rushed to the spot where the dynamite-laden trucks had stood, they saw some remnants of the trucks, mutilated bodies, a number of dead mules, and a trench 250 feet long, 60 feet wide, and, in places, as much as 90 feet deep. The railway siding where the catastrophe occurred, had been surrounded by some hundred of houses occupied by the poorer classes, native, and coloured people. Scores of these shacks had been razed to the ground, burying their inmates in the ruins. In all directions lay human fragments. The exact death roll was never known, but the record was: 78 bodies, and four boxes of remains. Johannesburg rose nobly to the occasion. Before sunset that day £40,000 had been subscribed for the relief of living sufferers, and two days later the amount had risen to £104,128. There have been no such explosions since.

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An old type Mine Headgear on the Rand.

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an original spirit of negotiation, the Uitlanders (or people not of Dutch citizenship) and the Boers passed into something like political rancour, and the exciting days of the Jameson Raid began to loom ahead.

In a letter to Dr. Jameson, dated 28th December, 1895—a letter largely signed by Johannesburgers—it was stated that "the position of matters in this State has become so critical that we are assured that at no distant date there will be a conflict between the Government and the Uitlander population."

Meanwhile, towards the end of 1895, a force, mainly of troops of the Chartered Company, had been concentrated on the borders of the Transvaal at Mafeking and Pitsani. The avowed object of this force was to superintend the extension of the Vryburg–Mafeking railway, but arms had been secretly imported into Johannesburg, and stores provided at various points between Mafeking and Johannesburg.

Dr. Jameson crossed the border in the afternoon of Sunday, 29th December, at the head of some 400 or 500 troopers, and proceeded towards Johannesburg. He had with him six Maxim guns. The news created a profound sensation. The expedition was to have been supported by a force from Johannesburg, but the latter force failed to get very far, and, in any case, Dr. Jameson was opposed on the hills west of Krugersdorp by a superior body of burghers. After a brief engagement or two, the raiders, finding the position hopeless, and influenced, it is said, by the receipt of an order from the British Government to return to the border, hoisted the white flag.

The dusty prisoners were brought back through Krugersdorp with an escort of armed burghers. The elation of the victors was intense; the dejection of the prisoners equally so. The captured force was rounded up on the Market Square. The burghers proceeded to fire off their rifles. Then the captives were taken to Pretoria.

The four Reform leaders of the Uitlanders—Lionel Phillips, Hays Hammond, George Farrar, and Colonel Rhodes (brother of Cecil Rhodes)—were heavily fined, and there were other sentences. Dr. Jameson, for instance, was sentenced by

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the Lord Chief Justice of England to fifteen months' imprisonment, and Sir John Willoughby to ten months. Dr. "Jim" only served a portion of his sentence, his release following severe ill-health. As for Cecil Rhodes, the disastrous raid which he had sponsored was admittedly a blunder which dealt a serious blow to his personal prestige.

The Uitlander franchise troubles gradually became more acute, and the threat of war resulted in a big exodus of miners on 19th June, 1899, when the railway station (and other public places) swarmed with panicky fugitives who fought for seats on departing trains and even climbed on to the roofs of the carriages. Two months later President Kruger proposed a five years' retrospective franchise, that ten legislative members from the goldfields be elected, and that British Suzerainty be renounced. All negotiations broke down, however, and on 3rd September, 1899, there was a panic in Johannesburg and a still greater exodus. The Anglo-Boer War resulted virtually in the shutting down of the mines. Grass grew after awhile in the streets of Johannesburg. The Kruger Government, meanwhile, worked one or two mines for its own profit and as a means of financing the war. The mining companies had been compelled gradually to repatriate the native labour force, and the black workers, who had by long association with the industry become expert at their tasks, left the mines, in many instances never to return.

Thus it was that, after the war, the recruiters for the mines experienced the greatest difficulty in again assembling an efficient native labour force. The old natives had got out of the habit of mine work, the new ones had no taste for it. The leaders of the industry were supported in their belief that the native labour of the Union had become insufficient for the expanding needs of mining by the report of a Commission which concluded (and issued findings accordingly) that the supplies available were hopelessly inadequate.

V.

Thus crystallized the idea of Chinese labour There was Imperial opposition to it; in fact, the opposition almost

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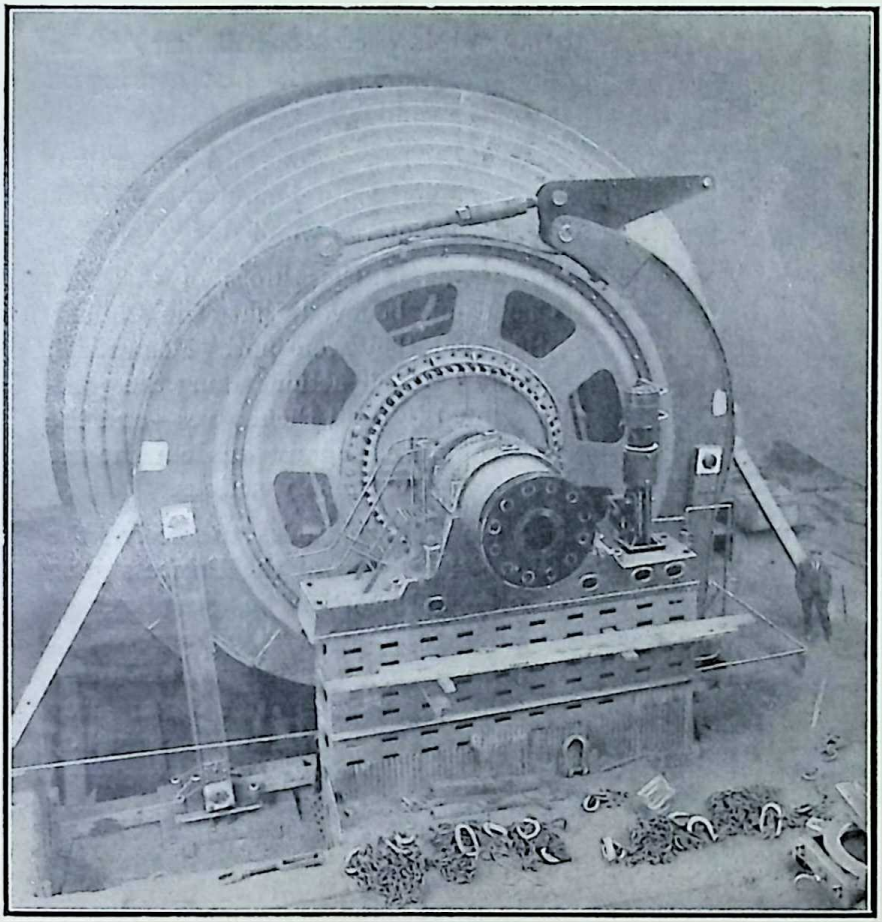

THE GIANT WINDING DRUM OF THE CITY DEEP MINE, JOHANNESBURG, WHICH HELPS TO HAUL GOLD-BEARING ROCK FROM A DEPTH OF OVER 6,000 FEET. NOTE THE CONTRASTIVE SIZE OF THE MAN ON THE RIGHT.

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became a disintegrating influence within the Empire, so sharp was the controversy. Ultimately, the weight of the argument told in favour of the Chinese experiment; the Chinese Labour Convention was signed in London on 13th May, 1904, and the first batch of coolies arrived on 22nd June, 1904

There were many interested spectators standing on the platform at Pietermaritzburg watching the first contingent as it stopped en route to the Rand.

"See that crowd of yellow men?" one old porter was overheard to remark to a gaping Zulu houseboy "Well, they're coming to do the work that *you* won't do!"

Ere long South Africa was in the throes of ceaseless political discussion. One camp believed that the Chinese were necessary; the other that they were not. Meanwhile, the coolies themselves began by their actions along the gold-fields to alienate public sympathy from themselves—and the great experiment. They committed many misdemeanours. Their crimes indeed were often extremely serious.

For instance, among the early episodes to receive the attention of the Press were the doings of the Princess gang in the mining district of Roodepoort The gang created something like a reign of terror in that neighbourhood in 1907, its members being reckless criminals and ruined Chinese gamblers They broke into farm-houses after dark; they looted dwellings from which the occupants were compelled to flee in terror; they fired on the police, but they always managed to vanish mysteriously into that portion of the veld between Roodepoort, which, by the way, lies twelve miles west of Johannesburg, and Luipaardsvlei, a few miles still farther west. The intervening area is known as the Witpoortje Break. It is so called because there is a break in the gold reef hereabouts, caused by some geological upheaval. And the veld is pitted with the shafts of baffled prospectors. It was an ideal area to hide in. But the police, guided by a deserter from the gang, suddenly surrounded their warren one night and, as they refused to come out, proceeded to smoke them out. Dynamite sticks were burned in front of the opening; the stifling fumes were

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blown through the drives. There was an interchange of shots. And eventually the whole party surrendered. All were afterwards sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, and were ultimately sent back to China

Public opinion proved more and more averse to the retention of the Chinese, and they were repatriated in big batches. Before they left they exhumed their dead. Great clouds of black smoke from grisly funeral pyres rose daily thereafter over the goldfields, and the ashes of hundreds of corpses burning behind little red identification flags were transferred to bright funeral urns and taken back to China.

By 1910 the entire Chinese labour force had disappeared.

VI.

The native and Chinese labour questions, however, were not the only ones. The white miners had organized themselves methodically, and the trade-union movement had gradually become stronger. A few big characters emerged from the welter of this new industrialism, notably a certain Tom Mathews, known to mine employers and to the miners themselves as "Old Tom" or "Honest Tom."

It is not perhaps desirable to enter into any great detail about the strike upheavals of 1907, 1913, and 1922, all of which have been the occasion of bitterness, which all sides are fortunately striving (and with success) to forget. In brief, however, the 1907 strike arose mainly from a dispute regarding the superintendence of mine drills; that of 1913 developed from a dispute at the New Kleinfontein Mine and led to the burning down of the "Star" newspaper office and a portion of the Johannesburg (then Park) Station. A big "battle" outside the Rand Club preceded the termination of hostilities. When the disorders were at their height, Generals Botha and Smuts intervened. They met Mathews and other leaders in the vestibule of the Carlton Hotel, and the strike was called off. In 1914 a subsequent attempt to declare a general strike was frustrated by an overnight declaration of martial law.

The last dramatic phase of this affair will not readily be forgotten The burghers had been called in. The strike

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leaders remained within the old Trades Hall, having refused to surrender. Commissioner Street was filled with armed troops, headed by a small cannon. This had been trained on the Trades Hall with the threat that unless the inmates surrendered the place would be shelled. Shortly before the expiration of the time limit the occupants capitulated. They were marched away under arrest to Marshall Square. And for a while industrial peace prevailed.

The great 1922 revolt was one of economic origin The inflation of the currency and the coincident rise in living costs led to frequent demands for increased wages on the mines, and as long as gold was at a premium and the mines were reaping profits, these higher wages could be paid. But when at the end of 1921 the gold premium declined rapidly, the leaders of the mining industry in Johannesburg saw that unless wages were reduced, half the mines would be compelled to close. The attempt to square wages with the falling premium brought about the greatest strike in Rand history, a strike which became a revolution.

It is of too recent and too bitter a memory to invite detailed recapitulation. The men's leaders, while at first moderate, were eventually supplanted by extremists, and very soon the rank and file were organized into commandos, the officers of which wore red buttons instead of brass stars ; while at Benoni, on the East Rand, hundreds of women, associated with the strikers, paraded the streets in the white streamers identified with the nursing profession. When the storm broke, Johannesburg was actually surrounded by the " Reds." A concerted march on the centre would have taken the town. It was not made. At this critical juncture, General Smuts drove into the city through the " Red " outposts, took command, and troops, meanwhile, having arrived from all over the country, the revolutionaries were quickly defeated and the outbreak quelled—unfortunately with heavy loss of life.

The last grim episode herein, namely, the attack on the rebels' stronghold at Fordsburg, the western quarter of Johannesburg, was dramatic and tragical. With the help of aeroplanes, artillery, and tanks, the Government troops finally restored peace.

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By way of contrast with all this turmoil, it should be noted that efforts have never ceased on the part of the Government, the mine-owners, and the men to evolve machinery to assist conciliation and to prevent recurrence of strikes and disorders. It is now believed that the existing machinery, completed after endless negotiation and difficulty, has gone a very long way towards reaching settlement by negotiation, and if this is a fair estimate of its efficiency, industrial peace should be the lot of the Rand for many, many years.

VII.

The gold mines nowadays are happy centres of activity. The native compounds, particularly on Sundays, are crowded with blacks of various tribes, clad in gorgeous blankets. Mauve, pink, emerald green, and crimson seem the favourite colours. The "boys" chant their strange monotonous songs, or sit around and talk excitedly, or watch the fortune-teller throwing the bones he produces from a bag, bones of snakes and baboons, and the teeth of sharks, anything indeed likely to pass for a charm. Sometimes, again, these sturdy fellows will dance to the music of kaffir pianos. These pianos are remarkable, like great wooden xylophones, and, played by a score of "boys," are able to thunder out queer fragmentary melodies, repeated again and again. They make an ideal accompaniment for the leaping lines of Mchopis, Pondos, Shangaans, or other tribesmen, who cause the ground to shiver with the unisonal crash of their feet. These dances are encouraged by the leaders of the industry. They keep the native in good fettle physically and temperamentally. But nowadays care is taken not to make the dancers of one tribe compete with those of another: for it was found when the experiment was tried some years ago that inter-tribal competitions only inflamed tribal feeling, and that from that viewpoint they were highly undesirable. The present plan is to have dancing competitions within each tribe, and this has answered admirably. The natives enjoy their work, for they are wonderfully well-fed, housed, and amused. Indeed, the East African boys recruited from the Portuguese territories—coal-black types who make splendid miners—

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do not consider themselves men until they have worked on the Rand goldfields. They constitute about thirty per cent. of the whole native labour force. The rest are recruited by the agents of the industry.

The white quarters on the mines are attractive There is accommodation for married and single men; there are recreation rooms and athletic grounds; everything is done to make the life of the man compelled to work underground for a living as happy and as safe as possible. It is remarkable, too, how propaganda has succeeded in reducing the accident rate underground, how "safety-first" principles are being drilled into white and black alike, and how wonderfully even the raw native is picking up "first aid." He loves his ambulance work. And he has learned all about the risks that a man must run underground, and how to avoid them. He does avoid them. This "safety-first" propaganda has reduced the mortality once caused by swallowing dust underground, and now at the first sign of phthisis or dust on the lungs a victim is removed from mining work altogether and granted a substantial honorarium.

VIII.

In spite of war and strike interruptions, the City Deep and the Village Deep Mines, both in the Central Rand area, have now sunk shafts to a depth of over 7,000 feet,* that is, to twice the span of the height of Table Mountain. The Village Deep is the deepest gold mine in the world. The hauling of rock at payable rates from such levels entails complicated problems in engineering. The City Deep Mine recently tackled the problem of installing two giant winding drums, one of which hauls up from 4,500 feet and the other

* The Village Deep Mine, Johannesburg, had reached a depth of 7,309 feet roughly on 31st August, 1928, and was then the deepest mine in the world. The tremendous problem of mining gold-bearing rock at such depths and hauling it to a surface over a mile above, has also been complicated by the heat which gradually increases with depth. Nevertheless, the invention of the jackhammer drill, a light, portable machine, has made it possible to mine without breaking large quantities of adherent waste rock. In this manner an improvement in grade has been achieved which has helped to balance other disabilities. This has been a great help to such properties as the City Deep Mine (7,000 feet), and indeed to all the deep level propositions now being successfully mined.

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FIRM FRIENDS! A FULL-GROWN AFRICAN LION AND HIS CANINE CHUM IN THE JOHANNESBURG ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. WHEN THE DOG IS LET OUT FOR A RUN, THE LION MAKES THE GARDENS RING WITH HIS ANGRY ROARS.

[*Photo, "Rand Daily Mail."*

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from 2,500 feet below that. The weight alone of the two cables combined is well in excess of 30 tons. At times the cages, capable of hauling up 8 tons of rock, will be moving at nearly 40 miles per hour.

So that only those who remember the old pioneers toiling in primitive fashion at the outcrops, and those who may see the mighty wonders of the City Deep's winding drums, will realize to the full how the years have brought about increasing depth and made the task of working the mines more difficult, and will think well of that silent body of men, the engineers. An industry so highly organized has, of course, attracted many fine intellects to the task of control, but it ought to be made clear that the honour of setting the industry going on right lines, the honour of doing the creative work as compared with the purely administrative work which followed, was undertaken by men no longer actually associated with the fields.

These heroes of technical science have gone. There are still many fine intellects, however, addressed to the task of administration.

To-day, after forty-two years, the mining industry is at its zenith. It had an annual output (1927) of some £41,000,000 out of an annual world production of under £83,000,000. The Rand contributes nearly 52 per cent. of the world's gold; the United States of America nearly 12 per cent. Capital amounting to £63,000,000 is estimated to have been sunk into the Reef. The industry employs 21,000 whites and some 200,000 natives. Its output up to the end of 1928 had a value of approximately £1,000,000,000, and its organization is incomparably finer than that of any other mining industry in the world.*

Thus from small beginnings, from an unpretentious little

* The interests of the Transvaal Mining industry are sponsored to-day by the Transvaal Chamber of Mines, which consists of representatives of individual mines and mining houses, functioning under a President, Vice-President, and Executive Committee. The list of representatives of members in 1928 numbered 123. The Chamber itself is administered (in 1929) under its General Manager, Mr. W. Gemmill, whose reputation as an organizer and labour expert stands exceedingly high in the mining world. The Chamber represents forty-seven mining companies and financial corporations, fourteen collieries, and three corresponding members.

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camp in Ferreirastown, has sprung an enterprise which has not only proved the industrial life-blood of the Union of South Africa, but has also added such vast quantities of gold to the earth's stocks as to have exerted an appreciable effect on international commodity prices.

The story of the rise of Johannesburg, the Reef towns, and the Rand goldfields is perhaps the most thrilling romance in industrial history, and while admiring those grand old pioneers who opened the door of a great opportunity, we feel free to admire those later men whose scientific and administrative achievements made the miracle of South Africa's goldfields possible.

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CHAPTER IV.

The Transvaal: Yesterday and To-day.

I.

THE gold miners of the Rand have won roughly a thousand million pounds sterling from the ground. That is to say, in the course of some forty odd years they have extracted enough gold to pay off the whole of Britain's war debt to America. And more remains in the ground than has been taken out of it. The gold stratum does not peter out at depth. It just curves endlessly towards the horizontal like the inside of a mighty basin. (See footnote, pp. 42, 44, Chapter III.)

Notable facts these!

How, then, have they affected South Africa where most of the gold has been spent—in wages, stores, dividends, and supplies? It would be far from an extravagance to suggest that eighty-five per cent of the gold bars sent away to the markets of the world have returned in hard cash into the coffers of the country

A little thought will make clear the implications of all this. Such enormous wealth credited ceaselessly to the existing wealth of any country must have a vast effect upon it. The Rand has exerted that effect. It has been a battery of financial energy. The currents from it have gone on generating industry. And the industry has stimulated personal prosperity.

But the Reef has also drawn to itself like a colossal magnet many high adventurers—prospectors and capitalists—who have never ceased to examine the face of the country. They have "combed" it for minerals, for farms, for diamonds. They have become a University of Enterprise. And they have, in fact, energized the Province in so many ways, that

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the Transvaal of to-day is a vastly different proposition from the Transvaal of 1886, which was virutally bankrupt when the great gold reef was found. Let us for a moment, then, look back at the political origins of the Province, and ascertain, if we can, in what circumstances of lack and penury its pioneers battled for existence.

II.

The Transvaal owes its origin to the *Voortrekkers*, and to their passionate desire to be rid of political control from the Cape Colony. A party of these emigrant farmers crossed the Vaal nearly a century ago, travelling north-east. They were murdered by the warriors of Moselikatze north of the Vaal River. Thereupon Andries Hendrik Potgieter—one of those most strongly animated by hostility to British political influence—surprised the Matabele on 17th January, 1837, at Mosega and slaughtered many of their warriors, without losing a single man himself. Some months later the Matabele were again defeated. They withdrew in terror across the River Limpopo—the northern limit of the Transvaal to-day—and settled in Rhodesia. Potgieter, having avenged his murdered countrymen and having cleared the Transvaal, took possession of it. The position was curious: the Matabele flying from the *Voortrekkers*, the *Voortrekkers* escaping, as they believed, from British supervision into the more or less unknown regions between the Vaal River and the Limpopo—the Transvaal. And though they knew it not, they were preparing the way for a second wave of farmer emigrants under the famous leader, Pretorius, the hero of the battle of Blood River. This notable character was just then fighting his dramatic battles in Natal: in search of homes for his followers who had made a thrust towards the sea. What happened in the Transvaal was really this, therefore: the Matabele abandoned it, Potgieter followed into the northern Transvaal to evade British influence, and Pretorius came into the more southerly territories evacuated by Potgieter.

Before Potgieter trekked up into the Zoutpansberg, however, he founded in 1839 the town of Potchefstroom,

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eighty-eight miles by rail from modern Johannesburg. Nowadays it is a spreading place of peaceful avenues lined with glorious willow trees. Close to it is a great Government experimental farm of 4,000 acres. Where the wagons of the *Voortrekkers* once rested, the roofs of the schools rise to-day. At that time, Potgieter exercised a loose authority on both sides of the Vaal—over many followers in the Transvaal and over others in the Free State around Winburg. But this authority was destined to be disturbed. For he abandoned Potchefstroom in 1845. There were rumours of extended British control. He marched north-east towards the Zoutpansberg (a great farming area nowadays) and into the wild, mountainous country not far from the Portuguese border. His course must have taken him across some portion of the Rand goldfields. Certain of his people settled at a spot which they called Lydenburg, meaning "suffering." For many of them had died of fever. Lydenburg to-day is a pretty little town in a mineral, cotton, wheat, and sheep district.

These African pilgrim fathers, however, were entering the land of gold. It was near Lydenburg in 1873 that the first successful alluvial field was worked—that is to say, nearly thirty years after those brave pioneers had passed that way singing psalms and assigning Bunyan-like names to their stopping places. They thought they were approaching the sources of the Nile. Needless to say, they were many hundreds of miles south of it. And so such places as Nylstroom (the Nile River) and Pilgrims Rest—the alluvial gold centre thirty-two miles from Lydenburg—came into being. The names are tributes to the sublime faith of these doughty adventurers who slept inside their wagon circles at night after invoking Divine protection against the nameless terrors of the wilderness.

The young man Paul Kruger was among the early trekkers. He had been born at Colesberg in the Cape Colony in 1825. He was strong, resolute, and a Bible reader. He had something of Spartan ability to endure pain. Once he amputated an injured thumb with a jack-knife when on a hunting expedition. He killed his first lion at the age

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of fourteen. And after Pretorius and Potgieter had died in 1853—within four months of each other—this rugged character made his presence everywhere felt. From 1872, after the visionary, President Burgers, had failed to retrieve the Transvaal from bankruptcy, Kruger was obviously the coming force in Transvaal politics. When, "with twelve and sixpence in its Treasury" and a public debt of £215,000, the Province was annexed by Great Britain on 12th April, 1877, Kruger tried to get the annexation revoked. He failed. But after the first Anglo-Boer war of 1881, the Transvaal had the status of a more or less independent State. From that time Oom Paul, as he was called, became a dominant personality. His strong furrowed face, ribbon of office, and presidential silk hat were familiar all over the world. He was looked upon as a sturdy Calvinist resolved from his presidential pedestal at Pretoria to curb the innovations and extravagances of the ungodly. His outlook was original.* His intellect was particularly acute. Yet the Transvaal was still in financial difficulty when the gold-fields were discovered and proclaimed in 1886, and, indeed, saved the Province.

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* The lighter side of the character of the President was not lacking, as Mr. F. Reginald Statham indicates in his book, *Paul Kruger and his Times*, in the following anecdote written in 1898: "It is no uncommon thing for him, as he passes along the corridor of the public buildings to his office, to give a friendly dig in the ribs with his stick to any personal acquaintance—possibly some highly responsible official—whom he may encounter. There is the well-authenticated story of how, coming out of his office with a piece of wood in his hand, he gave a sharp rap on the head to one of the occupants of the ante-chamber through which he had to pass, doubtless supposing him to be one of his clerks. 'Who's that?' enquired the person struck, who happened to be a missionary and a total stranger to Pretoria. 'Who's that?' was the answer, 'Why, it's the President.'"

There is also the story, often related to prove how rigidly the President adhered to his religious belief, that he once opened a synagogue in the presence of all local Jewry, with the far from appropriate formula, "I declare this synagogue open in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ!"

Finally, as emphasizing the doggedness of his faith, there is another accredited story, as follows: One fine starlit night during the progress of a voyage to England, Dr. Jorissen, the Secretary of State, and a friend got into conversation over the development and structure of the universe, and were discussing it on scientific lines. The President, who was standing near, interjected with, "Pardon the interruption, Dr. Jorissen; but if you are right, I might as well throw my Bible overboard!"

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CECIL JOHN RHODES.

[*From the painting by Edward Rowarth in the Sibbett Collection, Capetown.*

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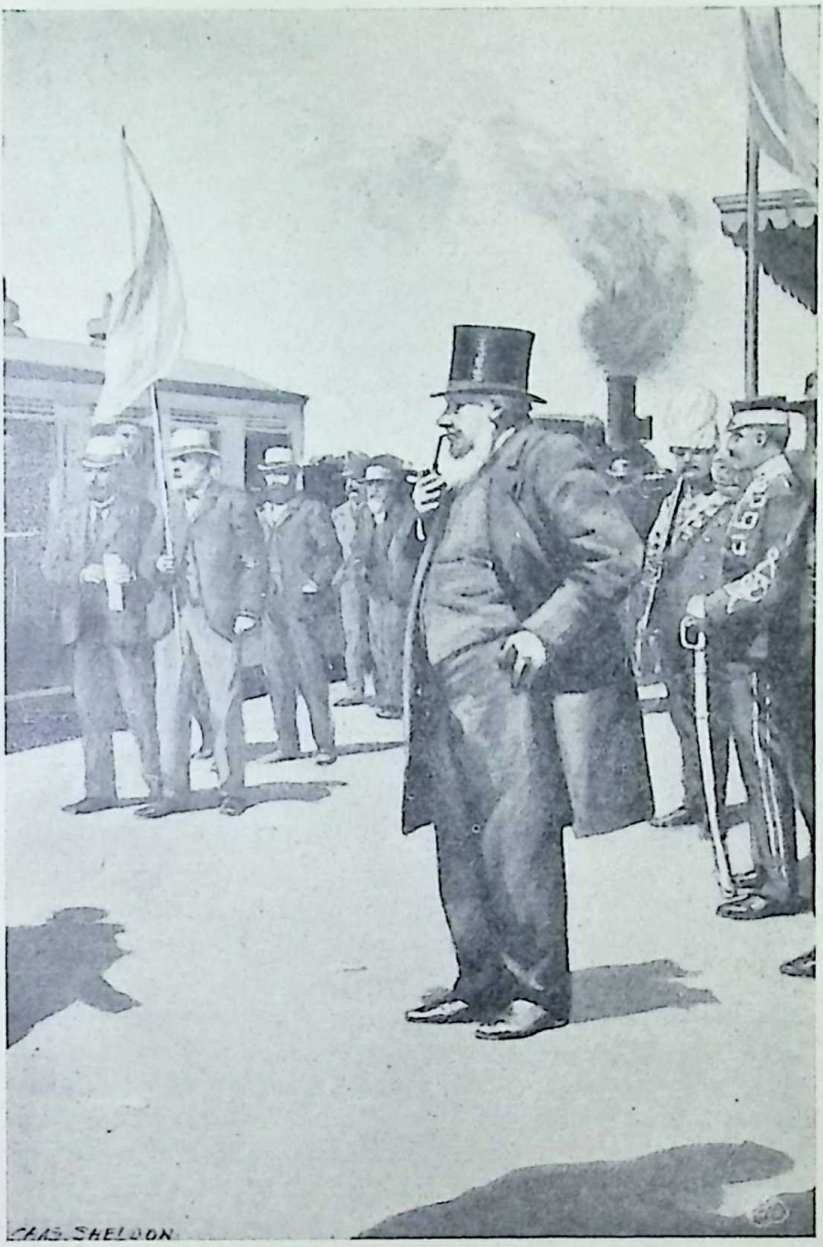

PRESIDENT KRUGER (OOM PAUL) AT THE OPENING OF THE RAILWAY, BOKSBURG TO JOHANNESBURG, 17TH MARCH, 1890.

[*By permission, L. Weinthal.*

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III.

Many towns had sprung up meanwhile. Rustenburg—eighty miles west of modern Johannesburg, now the centre of tobacco, cotton, and orange-growing activities—had made a start in the shadows of the Magaliesberg Mountains. Away back in the fifties, "Oom Paul" had set out from it to woo Maria du Plessis who became his wife. On his journey across the River Vaal, the ardent young man drove his animals into the swollen river and swam boldly across beside them. His bronze statue in Rustenburg to-day represents him as bareheaded and bowed in thought.

There was Klerksdorp, too, one hundred and seventeen miles south-west of Johannesburg, founded by one Le Clerq, who arrived a week before the *Voortrekkers* reached Potchefstroom; so that Klerksdorp is actually the oldest town in the Province. The present town of Klerksdorp is separated from the old by a bridge. The Rand gold discoveries of 1886 over to the north-east brought a rush of prospectors to Klerksdorp; and gold was found. The first Transvaal Stock Exchange, it is claimed, operated here. Incidentally, the notorious international character, Deeming—referred to in the previous chapter—made his way to a local mine property. His house can still be seen. Klerksdorp, in these days, is a strong agricultural centre.

Standerton, too, had been growing—that big agricultural town and district one hundred miles south-east of Johannesburg. It began its career in 1862. In that year Adrian Hendrick Stander spied out its lands. He and his sons offered to buy farms for £25 apiece. They had no money, but they shot off enough game to pay for a farm in a few months. They exported the skins, horns, and biltong to Natal; and so the fine farm, Groot Verlang, upon which Standerton now stands became theirs. To-day, the town is centred amid spreading agricultural and stock lands. In its vicinity is the Government Experimental Farm. The town, in fact, is the principal one in the Eastern Transvaal. Its prosperity has been stimulated enormously, of course, by the produce markets provided by the Rand goldfields. So also with other towns, such as charming

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little Volksrust and Heidelberg, both pastoral places. All have enjoyed the constant stimulus of the proximity of the goldfields.

IV.

It is interesting to reflect that when Potgieter's emigrants abandoned Potchefstroom in 1845 and tramped on a rough north-easterly line to Lydenburg, they took a course, roughly, which may have carried them in their poverty over some of the richest mineral deposits in the world. For it is certainly curious that a line drawn between Potchefstroom and Lydenburg virtually intersects the Witwatersrand goldfields, sixty-five miles from the former. Another stretch of seventy miles along this line from Johannesburg would have brought these *Voortrekkers* to Witbank, and twenty miles further on, to Middelburg, both now big coal districts with a large output and a thriving port and export trade; and eighty miles beyond Middelburg they would have found themselves among the mountains where Lydenburg now lies—that is to say, in a gold district. They passed over it all, of course, shooting as they went, and oblivious of the wealth at their feet

Later comers, however, and members mostly of that enterprising element in Johannesburg drawn together by the magnet of the Rand goldfields, had at their disposal all the resources of science to mine the coal-beds at Witbank. The smoke of its mines rises ceaselessly nowadays. The red-hot embers gleam steadily at night. Seven million tons of its coal go forth to the Rand goldfields, and to the Port of Delagoa Bay (which is two hundred and seventy-six miles distant), for bunker consumption and for export to India and elsewhere. A great power station has been erected there, too. Its purpose is to supply cheap power on the zone plan in vogue in America: all of which makes the fact interesting that the original owner of Witbank Farm, "Old Jacob Taljaard" as he was called, could not make a livelihood on it. He was an elderly bachelor. His wants were few, but his failure helped to give the place the forbidding name "Starvation Farm." After being sold in 1895 for

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£7,500, it was taken over by Messrs. Neumann & Company. To-day, of course, "Starvation Farm" is one of the focal points of South African industry.

Most of the names abutting on this imaginary line joining Potchefstroom with Lydenburg seem to be associated with the romance of wealth. About sixty miles south-east of Lydenburg lies Barberton, memorable as the centre of the De Kaap goldfields and the scene of former gold rushes. In its fastnesses many diggers once dug out fortunes, of a more or less temporary character; more still lost all they had; and this happened, generally speaking, before the goldfields of the Rand were established. To the north of Barberton, again, is Nelspruit and its orange orchards, and over the Oliphants River just south of Pietersburg are the flourishing Zebediela Estates, which aim at an export of 18,000 tons of oranges in 1930. Tzaneen, one hundred miles north of Lydenburg and sited among glorious scenery at the top of the Drakensberg Range, is another great farmers' township. Here is the famous Tzaneen Estate; citrus, sisal, sugar, tobacco, and fruit all growing hereabouts. Proximity to the old Selati goldfields makes Tzaneen the more fascinating; for it is clear that the mysterious miners of antiquity came into these parts and worked the gold. Traces of their workings still remain.

But the tale of the Transvaal's mineral wealth is not yet told. Copper, antimony, mica are all found, and Rand capital is interested in them—the galvanic force behind them. Silver was once found near Zeerust and Pretoria, but these mines have closed. Corundum is worked at Zoutpansberg, Transvaal—one of the most important fields in the world. Corundum is sold largely through Johannesburg to America.

The recent platinum discoveries in the Transvaal are of prime importance—that is clear. It is certain that South Africa will, one day enter the lists with Russia as a platinum producer. The enormous deposits located near Potgietersrust—a quiet little township one hundred and eighty-three miles north and slightly east of Johannesburg—are, it is claimed, inexhaustible. When science has perfected existing

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methods of mineral extraction—and its problems are being tackled ceaselessly in Johannesburg—much wealth that is still potential will become actual. Finally, there are diamond occurrences in all directions in the Transvaal. To these full reference is made elsewhere.

So that this richly endowed Province seems obviously destined to enjoy many long years of prosperity before its mineral treasures are exhausted; and by that time its agricultural and manufacturing interests will, doubtless, have been developed sufficiently to replace them.

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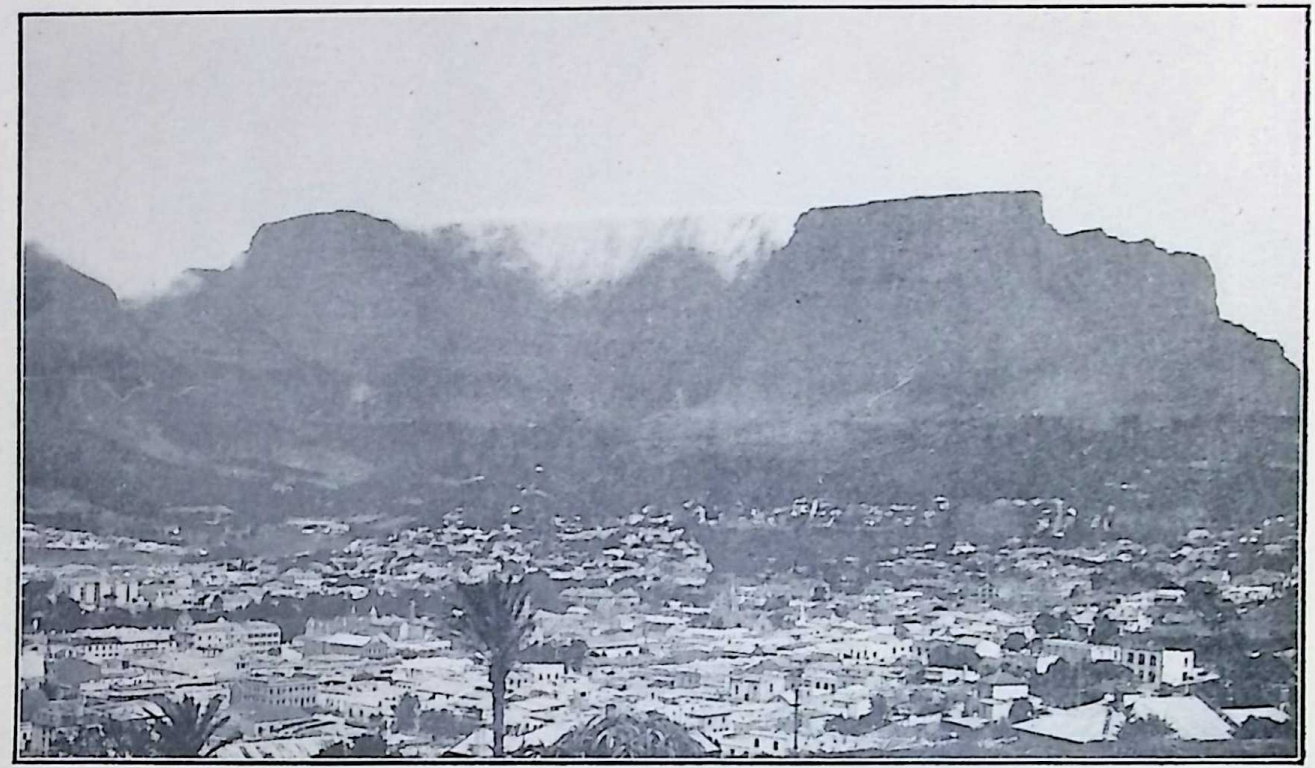

THE CLOTH IS SPREAD OVER TABLE MOUNTAIN. CAPETOWN LIES BELOW.

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CHAPTER V.

Table Mountain Tells the Story of the Cape.

I.

THE flat, brown mountain overlooking Table Bay, the vast cliffs of which dwarf Capetown almost into the semblance of a white cloth far below, is, declared Francis Drake three and a half centuries ago, "a most stately thing, and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth."

There is something to be said for that judgment. The blue chasms, the cloud-shrouded summit, the tawny crags, the bird songs, the wild flowers, and the soft plash of white cascades, these are the links that bind our affections to the great rock-pile known all over the world as Table Mountain. A grotesque old giant guarding the portals of a great domain! In front of him has been played much of the drama of African history.

Fable has it that in the long ago a dispute occurred on the top of Table Mountain. It lay between the Devil and a Dutchman. Each held that he was the bigger and the better smoker; and so as the result of an endeavour to put the matter to the test, the white clouds began from time to time to pour over the mountain-top, and to creep down the crags below

And whenever these mists came upon the mountain and shrouded it, the old people used to say: "Uncle and the Devil are smoking fast to-day."

Wherefore fable and the glamour of history have given the place a mighty fascination. Its fastnesses and rock-chimneys beckon the mountaineers now as in the long ago,

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WOLRAAD WOLTEMADE, THE HERO OF CAPE HISTORY, WHO ON 1ST JUNE, 1773, RESCUED 14 MEN FROM THE "JONGE THOMAS," A DUTCH EAST INDIAMAN, WRECKED IN TABLE BAY. HE MADE SEVEN JOURNEYS INTO THE SURF ON HIS HORSE, BUT SANK ON THE SEVENTH OCCASION AND WAS DROWNED.

[*From a rare old print dated 1775, in the possession of Mrs. R. V. Cullinan, Olifantsfontein, Transvaal.*

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and while many have climbed to its summit by easy and well-known routes, others have battled up vertical precipices and have dared the irretrievable slip which may mean a fall to forest or waterfall a thousand feet below.

The element of the unexpected enters somehow into all Table Mountain climbs. A man never quite knows what he may find. It may be some romantic historical thing; it may be a grim relic of a forgotten disaster; it may be an exquisite fern or flower; it may be the sight of a great expanse of sea or a spreading vista of peaks, or of the pink pinnacles of the Hex River Range, dim with distance. With whatever memory he returns, however, it will be unforgetable. Yes, the records of the mountain are worth some little thought, touched as they always are with the glamour of the unexpected. Its story, one might say, is virtually the story of South Africa.

II.

Nearly sixty years ago a party of mountaineers set out for the summit, little knowing, of course, that they were to make a discovery of historical importance. On reaching the top they pulled up a bush for firewood and found entangled in it a wire with a George II. penny at one end and a bottle at the other. Inside the bottle was a remarkable document. It was dated 1803. The paper was brittle and yellow, but the writing on it was still legible. And the man who had written it was a serious, old-fashioned sailorman, a dreamer of dreams, with a thin thoughtful face, probably,—under a queer naval hat. His pigtail, if he had any—and most of them had in those days—was a picturesque detail separating him entirely from our time, and his pen travelled laboriously over the thick paper in his own ship, the " Braave," lying in the bay a century and a quarter ago, perhaps by candlelight, and it may be by daylight; so that he might have his impressions of British naval might, and of the transience of empires, duly carried by himself to the mountain top and there buried in a bottle for the edification of subsequent climbers who might dig it up or otherwise come upon it. And this is part of what was deciphered from the brittle,

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faded, yellow paper with the man's own capitals and punctuation : —

"On the 25th February *anno domini* 1803 the underwritten (Samuel Haydon) ascended Table Mountain for the fourth and most probably the last time in his life. The Colony of the Cape of Good Hope still in the hands of the English—but about to be given up to the Batavian Troops who already occupy the interior of the country—it is said they amount to about 2,800 men and are principally a mixture from the different Continental powers in Europe. The remains of our Army here may be about the same number, the other part having been previously embarked for our possessions in the East Indies amounting to about 6,000 British troops. . .

"England is now at peace with the whole world After a nine years sanguinary War in which under God by the bravery and ability of her seamen alone She singly and without assistance of any other Power, Braved the whole of the Maritime Nations of Europe combined, obtained victories on that element unparalleled in the annals of History and now after expending 250 millions on the war—she remains with her commerce immense, her subjects rich, happy and respected—her Foreign territorial possessions vast—particularly in both the Indies, in the East alone Eleven millions of the Natives acknowledge her Sway and in the west the Richest Islands call her master—while the British Flag is continually to be met with in all parts of the globe and in every Sea either in pursuit of Commerce or exploring the unknown—and lastly after founding in the United States of America a mighty Nation she is now (with the philanthropic wish of extending the milder influence of civilized Life over the Southern Hemisphere so long consigned to barbarism) expending large sums on the Colony.

SAMUEL HAYDON.
N.P.—Exeter.
Devon."

The second page runs thus—

"Reader whomsoever thou art or by whatever chance this writing may fall into thy hands ascribe not to vain

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SEIZURE OF THE CAPE BY THE BRITISH IN 1806.

[*A reproduction of an old colour print by Edward Orme, Bond Street, London, dated* 1817, *now in possession of Mr. M. Marks, of Johannesburg.*

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motives what I have here written in regard to my country—for, what shall its opulence or its victories avail me after a lapse of five or six hundred years when where shall the hand be which now traces these lines—what then may be the condition of his Nation—shall it not have felt in its turn with others a decline from a state of grandeur unexampled since the days of ancient Rome?

"This was buried about a foot and a half under the surface at the top of Table Mountain, inclosed in a quart bottle closely corked down and spread over with rosin—a Penny piece (copper) of English coin was fastened by some wire round the neck of the bottle as well as several more scattered about near where my name is Engraved on a Rock adjoining—

HAYDON
Done on board His Majesty's Ship
BRAAVE
20, February, 1803."

III.

Here, then, on the mountain-top twelve years before Waterloo, the quaint old patriot had pondered the pomps and follies of his day and had written as a man will who loves his country and wishes it well. The spirit he reflected then may be diminished now, yet is not dead, nor indeed is his memory. Searchers have since peered and delved assiduously about the adjoining ground to find his name on the rocks. And though so far they have failed, some day, no doubt, it will be added to the Treasure House of the Unexpected.

But what were the events which filled the soul of this old Devonian with such misgiving? And why should he have linked his moralizings with thoughts of the decay of Imperial Britain? The answer lies in the bare bones of history.

The Cape had been seized by the British in 1795, after the Dutch East India Company had held it for one hundred and forty-three years as a revictualling station for ships on the Holland-Cape-India route—but it was about to be

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handed back, as Haydon sat disconsolately on the mountain top, in 1803, to the Dutch Batavian Republic under the terms of the Treaty of Amiens. The terms of this treaty provided for the retention of Ceylon by Great Britain.

It was this return of the Cape to the Dutch which the old sailor deplored, although the probability is that he lived to see it pass again into the hands of the British in 1806, after a spectacular battle within sight of Table Mountain, and under articles signed in a little thatched cottage near Papendorp, which to-day is Woodstock. And this very Woodstock is visible from the top of Table Mountain. Old Haydon must have seen it. And at sea like a silver coin may also have recognized Robben Island, and the far-off outlines of Dassen Island, with the Hex River peaks and the coastlines of the Peninsula trailing into cloud.

IV.

Haydon's question as to what the future held for England —and for South Africa—is still in process of reply, and the reply is that both are continuing to realize a great and in many respects a common destiny as fellow-members of a commonwealth of nations. And if Haydon could have looked down on Capetown to-day and have seen the charming town below, no longer a place of thatched roofs and burghers in knee breeches, and running conduits and old-time ships in the harbour, but a delightful spreading city, the largest but one in the Union, with a magnificent harbour and docks and a total population of 231,000, made up of 131,000 Europeans and (about) 100,000 coloured folk—Haydon must have wondered at the transformation. South Africans are, of course, enchanted with Capetown, and love their brilliant southern city. They revel in its beauties and its past associations. But so do others, and with reason. Of recent years its boundaries have been pushed far afield. Modern transport has made numberless beauty spots accessible not only in the outskirts of the city, but also in the Peninsula at the north of which Capetown lies. Lion's Head, 1,800 feet high, the rounded mass near Table Mountain, and Signal Hill (the Lion's Rump) are being dotted with white homes.

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[*From an old print in the possession of P. D. Eprile, Johannesburg.*

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OLD PRINT ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORIC STORM OF 1799 AT THE CAPE, WHEN MANY VESSELS WERE LOST. "THE SCEPTRE," A BRITISH WARSHIP OF 64 GUNS, WAS CAUGHT WITH OTHER VESSELS IN A HURRICANE OFF TABLE BAY ON 5TH NOVEMBER, 1799. THE SHIP HAD PREVIOUSLY FIRED A NUMBER OF GUNS IN COMMEMORATION OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT—GUY FAWKES BEING STILL AN OFFICIAL TRADITION—AFTER WHICH MANY OF HER OFFICERS AND SAILORS WENT ASHORE. IT WAS WELL THAT THEY DID SO. FOR DARKNESS HAVING SET IN, A STORM DROVE THIS VESSEL AND MANY OTHERS INTO THE BREAKERS. SHE STRUCK NEAR FORT KNOCKE AND WENT TO PIECES. NEXT MORNING THE BODIES OF THE CAPTAIN AND THREE HUNDRED MEN WERE CAST ON THE BEACH. ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT OFFICERS AND MEN—MAINLY MEMBERS OF THE SHORE PARTY—ESCAPED. THE "OLDENBORG," THE DANISH SHIP SHOWN IN THE PRINT, STEERED FOR A SANDY STRETCH, WAS BEACHED, AND THE CREW SAVED. THE "SIERRA LEONE," "HANNAH," AND "ANUBIS" WERE ALL LOST, BUT THEIR CREWS WERE SAVED.

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They are sheltered with pine and rich tree-life; beautiful with flowers. Away to the south-west over the mountain slopes—beautiful slopes of rock and woodland—is a ragged coast flanked by mountains. All along its shores are the homes of far-seeing citizens. One marvels much at the difference between these magnificent sites and the cramped fog-bound streets of many of the world's large cities. The sunshine warms the soul here. The rain, sleet, and fog must warp it there. Along the coast, then, are charming bays, the resorts of the painter, such as Three Anchor Bay, Camps Bay (a great seaside centre with a beach flanked by the lilac-tinted series of peaks, the Twelve Apostles, Kogel Bay, Kommetje Bay, Hout Bay, Chapmans Bay, Witsands Bay, and so on right away down to Cape Point; and the broad world-famous motor highway which winds along this sea-front sometimes almost on the edge of dizzy cliffs (then passing through the Peninsula and back over a distance of 110 miles) makes it clear that the Peninsula is really a rugged mountain range pushing upward from the sea. The Victoria Road to Camps Bay, for instance, by way of Hout Bay, which is 15½ miles from Capetown, leaves no room for doubt as to this. Out on the right the ocean spreads vast and blue. On the left rise the everlasting hills. At Hout Bay and its village, as one comes upon them suddenly, one perceives a parquetry of green and white, and of orchards and flowers. In this bay the old high-pooped vessels of the East India Company dropped many an anchor. The doughty marines evidently had an eye for a strategic point—and this was one of them.

Farther down is the Cape of Good Hope, sighted by Diaz on his homeward journey towards the end of the fifteenth century: a spot of historic memory. Turning now up the inner, or rather eastern coast of the Peninsula, there is everywhere the same evidence of growing population and new homes. There is Simonstown, twenty-two and a half miles from the Cape, a place occupied by the Netherlands Government as far back as 1741 as a naval and military depot, and still an important British Naval base, with a dock and a breakwater which cost £2,500,000. It is an old-world spot in spite of this; with tales aplenty of

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The Landing of Johan van Riebeeck at Table Bay.

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admirals who have lived there, gay old sea dogs with a sturdy sense of humour. And so past this we move along the motor road to Fish Hoek Bay, and by way of the fine sea front—always full of holiday makers—to Kalk Bay, St. James, to Muizenberg (all on the shores of False Bay), which has a population of 10,000 and is one of the summer resorts of South Africa. And thus we have made a round of the coasts of the Peninsula, a round which will answer old Haydon and his misgivings very eloquently. The answer to his belief in the evanescence of human glory, the vanity of temporal dominion, is this thronging city of the South, gleaming like a jewel in a mountainous Peninsula. It has shone the more brightly ever since that old jeweller, History, set it in its emerald frame two hundred and eighty years ago

V.

Those who come to Capetown for the first time are interested in the many races which jostle each other in its streets; the Malays, the Indians, the coloured Africans, the Dutch and English Africanders. How did these cosmopolitans all get together in the Cape? What is the story of their coming? A story of absorbing interest it is; and all of it enacted in the shadow of its mountain. Let the story then be told from the angle of the great rock-pile which with such silent dignity has overlooked it all.

It was in 1503, exactly three hundred years before Samuel Haydon, that Antonio de Saldhana, bearded, swarthy, and full of the fine old fire of original adventure, climbed the mountain by way of the Platteklip Gorge, and after rejoining the other sailors of his ship, was attacked near the sea by a horde of Hottentots. Saldhana was wounded before his party could escape to the ship. The memory of this bitter running-fight may have persisted with the natives, and seven years later the mountain again looked down upon an even more serious combat, when another body of Portuguese was overcome by Hottentots, and Dom Francisco d'Almeida the venerable Governor-General of Portuguese India, who had landed at the Cape on the way back to Lisbon, was killed, together with many of his captains and rank and

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file. Down below on the beach, the scene of the last stand must indeed have been terrible, more indeed like a massacre than a fight

The Portuguese never pretended much interest thereafter in the Cape or Table Mountain But as the ships of Europe made their way increasingly around the Cape in the years which followed, the glorious waters about the mountain grew ever more famous, and for all the savagery of its great rock-piles and its blacks, the spot won for itself the comfortable title of "the Tavern of the Southern Seas." Then grew up the happy custom of leaving letters under large rocks on the foreshore at the foot of what is now known as Adderley Street, and thus in the days when sea journeys were fraught with peril, the mountain became a landmark for suffering sailormen

Excluded from the trade of Europe by the operations of the Hanseatic League, the merchant adventurers of Britain fought now for a share of the world trade, while the Dutch, debarred in 1580 from the then essential Lisbon market, found it equally imperative to enlarge their trade interests with the East. Thus the English East India Company was founded in 1600, and the Dutch East India Company in 1602, and there ensued on the African-Indian route those great trade rivalries between European nations which made Table Bay a place of constantly growing importance. John Jourdain, for instance, chief merchant of the British East India ship "Ascension," landed in 1608 and looked about the bay and its mountain slopes and wrote that with a castle and market garden it might "furnish all shipps refreshings." John Jourdain's ideas were not followed up, but tentative efforts to proclaim the ground a British possession were tested under the shadow of the mountain, and notably in 1620, when five ships of the East India Company put into Table Bay under the command of Andrew Shillings and Humphrey Fitz-Herbert. The party, picturesque doubtless, in knee breeches and flowing locks, proceeded to Signal Hill and there hoisted the British flag on a heap of stones amid the tactful cheers of both Dutch and British. But the proclamation was not taken very seriously in

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England. The flag fluttered until it rotted away and the opportunity of securing easily a magnificent station for "all shipps refreshings" was thus lost to Britain.

One night in 1648 the Great Dutch East Indiaman, "The Haarlem," was blown ashore at Table Bay. All on board got safely to land and succeeded in saving some of the cargo, but the shipwrecked sailors, fearful of starvation, sowed vegetable seeds retrieved from the wreck and raised good crops. The natives supplied them with meat in exchange for merchandise, and in the champagne sunshine the seamen formed such joyous impressions that they also, like Jourdain, resolved to recommend, on their return to Holland, that a permanent station be formed at the Cape, and that market gardens be planted for the revictualling of scurvy-infected vessels.* The Council of Seventeen which controlled the

* No record of shipwreck in the Cape would be complete without a reference to the loss of the Dutch East Indiaman, the *Jonge Thomas* off the Cape in 1773. The story of this disaster is associated with the name of old Wolraad Woltemade, justly regarded in Africa as a national hero. On Whit Monday, 1st June, 1773, there swept down upon Table Bay a violent north-wester. Contrary to the instructions of the directors of the Dutch East India Company, five vessels were lying in Table Bay. There was no breakwater then, and as it was considered unsafe for any ship thus to lie at anchor the company's ships had been directed to anchor in False Bay. Caught in the storm, however, the *Jonge Thomas* drifted into the breakers. Two hundred men were on board. Their lives were clearly in jeopardy. Nevertheless, instead of taking measures to rescue them the officials ashore sent down a lieutenant and a number of soldiers, under instructions to guard any of the company's cargo that might be washed up and to erect a gibbet upon which to hang any man who might be found looting. No attempt was made apparently to assist. The doomed men gathered on the ship, and one hundred and thirty-eight of them perished. While the inhuman task of erecting the scaffold was proceeding, Woltemade, the keeper of the menagerie, aghast at the callous indifference of these proceedings, galloped down on a borrowed horse, rode into the pounding surf, and struggled on gallantly towards the wreck. Two men jumped into the water, grabbed his stirrup leathers, and were brought safely ashore. Six times he repeated this trip, and saved fourteen men. The cries from the wreck then proved too much for the brave old heart, who dashed once more into the breakers. The strength of both man and beast was exhausted however, and they sank and were no more seen.

It is stated that one sailor who swam ashore naked found that his chest containing his clothes and other belongings had been washed on the beach. He attempted to open it with the key tied round his waist, but was driven off by the soldiers. It was a wintry morning, and the sufferings of the unfortunate man were acute. The Dutch East India Company commemorated the heroism of Woltemade by naming the next ship they built the *Held Woltemade*, which means the "Hero Woltemade," and directed that his sons should be rewarded

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affairs of the Dutch East India Company referred this proposal to Johan van Riebeeck, a trusted official of the company, although of no very great status in it, and he, affirming it, was despatched awhile later to the Cape with the nominal position of Commander, but actually with little more than the powers of a sergeant in command of an outpost. His little fleet with bellying sails reached the bay in 1652, and, anchoring under the sheltering wall of the mountain, heralded an era of fruitful Dutch occupation. Van Riebeeck very wisely took no risks with the Hottentots. We can picture him, already careworn perhaps with the responsibility of a small settlement troubled from the first with scurvy and dysentery, discussing gravely with his intimates in his wooden shelter the past bloody deeds of the queer little men, for he well knew that nearly all the troubles of the Portuguese had been due not alone to the treachery of the natives of that Cape, but also to the tactless behaviour of the white rank and file. And so that old mountain doubtless looked down upon many quaint scenes of barter conducted personally by this astute fellow, Van Riebeeck, who made up his mind not to entrust any trafficking to his subordinates, but to negotiate these things himself. In spite of his cautious proceedings, one day while the small community of whites was listening to a sermon, news came in that a white lad tending cattle at the foot of Table Mountain had been murdered by the Hottentots, whose wizened old leader, Harry—Van Riebeeck's interpreter—had taken part in the crime, and that the cattle had all been driven off. There was a shout of "To horse" and the escaping raiders were chased by the whites to the end of False Bay; without avail, however. They got away with practically all the cattle, and left behind a legacy of bitterness among workmen and soldiers which lingered long. But gradually the defences of the settlement grew in strength, and the Cape developed into a still more useful halfway-house to India. Servants of the East India Company began

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and promoted in every way possible. The scene of his exploit is somewhere along the esplanade between Capetown and Milnerton, and his name is commemorated in the stations Woltemade which serve the cemeteries at Maitland where so many famous South Africans lie at rest.

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to take their discharges and to occupy land, some of it formerly utilized as grazing ground by the Hottentots. The seizure of such land at Liesbeek, for instance, at the foot of Table Mountain, by Van Riebeeck's burghers, gave grave offence to its ancient owners, the Hottentots; in fact, when two great clans which had been accustomed to appear there in the summer and to graze their cattle were ordered to keep away, antagonisms were sharpened and the events occurred which led to the First Hottentot War. It was but a flame, however, which died quickly down, leaving the Hottentots with new respect for the white man's militarism. And when, after ten fruitful years, Van Riebeeck was sent to India and promoted, the new Cape farms were already beginning to supply the much-tried mariners with their wants. The area of cultivation was extending steadily away from the mountain.

The rise of the Cape had impressed not only "The Seventeen" who from Holland now regarded it as "The Frontier Fortress of India," but it had also attracted the attention of the English and the French; and so much were the Dutch owners suddenly alert as to its importance that they ordered the construction of a strong fortress there. The building of the "Castle of Good Hope" was undertaken from 1666 to 1674; and thus at the very time when old Pepys was busily filling the pages of his diary with vivid accounts of the great fire of London, and while indeed the flames were consuming the narrow houses of the great Metropolis, workmen were hewing and jointing the stone blocks in Capetown which went to build this impregnable castle under the eye, once again, so to speak, of the mountain. The Castle stands to-day, black, seared, full of evidence of antiquity, a relic of those spacious times (which so many wise folk to-day are beginning to regard as the narrow times) when the potentialities of the East still fomented bitter trade rivalries among the great Powers of the West.

VI.

Into the roadstead had also come ships of the Dutch East India Company carrying slaves and convicts from Madagascar, Ceylon, Malacca, Java, and the Spice Islands,

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slaves sold to the Dutch burghers for the equivalent of six pounds sterling or that value in wheat; and presently the slopes from the mountain to the sea were alive with hiving groups which, under Governors Simon van der Stel and his swarthy son Adriaan, planted palms, oleanders, hydrangeas, hibiscus, the charming European blooms and herbs, as well as avenues of pine and oak. As a result of this, the environs of the mountain gleam nowadays as with a multitude of colours. The avenues of dark green trees, the white sun walls of the old Dutch houses, the heather blue, the dreaming sense of history, all of this gives the place a curiously spiritual atmosphere.

Few people realize as they saunter along Government Avenue and the gardens at the top of the town which surround nowadays the Houses of Parliament, the Library, the Museum, and the Botanic Gardens, that these were indeed once the demesne of the East India Company. They were renowned throughout Europe. Here it was that Governor Adriaan van der Stel planted his medicinal herbs for the scurvy-stricken sailors who made port in the rolling vessels of the seventeenth century. Many an old resident knows nothing of this, nor even of the old bell hanging in the Gardens—a replica of the Bell Tower of Elsenburg—and which formerly summoned the slaves to work.

The Castle had only been built a few years when the ships of the Huguenots—fugitives from religious persecution in France—anchored in Table Bay. They had their clergy with them—stern, unflinching fellows in black. They were the fathers of the flock. The newcomers were wine, brandy, and oil farmers, and useful people for any colony. They settled at Paarl, Stellenbosch (thirty-one miles from Capetown), Drakenstein, French Hoek, and Wellington; but there were not enough of them to retain their nationalism and language long. And so they were soon absorbed into the commonwealth.

In the early eighteenth century Capetown had a quaint social life of its own The houses were all thatched. There was fear of fire; and the night watchmen parading the streets with rattles, which they sprung as they solemnly chanted the hours, would stop smokers and order them to extinguish

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their pipes. On being challenged to produce authority for these orders they would display their rattles. Slaves had to carry passes. There were no street lamps. As late as 1797 the Burgher Senate pointed out very solemnly that to put up street lamps would expose the community to the risk of fire. And so the roysterer continued to fall into the many holes with which the streets abounded, holes, as it seemed, kept there by a just Providence to break the legs of the ungodly. And yet Capetonians were really a care-free crowd. Their class distinctions were amusing rather than provocative. It is true that the sedan chairs of social leaders were placed nearer the pulpit on Sunday than those of inferior folk. And the wives saw to it that there was no mistake about this. Nevertheless, ministers took precedence over members of the judiciary, and officials of the inferior courts came before junior officers of the burgher militia, and these again preceded the secretaries of the country districts. Sextons, parish clerks, and attorneys, we learn, were low on the list. And yet it was all very ingenuous, and innocuous. Can it be, one wonders, that the present exclusiveness of some of the old Cape families is a survival of this habit of eighteenth century social ranking?

The sedate old burghers did their part by imposing taxes to check ostentation. They frowned upon lavish weddings. Ornamental bridal beds were liable to a tax of £60. Triumphal arches before the house of a bride were taxed at £10 apiece. There was no nonsense about these old burghers, not at all. But burghers propose, their wives dispose, and the women demanded the time-old right of wearing finery, and, of course, obtained it. They had their gowns of blue-flowered satin, therefore, and their golden waist bands and gauze mantles. They had ruffles like those of Queen Elizabeth, and charming indeed they must have looked. The men donned their knee-breeches of red, blue, and green velvet, and Moorish coats and feathered hats. But the law stepped in and forbade women to wear trains, and (as Mr. Graham Botha tells us in his delightful "Social Life in the Cape Colony in the Eighteenth Century") "no one below the rank of merchant could enter the Castle in fine weather with an open umbrella."

Rondebosch Digital Library

A striking relic of those old days is the Batavian House at 52 Strand Street, known as the Koopmans–De Wet Museum. It is full of old Dutch treasures of furniture, and pottery and plate. Its slave quarters, too, still exist.

VII.

But ships continued to come and go from the great world outside. New peoples arrived and new experiences. In 1713, the washing of clothes from a ship from India infected with smallpox and caused the deaths of half the slaves of the East India Company in the city. Wrecks being many and severe in the bay in 1746, a great mole three hundred and fifty feet long was actually built in that year by Javanese convicts, the remnants of which mole, like a reef running out from Mouille Point, are still to be seen. History could speak, too, of the building of the watch-house in Capetown by Governor Tulbagh, midway through the eighteenth century when Capetown had 7,000 inhabitants, half of whom were slaves; and it is fascinating to reflect that this old place still exists in Greenmarket Square. In front of it the night watchmen paraded every evening at 9 o'clock and left on their rounds; and here also were kept their arms and accoutrements. Nowadays this venerable white building houses the splendid Michaelis art collection of Dutch and Flemish masters. It is called the Old Time House, and was formerly the "Burgher Wachthuis."

After the passing of the eighteenth century, which brings us back to that self-same Haydon whose sad speculations on the mountain top in 1803 were mentioned earlier in this chapter, came such events as the spectacular capture of the town by the British with 7,000 soldiers under General Baird in 1806, followed by the purchase of the Colony in 1815. Then there was the appearance of the 1820 Settlers' vessels, the "Nautilus" and "Chapman," in Table Bay on 17th March of that year—ships crowded with companies of English immigrants, disappointed at not being allowed to land. Almost simultaneously ten other vessels thronged with the immigrants immortalized in cartoons by Cruick-shanks (who depicted them as being flayed and eaten by

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Hottentots), anchored in Simons Bay, and later made their historic disembarkations at Algoa Bay. They founded Grahamstown and acted as a buffer population to repel the marauding natives on the frontier. The mountain frowned upon such perverse later personalities as the Rev. Dr. Phillip (superintendent of London missions) and Sir Andries Stockenstroom, whose slanders of the Cape Colonists before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1835 begot one at least of the factors that influenced the "Great Trek" which began in 1836. Infuriated by such spectacles as the Rev. Dr. Phillip sailing from the Cape to tour England with the notorious Jan Tshatshu and Andries Stoffels under his protection—supposed victims of Colonial oppression—angered, too, by the sudden emancipation of the slaves, and the excessively negrophile policy of the British Government, the *Voortrekkers* abandoned certain areas of Cape Colony, and singing psalms as they went, fought their way north.

VIII

Capetown is no different to-day from other modern cities in the rush of its incoming morning crowds and its departing throngs at night. The workmen of London, Paris, and New York scurry past the barriers of the well-lit surburban stations o' nights; and the Capetonians do the same. One great suburban area lies to the east and south-east of Capetown, and runs southward across the Peninsula by way of centres such as Salt River, Observatory, Mowbray, Rosebank, Rondebosch, Newlands, Claremont, Kenilworth, Wynberg, and so on to Muizenberg and along the shores of False Bay. Modern industry, electrification schemes, a thousand interests linking the port with the interior and the outer world, provide work for these suburban multitudes.

Yet it all leads back somehow to the mountain. The mountain could tell, and indeed has told herein, how Portuguese, Dutch, English, French Huguenots, and the Malays came to South Africa, how Bushman and Hottentot were already there, and how the all-powerful hand of time has welded most of them into the pattern of an original nationalism. Bloody deeds and good works, the pageantry

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of war and peace, all that goes to make up life itself, has, it seems, been enacted on the old, old slopes from the foreshore to looming kloof and krantz of Table Mountain. And that is why, for all who wish to read these matters, they have been sketched herein.

No, there is nothing quite comparable with the joys of climbing this historic old pile, with the striking of the morning camp while the air is still chill and the birds are hunting; while half the world is asleep and the cliffs draped in silver and ground mist. Then the waters of the foot-of-the-mountain streams seem cold, clear, and invigorating, and the rock pools glow with the tints of the morning; then the coffee seems good, no matter how crude the making, and the blood courses along as with a new youthfulness. The mountaineer never grows old; at least he never should. He cannot take a sombre view of life; he simply cannot be too serious when, as ever, the mountains seem to say: "Be sincere little creature, but not too serious, it will be all the same in the end."

Tramping through the grasses and bush and trees of the lower slopes, and thinking, and chatting on the way like dusty vagabonds; so men pass on, wondering sometimes at the vastness of the great masses which push their pinnacles into the skies like sentinels challenging Eternity.

And when the night falls and the stars come out and the chatter of the birds dies down and the mules have been off-saddled and the tents pegged and the little fire made in the clearing, then comes a paradoxical sense of weary restfulness. At such times and in such camps, men will fill their pipes and open their hearts. They will open pages, aye, and chapters, too, which they have deemed long closed; and when they have done so, will marvel that they have done so. And yet it is not so strange after all, for where spaces are vast and forms are noble and eternal, there is little hidden. The petty secrets of sequestered routines, the little conventions which narrow the soul, the jealousies and the hates which arise from the jostling of men by men in towns, these cannot survive where all is pure and peaceful and where horizons are sundered by a hundred miles.

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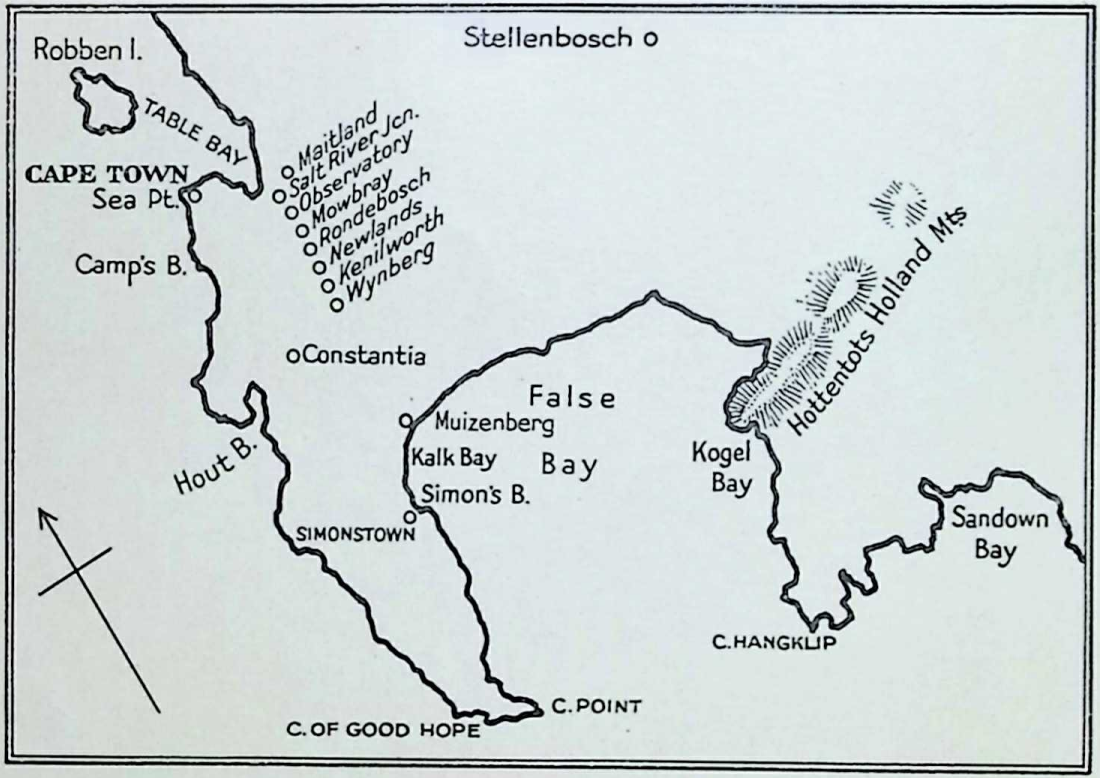

SAID TO RESEMBLE THE TRUNK OF AN ELEPHANT! THE CAPE PENINSULA, SHOWING ITS FURROW-LIKE LINE OF CAPETOWN SUBURBS EXTENDING FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

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CHAPTER VI.

Highways and Byways of the Cape.

I

THE Cape Peninsula bears on the map a quaint resemblance to the trunk of an elephant, an animal, it would seem, which had seen a good deal of life and had come none too well out of it! Nevertheless, the "trunk" is still recognizable as such. The inner curve of it and the "throat" may be said to represent False Bay, with picturesque Muizenberg and St. James somewhere near the "mouth"; while sitting lightly on the pathetically furrowed "forehead" would be Camps Bay and (at the lower part of it) Hout Bay, with Cape Point well established at the tip of the "trunk." Under the latter and about half-way up would be Simonstown and the Naval Dockyards.

If we can visualize this unconventional little plan, then we can proceed to memorize the features along the straight crease running from the top of the head down to the mouth, a line which, for this present purpose, indicates the most populous districts of the Cape Peninsula by way of the railway between Capetown, Salt River, Muizenberg, and beyond. It includes places of abiding charm.

Stephen Graham, who went up into the Rockies with a knapsack and a friend, and who wrote a volume about the open air, camp-fires, and conversation, so that he infected half America with the craze for superior vagabondage, might find much inspiration here. For there are more than his mountain masses and green patches of woodland along this route. There are great traditions—traditions associated with Herschel, Rhodes, Kipling, Van der Stel, and a dozen others, traditions linked proudly with the prophets of science, politics, and art.

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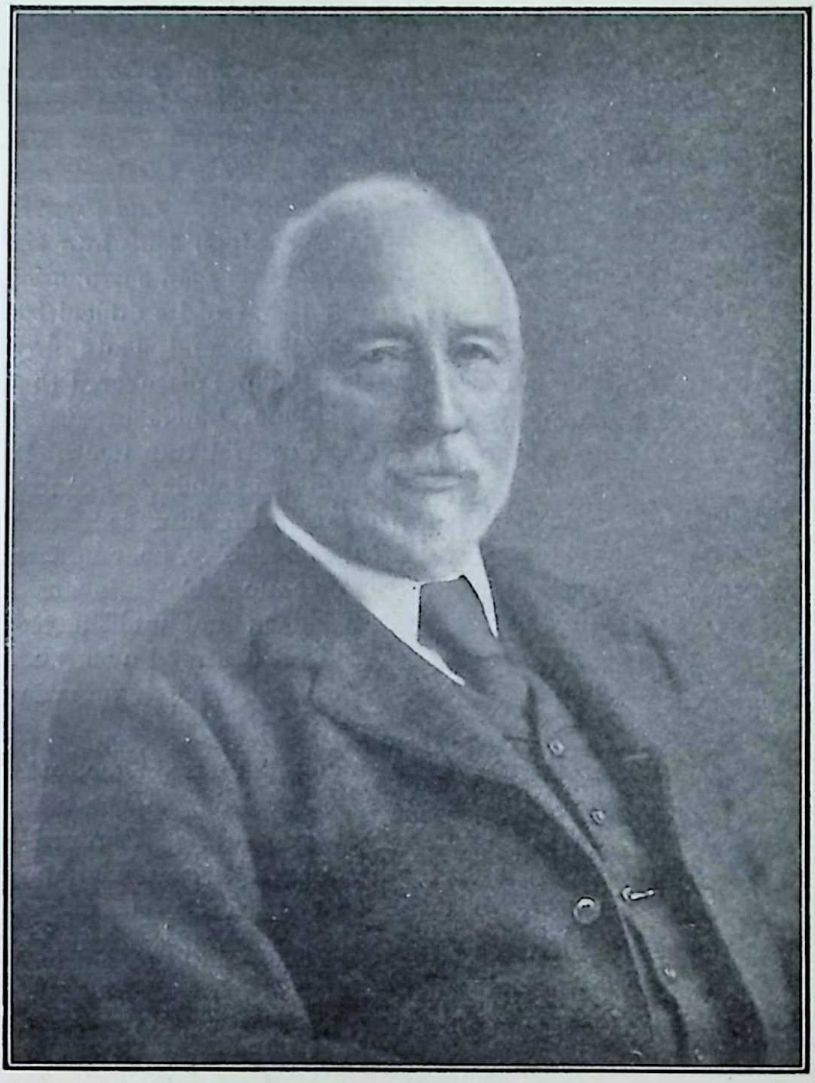

THE LATE SIR DAVID GILL, HIS MAJESTY'S ASTRONOMER AT THE CAPE, WHOSE WORK GREATLY ENHANCED KNOWLEDGE OF THE SOUTHERN SKIES.

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At Observatory Road, three miles from Capetown, there is the historic Observatory which will always be coupled with the names of Astronomers Fallows, Henderson, Maclear, and Sir David Gill ; and two miles further on is Rondebosch with its memories of Rhodes and Kipling.

They were rather wonderful men those old astronomers. The Rev. Fearon Fallows, who abandoned the original observatory site he had selected at cloud-covered Tiger Hill, Capetown, fixed in 1822 on the spot between Liesbeek and Salt Rivers where the present Observatory lies. And there in 1825 the building was erected. Once a hippo sank into the marsh half a mile from it. The animal was soon surrounded by farmers and soldiers, and to put it out of its difficulties, holes were drilled in its bullet-proof hide and shots fired through them. On another occasion Fallows discovered that the shutter of his observatory would not budge because a leopard was squatting outside on the central trap door. In this spot, then, with inferior instruments and under the control of British Admiralty lords who regarded him somewhat lightly and his work as an unpleasant necessity, poor Fallows battled on. He had abandoned a comfortable living as a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge ; but undismayed, though short of skilled assistance, he yet observed over 3,000 transits and, among other inquiries, worked on a determination of the longitude of the Cape.

There was that able astronomer Henderson, too, who was the first to produce remarkable evidence to the effect that the distance of a certain fixed star—Alpha Centauri—was measurable ; there was Sir Thomas Maclear who took up residence in the Observatory in 1834, and who was presently made thoroughly happy by the arrival of his friend, the great Sir John Herschel, who set up another observatory on quaint lines at Maitland some little distance farther on. The two men never really grew old. Like Brahms, found on all fours giving rides to small children, they both loved the society of the little ones. They just hunted around o' nights for the big truths hidden in the southern skies, and filled much of their day-time leisure with merriment. The late Sir David Gill has stated that " he (Maclear) spoke of Sir John Herschel and his times and of all the fun they had together

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with a racy enthusiasm seldom met with in one beyond middle life." Yet with all his love of laughter Sir John had time enough to devote to the problem of education at the Cape, for at the request of the Government he drew up an educational scheme which was followed for many years after.

Maclear, on his side, made an enormous number of observations of southern stars and comets. He helped everybody. It was in 1850, for instance, that Livingstone, that saintly enthusiast for Central African mission work whose body lies buried to-day in Westminster Abbey, but whose heart is interred under a Mpundi tree away up north in a forest of Ilala, came to Maclear at the Observatory to learn the best means to ascertain his position when on his romantic tramps through the Equatorial forests. Maclear aided him enthusiastically Livingstone's aptitude won the astronomer's heart. And so, one might say with truth, that these old astronomers were really wonderful men They often thought far outside the circles of their routine.

II.

But the Observatory, which lies in its twenty-seven acres in luxuriant gardens, is hallowed—the word is hardly exaggerative—by another great name, that of Sir David Gill. He became the chief astronomer in 1879. He became indeed something rather more than an astronomer, a kindly, dignified man with an intense reverence for astronomy, and a habit also of looking outside the limits of mere routine. His passion was for great surveys. Almost from the moment he assumed office in Capetown in 1879 he interested himself keenly in the question of a vast survey of Africa. He got into early touch with Sir Bartle Frere, the High Commissioner, and later with Cecil Rhodes, and persuaded them and others to sponsor what is known as a geodetic survey of Southern Africa from the Cape to the Victoria Falls, a plan, that is to say, designed to enable a map to be drawn of Southern Africa, accurate to within a few inches probably over the whole vast area. This would enable the boundaries of farms, too, to be settled without fear of dispute, and lastly would be of first class value to those conducting military operations.

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General Buller, it will be remembered, was handicapped enormously in his operations in Natal by the absence of adequate maps during the Anglo-Boer war.

The surveys of the Cape and Natal were completed in 1896. That of Rhodesia was commenced and the work was carried on from near Bulawayo (lat. 22° S.) to within seventy-five miles of the southern end of Tanganyika (8° 40′ S.). In 1902 the principal survey of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony was undertaken under the superintendence of Sir W. Morris, Gill being responsible for the initiation of the work and acting as scientific adviser.

Sir David Gill realized that a gap left between the Limpopo River and Bulawayo in Southern Rhodesia still had to be surveyed, and he therefore sought the help of Sir George Darwin, President of the British Association. By his energetic persistence, the relatively small link of one hundred and twenty miles was made good. Thus the triangulation is complete from the southern extremity of Africa nearly to the southern end of what is now Tanganyika, an arc of some 25° in latitude.

Dr. Spencer Jones is carrying on the great traditions of the Observatory to-day.*

III.

To those who think big, the gods are kind. This may be a half-truth, perhaps, in that the gods have been notoriously unkind to so many big thinkers—Socrates, Galileo, Napoleon. But it is true in that the men who plan grandiosely often win big rewards. As, for example, Rhodes. And it is impossible not to realize as one drives along the fine road, an extension of Roeland Street, Capetown, which leads from Observatory through the grounds of the estate of Rhodes, that here was

* Dr. Spencer Jones, who was appointed His Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape in 1923, had a brilliant career at Cambridge, where he achieved great distinction as a mathematician, being specially commended as a Wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos of 1911, and securing election the following year to the Newton Scholarship. He was chief assistant to the Astronomer Royal from 1913, and in 1922 went to Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean, to observe the total eclipse, at which Einstein's theory of relativity was subjected to a decisive test.

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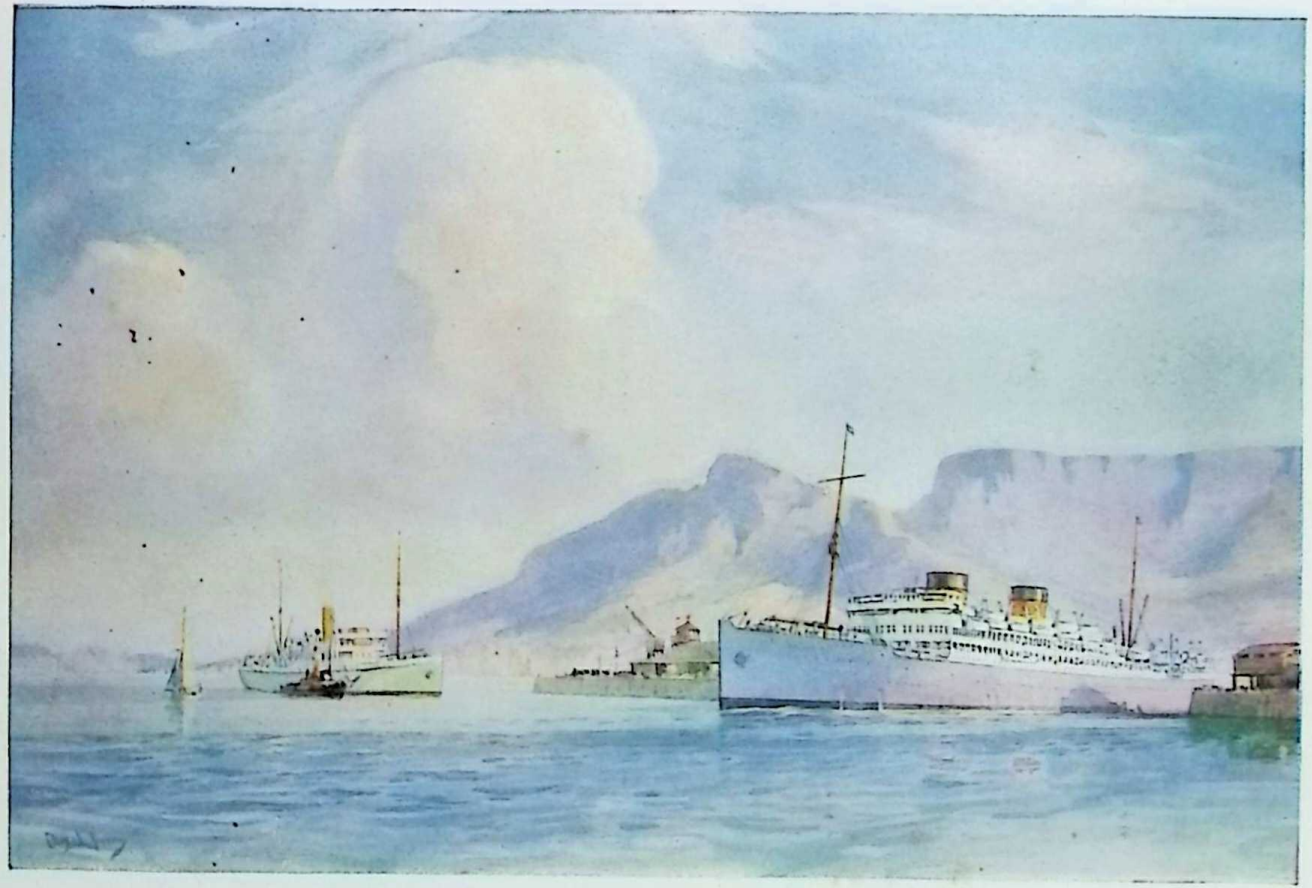

A Mailboat Leaving Capetown Docks.

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a man who not only thought big, but whose plans won him great profit. His schemes were sometimes in the nature of the *beau geste*. They were spectacular. The glorious Doric temple to his memory, of white granite sited amid fir trees under the mighty mass of Devils Peak—which towers two thousand feet above it—begins to tell us that. It was there that Rhodes sat to dream. He looked down from around this spot on the broad rollers of the Indian and Atlantic oceans breaking in ragged lines on opposite shores far below. One gets the brooding spirit of him here: in this high site: in this posthumous temple. He died at forty-nine after moving to wonderment half the world.

The temple memorial has a mounted figure in the foreground with its face turned towards Rhodesia. The horseman is reining in his steed. With every muscle tense he is staring into the future. There are eight great lions of bronze, too, at the sides of the granite steps. These rise to the Greek columns of the temple itself at the back. The whole is a poem in stone. Sir Herbert Baker and his collaborators have put into granite at this his place of meditation the soul of Rhodes.

Not far away is his former dwelling, Groote Schuur—lying white and confident and beautiful on the site of the old granaries of the Dutch East India Company. Rhodes, who gave as liberally as he made, bequeathed it as the residence of future Prime Ministers of United South Africa Among the many quaint treasures in it is the silver elephant given to King Lobengula by the Tati Concessions Company, a relic discovered afterwards in the ruins of the Royal Kraal at Bulawayo.

Close at hand is the "Woolsack." Here Rudyard Kipling often stayed. And again close by is the University of Capetown, the stone of which was laid on 1st May, 1925, by the Prince of Wales on the site selected by Rhodes himself. And finally the National Botanic Gardens of South Africa at Kirstenbosch, which are also part of the Rhodes Estate of Groote Schuur, rest close to those magnificent Table Mountain fastnesses, Window Gorge, Skeleton Gorge, and Nursery Gorge; and sunlight and shadow make of their avenues of

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pine and silver leaf and of the glens of fern, aloe, protea, and bulbous flowers, something cloistered and compelling. When Rhodes died he had admittedly great possessions. His will and the lofty purpose which inspired it, and by which he distributed so much of his wealth for the betterment of mankind, are his best epitaph. They will live for ever.

IV.

A little southward and westward of the Rhodes Estate—and a trifle off this line from Capetown to Muizenberg which we are considering—lies the Constantia Vale wine farm. It is a place of old avenues of oak, thatches, sundials, and vineyards; in fact, it boasts some 150,000 vines and is in many respects the inspiration of the wine industry of the Cape. It was Coleridge who a century ago was denied a second glass of Constantia wine by the owner of a farmer's cellar and who then made the plaintive pun that he "had to stop at Madeira since he was not allowed to double the Cape." Apparently all the stocks of that exquisite bottled sunshine may not yet be exhausted. There may be a few score bottles left. For, wrote Mr. Cuthbert Burgoyne from London to the *Cape Times* in 1925:—

> "Mr. S. W. Trafford of Wroxham Hall, Norfolk, has kindly presented me with two bottles of Constantia that had been in the possession of his family since before the battle of Trafalgar. The bottles themselves were very quaint, of the old hand-made type, with glass seals bearing the name 'Constance.' The seals were placed upside down so that when in the bin they could be read with ease. I believe I am correct when I state that Groot Constantia was presented about 1685 to Governor Simon van der Stel by Hendrik van Reede tot Drakenstein, Lord of Mydrecht, and that the property was named after the wife of Van der Stel, who was left behind in Europe. In 1779, less than hundred years later, the Van der Stel family sold Groot Constantia to Hendrik Cloete, who built the present cellar at Groot Constantia in 1791.

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" . . The reason I venture on these historic facts connected with the estate is that the wine I have in my possession might have been some of the first stocked in that new cellar. It is certainly one hundred and twenty-five years old, with the original corks and waxing, and may be even of greater maturity.

" I have now opened one of the bottles to the immense interest of many friends and connoisseurs in the trade. The wax was almost as hard as glass, and the cork, although complete in itself, had perished, and, when finally withdrawn, went to powder in the fingers.

" The wine, however, is remarkable. It is absolutely sound and does not give the impression of being worn out. It is of rich Madeira colour, but very slightly cloudy and of wonderful softness and palatability. It still retains a considerable amount of sweetness, and the general opinion is that it is of most remarkable interest as showing the lasting qualities of wine of this particular character."

Lovers of the things of another day will rejoice in Constantia. The pediment of the homestead, which is attributed to Anton Anreith is a white sunny thing. On it merry children in relief are seen pelting a tiger with grapes. In the centre is Ganymede on an eagle—a little lyric in curve and line. Through the vineyards, too, is the old dreamy swimming-bath. A mountain stream splashes through the horn of a Triton into the bath, falling, as it has fallen for so many decades, with a limpid note of song.

These places are the centre of Cape wine effort. But the old nectar of sweet Constantia which its farmers made with a loving pride akin almost to that which inspired the Italian craftsmen at their violins at Cremona long ago : that wine is made far less in the district nowadays. Clarets and burgundies have supplanted them.

The Cape, of course, has other beauty spots like this, relics of its wine history ; and some are to be found about Stellenbosch, thirty-one miles east of Capetown. Here are the white towers from which historic bells once summoned the slaves to work in the vineyards. The slaves have gone, of course. But nowadays the farmers still make their pontac

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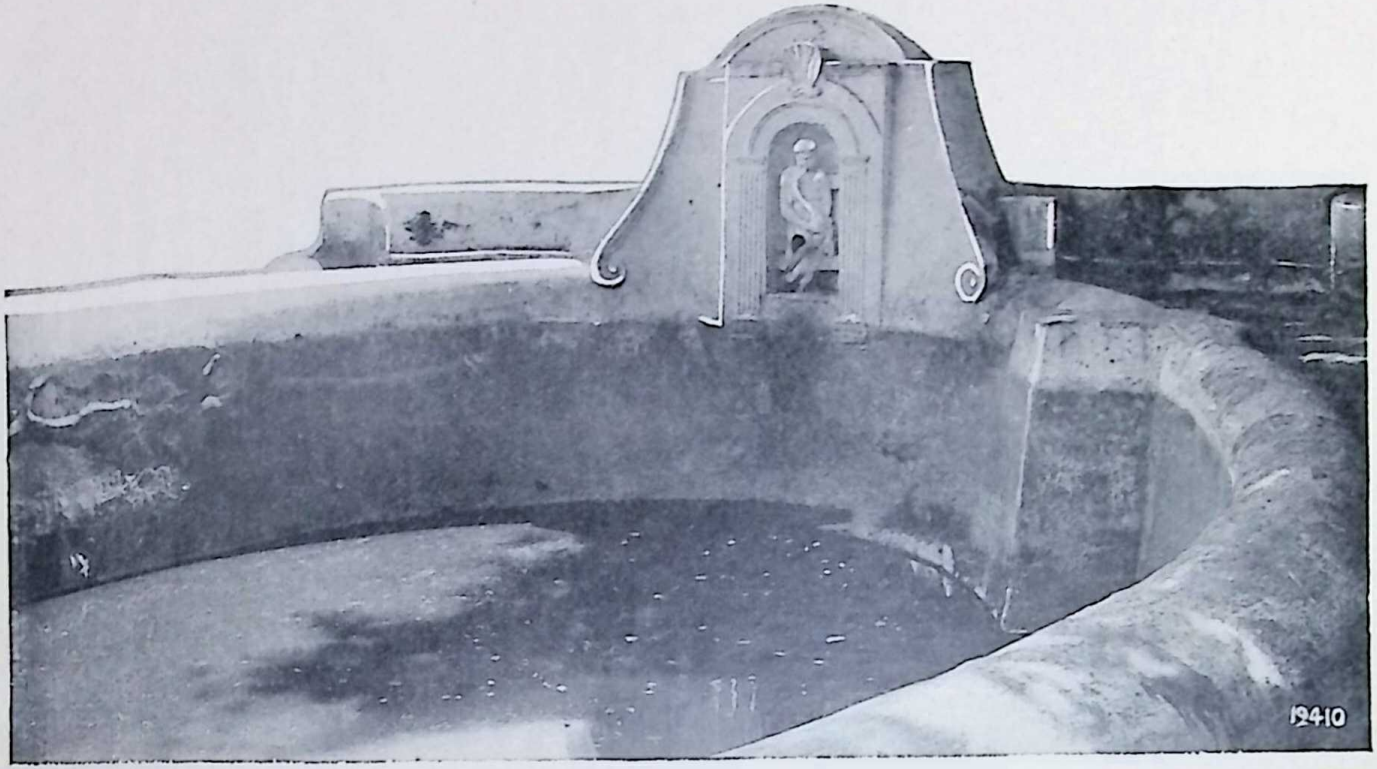

THE BATH AT GROOT CONSTANTIA, A FINE CAPE RELIC OF AN OLDER AFRICA.

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and sweet muscatel. Here, too, that bibulous old roysterer, Adam Tas, kept good company, quaffed his wines, and entered up his diary—such a diary, full of amusing scandal of church goers and comers, and others ; and full of criticisms of his enemy, the dark-skinned Governor van der Stel ! Yes, quite in the manner of his contemporary, Pepys. South Africa has not yet decided whether Tas was a knave or an honest man fighting the private trade of the Governor—because that trade was injuring the colonists. At any rate, his frescoed walls and wine store remain. And the old farm bell is still there for people to dream over.

North of this place of wine and learning—Stellenbosch is a place of many colleges as well as of wine presses—there is the lovely valley of the Paarl, through which the train winds steadily towards the Witwatersrand and the higher plateaux Under the giant mountain of granite which glistens up there in the sunlight—the Paarl or pearl—and pressing close under it, are the demesnes of the wine makers. Charming spots. There are acres, it would seem, of vineyards and trees. Here below the Paarl flows the Berg River, reaching those orchard and vine areas, Groot Drakenstein and French Hoek. The Huguenot spirit is abroad here. Such homesteads as "Champagne," "La Motte," "Dauphiné," "Bien Donné," and "La Cabrière" make it clear that there's much in a name after all.

Up north and along the Paarl Valley there are Wellington and Tulbagh, the latter seventy-five miles from Capetown. Hereabouts you may wander in a multitude of wild mountain flowers, and come upon Huguenot buildings such as the Drostdy, designed and planned by Louis Thibault, the Dutch East India Company's architect. Or you may go on to the orchards of Ceres and see the overwhelming Michell's Pass But if the main railway track be followed instead, then you will come upon Worcester, where at the end of the valley are wine farmers who take immense pride in their output, and who would take it as a grave slight indeed if the traditional quality of their liquors were impugned. Robertson and Swellendam lie further on, but there are no vines at Swellendam, which is one hundred and thirty-four miles from Capetown by road and one hundred and ninety-two by rail.

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V.

Here now is a little legend. It is a story of boy and girl love, and of the Red Disa, a crimson flower found in the mountains of the Cape. The lovers were one day in the Hex River Valley; that is to say, in the green valley at the foot of the snowy peaks of the Hex Range. And this Hex Range, it should be explained, is the gateway opening towards the Great Karoo tableland, the Orange Free State, and (afar off) the goldfields of the Transvaal, and beyond all these the Zambesi.

As the lovers were sauntering gaily through this valley the girl espied a Red Disa growing on the edge of a cliff.

"Will you get that for me?" she asked, and the lad rushing forth was soon high up the steep rocks. Her heart misgave her then as she saw the dizzy task she had set him.

Presently he stretched forth his hand to seize the bloom. His foot slipped. He threw up his arms; and a few seconds later his body lay at her feet with the red flower crushed in his fingers.

"O, my love!" cried the girl; and then became demented; and later on, died. And to this day, it is said, her wraith glides about the valley lamenting the folly which made her send the lad for the mountain flower.

Is this true? Or a fable? None can say. But "Hex" is the word for witch, and "Hex" is now the name of the valley; and the story is very touching. There are those who insist that "Hek" meaning "gate," that is to say, the gate of the huge inland plateau running northward to the Zambesi, gave the place its name. That, again, may be. But what does it matter? The valley and the great Hex Range through which the train climbs nowadays until it looks like a faint line on the towering mountains, are in tune with the spirit of the Cape, the spirit of beauty and majesty, of vast expanse and trim vineyard, savage gorge and old-time orchard, the spirit expressed in the passage:—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand . . .
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords,
This earth shall have a feeling.

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CHAPTER VII.

Grahamstown, the Eastern Province, and the Story of the Voortrekkers.

I.

LEAFY little Grahamstown lies 500 miles in a straight line and 600 by road east of the Cape Peninsula. It is a dreamy cathedral town—there are two cathedrals in it—and for this reason, among others probably, it is called "The City of Saints." Near the western door of its original old church is a monument to its founder, Colonel John Graham. The place is very English. Until a few years ago it preserved many of the old social conventions and distinctions. It had as many "sets" almost, it was said, as one might find in a town in India. Yet, although a centre of Cape education, with colleges, high schools, convent schools, and the Rhodes University which cost £100,000, it grips the imagination rather by the story of its early life and of its fierce conflicts with the natives than by the extent of its present achievement, fine as that certainly is. Grahamstown was the outpost around which white man and black fought for the land. The black had no doubt about his right to it. The white—English and Dutch—held divergent views, and as will be seen from the story unfolded later in this chapter, these divergences led to a great migration of the Dutch farmers towards the unknown north, a movement which had a permanent effect on South Africa. Events had long been shaping for a crisis. From the time when Makana, the half-mad prophet, known also as "Linksh or Nxeli the Left-handed," tried to rush the town in 1819 with 9,000 warriors who had all been told that the British guns were only charged with hot water—a rush that was smashed by Colonel Wiltshire and a mixed

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force—there had been qualms of conscience about the ownership of land. Doubts had grown in Downing Street, which were to react upon the colonists.

The whole area hereabouts, indeed, is rich in century-old memories. For was it not at Bathurst, a few miles away, that the English settlers who came to South Africa in 1820—sufferers from the Napoleonic Wars—made their first home and contended also with the natives? And ten miles from Bathurst is not lovely little Port Alfred built on both sides of the charming Kowie River (navigable for twenty miles and to-day a great holiday resort) also a place with a history?

Before, however, relating the fascinating story of the fighting around Grahamstown and of the great emigration of Dutch farmers and their subsequent adventures in the north, it might be well to describe the delectable land which had inspired such fierce antagonisms.

II.

The area to the north and east of the Fish River was then a great native reserve, almost as it is to-day: a land of mountain and forest, river and meadow. It unfolds gloriously from the seaboard above the modern port of East London and over the Transkei (as the territory is called north of the Great Kei River). The Transkei alone is in extent 16,000 square miles, and has a population of 20,000 Europeans and 1,000,000 natives. It was then, and is now, a land worth fighting for. When one looks up at the "gates" of St. Johns River higher up this memorable coast—about 140 miles above East London—one comprehends the more readily the affection with which the natives regarded and held these territories. The "gates" are cliffs rising from the sea to a height of 1,200 feet. Dark green belts of forest clothe them to the water's edge. A river flows through them, a stream navigable for about twelve miles The small port of St. Johns is in the harbour. As one goes inland from here over the mountains one comes upon Queenstown (154 miles north-west of East London), close to which is the magnificent ten-mile Katberg Pass, which reaches an altitude of 5,180 feet. Then there is Cathcart a few miles south of

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Queenstown, and Kingwilliamstown farther south still and about forty-two miles inland from the port of East London A memorable and picturesque old town this, founded in 1825 as a mission station. It became, later on, the capital of Old Kaffraria, and is to-day a great trading centre. The eighty-mile road from it to Grahamstown passes through charming scenery. The Amatola Mountains, to be seen on the way, once more remind one of the old Kaffir wars, of the conflicts between white and black ; but when one discovers the multitudes of sheep, white specks dotting the valleys, one understands why South Africa has become in this era of peace one of the five great wool producers of the world, and why East London—one of the chief wool-clearing ports of the Union—has attained its present dimensions. A sketch of East London might perhaps serve to drive home the contention that these lands—now, of course, part of the Union of South Africa—were territories of great potential value even a century ago.

East London, then, as their entrepôt, is 887 miles from Capetown by rail, 402 from Bloemfontein, and 665 from Johannesburg. It lies at the mouth of the Buffalo River, some of the stretches of which have been likened to the rivers of Devon. Its harbour works have cost over £2,000,000, and from the day of its birth in 1846, when it was named Port Rex—the townsmen subsequently shifting to the other side of the river—it has progressed. To-day it has a total population approximating 40,000, a fine beach frontage, wharves, a fishing industry, sports grounds, and colleges. The upper town itself is set securely some 200 feet above the sea, on a plateau ; and its interests are being steadily improved by the stream of visitors which sets towards it constantly from the inland areas, visitors seeking and finding health in its bracing air. All along the beaches above and below it when the white " south-easter " is blowing, great breakers thrash the yellow shores, and the surf booms sullenly beyond the headland. And at night the lights scintillate along the front, and in days of calm are mirrored in the Indian Ocean. Of a truth Time is a mighty alchemist. There is no sentiment, no area, no people, proof against his transmutations, as

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such towns as this in the heart of the old warring border territories now clearly testify in themselves.

III.

The ever-increasing land hunger in the North-Eastern Cape and the determination of the natives to keep the whites in their own territory, as well as the weak native policy of the British Government, led to a very embittered feeling along the frontier in 1834. It resulted in 12,000 or 15,000 natives invading the border on Christmas Day of that year, burning farm-houses, murdering the inhabitants, and carrying away their cattle. No less than 456 farm-houses were thus destroyed, 350 were pillaged or damaged, and 250,000 horned cattle and sheep stolen. News of this was received by that splendidly resolute statesman, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, on New Year's Eve, 1834, while entertaining a convivial gathering at Government House, Capetown; and without divulging a word to disturb the harmony of his party, he, with admirable self-control, left the table at brief intervals to supervise essential emergency measures. Among the guests was Colonel (afterwards Sir Harry) Smith, a soldier of great daring who had distinguished himself in the Peninsula Wars, and who, after the storming of Badajoz, had made the acquaintance of two beautiful Spanish girls escaping from the brutalities of the soldiery, and had subsequently married one—a girl of fourteen. The marriage proved most happy. Colonel Smith always afterwards declared that a desire to earn the approval of his wife ever spurred him on to do his duty to the limits of his power. The Colonel, by the way, subsequently gave his name to Harrismith, in the Orange Free State, while that of his wife was applied to Ladysmith, in Natal. On that fateful night, however, when Sir Benjamin D'Urban took him aside, and, even while glasses were clinking and conversation was at its merriest, told him of the murderous irruption of the Kaffirs over the border and of the critical position of the frontier colonists, the Colonel made a characteristically brave reply. For, having been instructed to make for Grahamstown, the centre of white resistance, in order to organize the border defences, and after being offered a sea passage to Algoa Bay, Colonel Smith

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declined the shelter of a ship, adding that he preferred to do the journey on horseback. Horses were accordingly relayed for him across the mountainous route—to a great extent the so-called Garden Route of to-day—for 600 miles. Orders were also issued to dispatch every available soldier to the front. A little later Colonel Smith set off in the middle of the night and turned the head of his horse for Grahamstown. This course must have taken him through Sir Lowry Pass, thirty-five miles from Capetown. The road crosses it nowadays 1,530 feet up. Then, as now, the countryside abounded in beautiful Cape heather and in brilliant blooms. The intrepid horseman galloped through the pretty straggling village of Caledon, thirty-six miles beyond the Pass, where in the old days the officials of the Dutch East India Company took the waters just as invalids and others are doing to-day. On then to Swellendam, the centre now of mixed farming, through Heidelberg, by way of the garden valley of the Langeberg, to Riversdale, 256 miles from Capetown. The Colonel rode tenaciously to his programme. He had given himself six days in which to do the journey, and he was inflexibly resolved to do it in the time. We are told that he stopped for a rest at George, the lovely hamlet of old oaks near the base of the Outeniqua Mountains, overhung by the towering peak of Mount Cradock. Close by, of course, is the Montagu Pass, a magnificent highway blasted out of the mountain side at a cost of £35,000. He approached Uitenhage. As he neared it—the oldest town in that part of the Colony and now a prosperous wool-washing and railway centre—his horse collapsed. Just then he caught sight of a burly farmer making ready to "trek" from the oncoming natives. He pleaded for a mount to enable him to reach his next relay seven miles distant. The farmer refused, whereupon Colonel Smith knocked him down, seized his horse, and rode on. How he reached Grahamstown, put himself at the head of a panic-stricken community, proclaimed martial law, and indeed was the vital force behind all the farmers' subsequent counter measures, make a glorious story of personal heroism. He had ridden one hundred miles each day for six days, at fourteen miles an hour throughout, a feat which may justly be considered marvellous.

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The native chief, Hintza, a powerful, truculent man, soon found that Colonel Smith, with all his military experience under the Iron Duke in Spain, was a formidable adversary, so that when the Kei River territory was at last overrun by the now advancing whites, Hintza's kraal burned and cattle seized, he felt that the day was all but lost, and entreated peace and offered himself as a hostage. The most dramatic incident in this war occurred, however, when Hintza escaped later on from a white escort. The two leaders, Colonel Smith and the mighty Hintza himself, fought hand to hand like the warriors of old, while going at full gallop. Hintza, it seems, got away on a strong fresh horse. He was hotly pursued by the Colonel riding a finely-blooded animal, and as they thundered on—Hintza in his tiger skins, armed with assegais, and the British commander in uniform and with an old type of pistol—there must have been something fiercely thrilling in the spectacle. Colonel Smith overtook the Chief, who appeared to be mad with rage. His pistol misfired, whereupon the Chief stabbed repeatedly, but ineffectually, and at length the Colonel grabbing Hintza and urging his own horse past that of the other unseated him. Hintza ran into the bush. There he was shot dead. The Colonel's maddened horse pursued its career into a native village, where it was subsequently controlled, and the whole British force was reassembled in good order.

IV

Within fifteen months the native invaders had not only been driven out of the Colony and also over miles of the mountainous country already described, beyond the Kei River, but a great tract of land had been won and claimed, and Sir Benjamin D'Urban had succeeded in dictating the terms of surrender to the enemy. His Excellency had planned to give out all lands in the captured territory to those who had suffered most, and to emigrants and discharged soldiers, also to compensate the sufferers and to maintain over the natives an efficient military force and magisterial control. It seemed worthy retribution for the appalling atrocities committed by the blacks, and so there was a widespread feeling of relief at this auspicious ending to the

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campaign. The campaign had added to the Cape territories the new province of Adelaide. Colonel Harry Smith, it should be mentioned, was officially commended for his magnificent and heroic ride and for his remarkable services in the general campaign. Thus it can be readily conceived with what consternation the colonists and their gallant commander received a subsequent dispatch, dated 26th December, 1835, from Lord Glenelg, then Colonial Secretary in London, condemning the war and manner in which it had been conducted ; indeed, stigmatizing those responsible for the farmers' campaign in terms of unmistakable severity. It ran thus :—

> " Through a long series of years the Kaffirs had an ample justification for war ; they had to resent, and endeavoured justly, though impotently, to avenge a series of encroachments ; they had a perfect right to hazard the experiment, however hopelessly, of extorting by force that redress which they could not otherwise obtain ; and the original justice is on the side of the conquered and not of the victorious party."

Lord Glenelg, swayed by the negrophile feelings inspired by the Slave Abolitionist Movement, as well as by the mistaken missionary zeal of Dr. Phillip, who spent so much of his time in England vilifying the colonists and extolling the ingenuousness of the natives, was an idealist who was subsequently dismissed for incompetence. There is some interest in the thought, however, that could this foolish Peer have visualized the tremendous effect of his dispatch on the colonists, could he have foreseen that it would become one of the great motives which determined so many hundreds of sturdy whites to abandon the Colony and British Dominion, could he have foreseen them trekking into the unknown North, there to wage terrible battles with the Bantu hordes, to encounter such black masters of treachery and militarism as the Zulu King Dingaan, and the Matabele, Moselikatze, to be massacred, to succumb to hunger and disease,—he might have stayed his hand. But national events, it seems, have been shaped as much by fools as by heroes ; and so to Lord Glenelg and his blundering may be largely ascribed that tremendous event in South African history, the Great Trek—an event

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which made forever famous the "*Voortrekkers*" (pioneers) and their leaders, Pieter Retief, Gerrit Maritz, Piet Uys, and Hendrik Potgieter, among others, and with whom was Paul Kruger as a child. In after years Paul Kruger, as President of the Transvaal Republic, could never have forgotten the sufferings of the warriors and the women with whom he trekked. He became (as we have already seen in Chapter IV) a picturesque political figure with an international reputation.

V.

Great was the hammering in farm and valley along the frontier as a thousand hooded wagons or so with stout wheels and rough covered dwellings atop were gradually shaped for the journeys into the wilderness. Whole parties had resolved to sally forth under chosen leaders; and as the work went on and the heads of these families gathered together o' nights to talk over the coming flight into the territories of the chiefs, Moselikatze of the Matabele, Dingaan the Zulu King, and Moroko head of the Barolongs, they would touch upon such old grievances as the official emancipation of the slaves in the midst of the harvest—a measure which had mulcted the colonists in unnecessary losses—the stabilization of the rix-dollar at a losing figure, and the differences between officials and leading farmers. The discussion of all these grievances only strengthened the farmers in their belief that there was neither sympathy nor understanding of their position, and that their only hope lay in wholesale emigration to the lands of the North.

The journeys proposed involved a steady rise to the great uplands of the interior known as the high veld;*

* "Every Boer (when *trekking*) taught his children to read and write, and above all instructed them in God's Word. At dinner and supper as the children sat round the table, they had to read part of the sacred Scriptures, and to repeat from memory or write down now this and now that text; and this was done day by day, unless unusual circumstances made that impossible. That is how my father taught me the Bible, and instructed me in its teaching during the evenings. My other course of instruction was covered by a period of three months with frequent interruption. My master's name was Tielman Roos, who found much difficulty in carrying out his mission. Whenever the *trek* came to a resting place and we outspanned, a small hut was built of grass and reeds, and this became the schoolroom for the *trekkers*' children."—From *The Memoirs of Paul Kruger*.

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THE LAST OF THE VOORTREKKERS! "OUMA" (GRANDMOTHER) VAN ZYL, WHO, AT THE CLOSE OF 1927 WAS LIVING IN JOHANNESBURG, AGED 108. SHE WENT ON THE FIRST NORTHERLY TREK TO DELAGOA IN 1835-6. HER FATHER AND GRANDMOTHER WERE MURDERED BY KAFFIRS AND SHE WAS KEPT PRISONER AT A NATIVE KRAAL UNTIL RELEASED THROUGH THE AGENCY OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

[*Photo, "Rand Daily Mail."*

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inhabited by warlike tribes whose disposition was uncertain, although their names were widely feared among other blacks. Chief Moroko at Thaba 'Nchu alone had any pretensions to acknowledge the sanctity of human life ; indeed, the caravans filled with men, women, and children which were about to adventure forth into these territories were destined, though they little knew it, to confront foes far more terrible than the Redskins of America, the Maoris of New Zealand, or the Blacks of Australia, inasmuch as the Zulus of old Natal and the Matabele of the Transvaal were warriors under a discipline unsurpassed as to severity even by that governing the Roman legions in the most expansive days of the Empire and before the decadence of the Praetorian Guard.

And so, although Louis Trichardt was the first to depart with a small party which was almost destroyed by fever before it reached Delagoa Bay, and although Hendrik Potgieter set out and crossed the Orange River and was well received by Chief Moroko at Thaba 'Nchu (a little over 300 miles in a straight line north of Grahamstown), it soon became clear that the large emigrant bodies which followed from Graaff-Reinet (headed by Gert Maritz) and from the Uitenhage and Albany Divisions of the Cape, directed by such stalwarts as Jacobus Uys, Piet Retief, Gert Rudolph, and others, could not all settle in the Barolong territory ; so numbers of the older emigrants went still farther north until they reached the land of the Matabele under Moselikatze. The plains were now vast and open, filled with wild game ; nor as yet was there any sign of those fierce warriors who, under this Matabele war lord, had won such notoriety by massacre and pillage throughout great native tracts. Until indeed, having broken up into small parties, the plains were one day suddenly darkened by hosts of advancing Matabele with flashing spears and dark shields of hide. A party of twenty-eight whites was surprised and barbarously murdered. Another party of twenty-five suffered the same fate later. The men and women were brutally massacred and their wagons plundered and hauled away. A few refugees were, however, able to warn the other parties still advancing. These concentrated in a laager, or circle of fifty wagons, the menfolk lying down behind the wheels

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and the women bravely holding themselves ready to load and reload the rifles. The Matabele in great force presently thundered against this little camp, showering assegais on the defenders. The rifles of the emigrants killed hundreds of the attackers who, however, succeeded in carrying away 6,000 head of cattle and some 40,000 sheep, thereby reducing the *Voortrekkers* to destitution. How, in order to avenge them and to recover their cattle, 200 of the *Voortrekkers* crossed the Vaal River, attacked the Matabele town of Mosega, near Zeerust, in the Western Transvaal, killed several hundreds of warriors, and recovered the wagons and 7,000 head of cattle is a story of which every South African to-day feels proud. It, however, marks the terrible commencement of that mighty clash between white and black which led up to the battles with Dingaan, the monarch of the territory between the Drakensberg and the sea, embracing Natal, Zululand proper, and other beautiful country.

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CHAPTER VII (Part II).

The Story of the Voortrekkers.

I.

WE have now reached the point in 1838 where the *Voortrekkers* were about to cross the Drakensberg Range into Natal, that sunny land of promise whose beauty is perpetuated in such names as "The Valley of a Thousand Hills," "The River of Sweet Waters," and "Pools of Peace." But before it could be won for the white man, the power of one of the greatest nations of black warriors known to history would have to be broken—the power of the Zulus. What the Romans were to the ancient world, the Zulus were to theirs. They were masters of war: so inured to it indeed that death itself in their philosophy was rated as a triviality. They had never known defeat. They had wiped out the tribesmen on the northern borders of Zululand; they had saturated what is now Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa with blood; they had destroyed the Amangwane tribe on the Buffalo River under the great Matiwane. Their wars had spread like a devouring flame. The greater part of Southern Africa had become involved. The cultivation of the ground had ceased, for wherever the hosts of the great King Tshaka passed, the earth was blighted, the horned cattle driven off, and famine reigned.

Who, then, was this Tshaka, this despot of the Abantu?

Tshaka was born in 1783 or thereabouts of one of the wives of Senzangakona, chief of the tribe of the Amazulu. In those days the tribe was little thought of. It had nothing of the greatness to which it attained as the Zulu nation after being drilled and trained in tactics by King Tshaka. Once a community of pedlars and traffickers which paid tribute to the Abatetwa, it became a race of invincible warriors.

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As Tshaka grew, his fine proportions and great strength commended him to the tribe. He began to excel in warlike exercises. So great was the admiration he inspired, not only among the men, but with the women, that he grew proud and began to covet his father's chieftainship, though he was not even the ultimate heir, Unandi, his mother, not being the Chief's great wife. His father became apprehensive, and Tshaka, very wisely, fled.

He took refuge with Dingiswayo, the King of the Abatetwa and his father's feudal lord. It was at this period of his life that the young fugitive imbibed notions of military tactics and discipline. And he did so because Dingiswayo, his protector, had long been impressed with the ease with which a few trained white soldiers had routed many thousands of Xosas in 1799 on the Cape border. Dingiswayo had thought it all out. What was wanted, he reflected, was a science of attack.* And after that, implicit obedience to the generals who planned the attack. What, then, was the best form of attack? He decided on the crescent formation, whereby an opposing army could be enticed between the horns of a crescent of men and eventually surrounded and annihilated. The operation of this plan can be seen in countless fights afterwards, but in none more clearly than that in which Biggar in 1838 with 2,000 men chased a decoy force of Zulus between the horns of a black army in Natal and was surrounded. After a long and terrible fight the white man's force was almost annihilated.

II.

Tshaka discussed these tactics of flanking "horns" frequently with Dingiswayo. Both clearly visualized the

* "Dingiswayo" means "The Troubled One," and the name has reference to the fact that this man, like Tshaka, fled the wrath of his father who suspected him of a desire to usurp the Kingship. Jobe had ordered Dingiswayo's execution and that of his brother, Mawewe. The sentence was carried out in the case of Mawewe. Dingiswayo, however, escaped wounded from his executioners, and reached the Cape, where he saw European soldiers being drilled. On his return—his father having died—he was accompanied by a white man whose identity has been lost. He rode an unknown animal, the horse. The prestige he had won by his knowledge and his adventures enabled him to defeat the pretensions of a brother who had succeeded to the chief authority, and he at once began organizing the Abatetwa tribe into regiments on European lines.

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value of the crescent plan. One can picture these two supermen of the Bantu world talking it all over in the sooty atmosphere of the King's kraal, and wondering how far it would carry them in the wars that lay ahead. It seemed so obvious that the white warriors had achieved their successes on the Cape borders partly, at all events, because their black opponents were undisciplined hordes following whomsoever proved himself most daring. Hitherto there had been no plan. Henceforth there would be both plan and discipline. It would be a discipline such as the world had never seen

One day Tshaka's father died. Dingiswayo appointed Tshaka to the Zulu chieftainship, and he began then to train the Zulu armies on the new plan. Behind the frontal lines, the flanks of which came forward like the horns of an ox, he placed his main body which advanced as an oblong or parallelogram ready to reinforce a weak spot, so that if an airman could have witnessed the march of a battle formation, he would have likened it to a gigantic ox with the horns well forward and the body spread deeply behind. Tshaka had noticed (when a General in the army of Dingiswayo) that the assegai was too long to be most useful at close quarters; indeed, it could be seized by a resolute opponent. So he gave his men a short stabbing spear, thereby adopting unconsciously the Roman idea of a close-quarter short sword. He made the ox-hide shields much larger to cover the whole of the body. And with these weapons he provided better equipment than that possessed by any of the tribes south of the Zambesi. Their conception of tactics, too, was sound. It was contrastive with that of the Dutch, who relied very largely on the power of their rifles at long range and (at close quarters) on the protective value of their wagons drawn up in a circle to form a laager

Tshaka emulated and outdid the whites in his insistence on discipline. History has no record of a discipline so ferocious as his. Death became the penalty of the most trivial neglects. It is recorded that he tested the fidelity of a band of his warriors by ordering them to ride over a cliff. They obeyed, charging to their deaths, rattling their spears on their shields and shouting their war-cries. Impis

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(regiments) waited ready to cut them down if they dared hesitate.

Realizing that it was necessary to feed his men well to keep them in good fettle, he organized the women as gardeners to supply boiled corn and millet beer. Thus Tshaka emulated another white man's principle of war—feeding the fighting men. In all of which we see a thoroughly scientific application of military principles.

III.

Now Tshaka's most famous General was one Moselikatze, already mentioned in the previous chapter. He commanded 20,000 men. The son of an independent chief, who in the early days of the Zulu power had become a Zulu to save himself, Moselikatze had developed in 1831 into a magnificent black. He was tall. His head was closely shorn, save for an elliptical ring. Round his waist was a girdle of leopards' tails. A single string of blue beads adorned his neck. He carried on his head three green feathers from a paroquet's tail. Of superior caste, he soon rose in favour with Tshaka, and conducted a number of successful battles. But being sent out one day to exterminate a certain tribe, he forgot to send back all his booty to his war lord, and the result was that he presently heard that the enraged Tshaka had sent a great army to put him to death. He determined to push on and escape, and to destroy everything in his path in order to create a belt of devastation between him and his pursuers. The completeness with which this was done secured his retreat. He slew all except the most comely girls. He covered the country with corpses, which were soon reduced to skeletons by birds of prey, and he halted far ahead He then built military kraals—a kind of fortified camp—and sent out his regiments in all directions to gather spoil.

His pursuers could not reach him, and he halted with his men and founded what is known to-day as the Matabele nation, then in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, but now settled in Rhodesia. It was he and his men who

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had massacred the first parties of the *Voortrekkers* in circumstances already narrated.

But Tshaka's reign was nearing its close. He had held sway by the bold exercise of power. A nod here and another there, and wretched blacks had been frog-marched daily to execution. Tshaka became more capricious and tyrannical. One day his withered old mother, Unandi, died. Wholesale executions followed—of all who had not wept without cessation for days.

Three conspirators finally entered Tshaka's kraal—Dingaan, his half-brother; Umthlangana, his brother; and Umbopa, his own attendant. Their manner was careless. Dingaan suddenly raised a spear. He stabbed the tyrant viciously. Tshaka fell. His body lay uncovered all night outside his kraal, and all those who saw it were filled with superstitious dread when they found next morning that the hyenas had not devoured it. But the tale of fratricide does not end here, for Dingaan a short while after killed Umthlangana lest he, too, should prove a rival, and thus stabbed his way to the kingship.

IV.

Dingaan maintained his hold on his armies and the nation by a tyrannical discipline more relentless even than that of his brother. He delighted in murder. The floor of his great kraal was made of antheap mixed with blood, and was as smooth as glass and shone like a mirror The shedding of blood was in every sense part of himself. Executions were ordered daily outside his hut, which was of great size and which he considered the grandest residence in the world. It had many pillars encrusted with scintillating beads.

The whole aim, it would seem, of Dingaan's life was to prove to the men of the armies and of the nation that human life was of little account, that it could be sacrificed with impunity, and that a warrior must be in nowise dismayed if he stood to lose it. What wonder was it, then, that the fighting men continued to display a recklessness without parallel and literally threw themselves on their opponents' spears.

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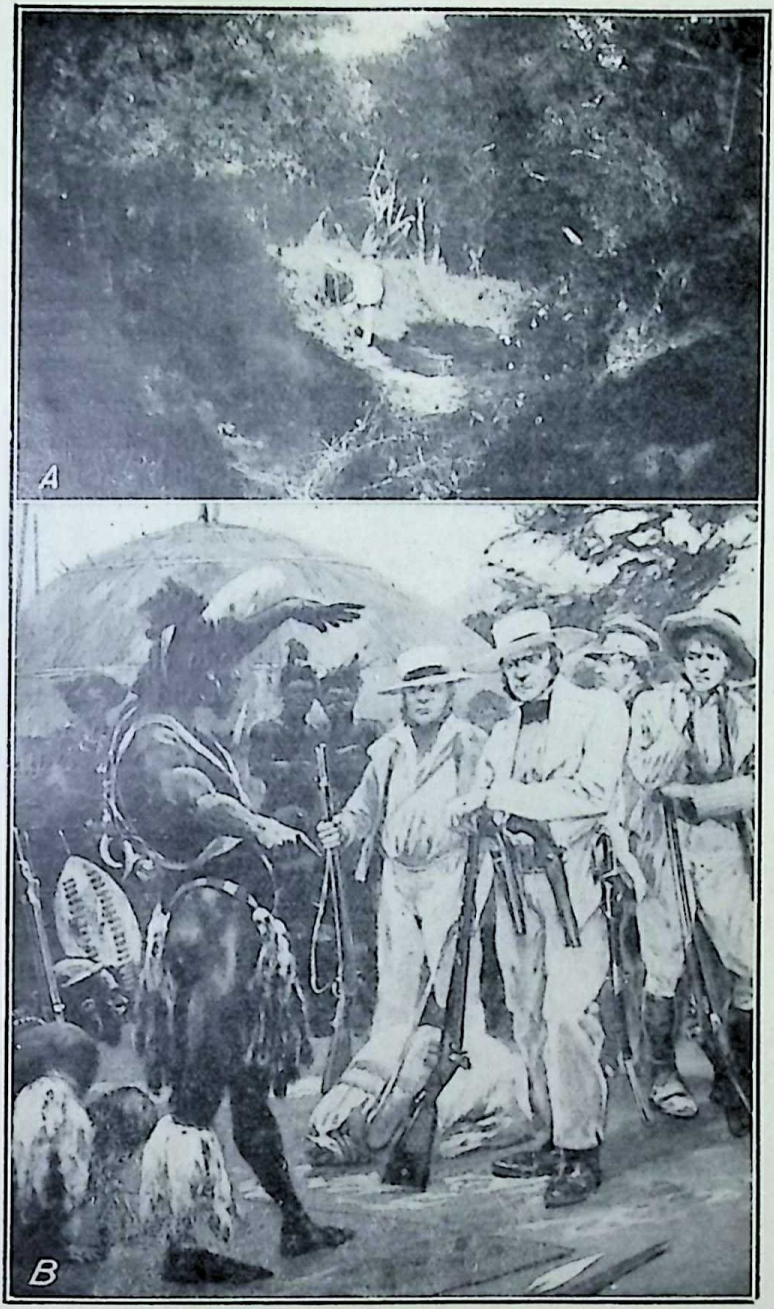

(A) A GLIMPSE NEAR DURBAN OF THE OLD ROAD ALONG WHICH THE TRADER FYNN MADE HIS FIRST HISTORIC JOURNEY TO TSHAKA, THE ZULU TYRANT.

(B) LIEUT. FAREWELL, WITH FYNN, OGLE AND OTHER PIONEERS, BEING GRANTED POSSESSION OF NATAL BY TSHAKA IN 1824.

[From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville in the "Illustrated London News," now in Durban Museum.

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Yet in his lifetime Tshaka knew from his talks with Dingiswayo and the Irishman Fynn that the white man was altogether a different foe from the undisciplined tribes whom the Zulus had defeated and destroyed everywhere south of the Zambesi. Tshaka had no doubts as to his superiority over the blacks in battle, but he would have hesitated to meet the whites. Dingaan may have had qualms, but thought he might achieve his ends by treachery He was, he believed, the greatest King in the world. Nor could he conceive from his own narrow experience that the white men, despite their magical powers, would overcome his armies. His ideas were partially confirmed by the results of the first encounters with whites. He compelled the Boers to retreat, and he exterminated the mixed force under the Englishman Biggar in 1838, after a bloody battle in which the defeated force was literally hemmed in with dead.

Both monarchs, in fact, had been in contact with white men several years before the *Voortrekkers* came down into Natal. A few intrepid Britishers had made their way to Tshaka. They were the founders of Durban and Port Natal. They gave the savage potentates their first notions of white magic. Such names as Nathaniel Isaacs, Cane, Ogle, Collis, and others (noted on the map of Port Natal, 1824–32, see page 152) were among the first settlers. There was the genial, round-faced Irishman, Henry F. Fynn, for instance, probably the first white man ever seen by Tshaka. When Fynn appeared in Natal he was looked upon by the natives as a sea monster, but he impressed Tshaka so powerfully by firing at and hitting the skull of a beast with a rifle that he at once won and retained his friendship. Then came Lieutenants King* and Farewell to Port Natal. The first was brave, refined, chivalrous; the other equally brave, but jealous, and even implacable. It is somewhat sad to reflect that as King lay on his death-bed in 1828 near the Bluff at Port Natal, his old friend, Farewell, who had quarrelled with him over Tshaka's undoubted preference for King, refused to be reconciled. And so King had died. His grave

* Lieutenant King was in nowise related to the "Dick" King, whose ride from Durban to Grahamstown is described in the following chapter.

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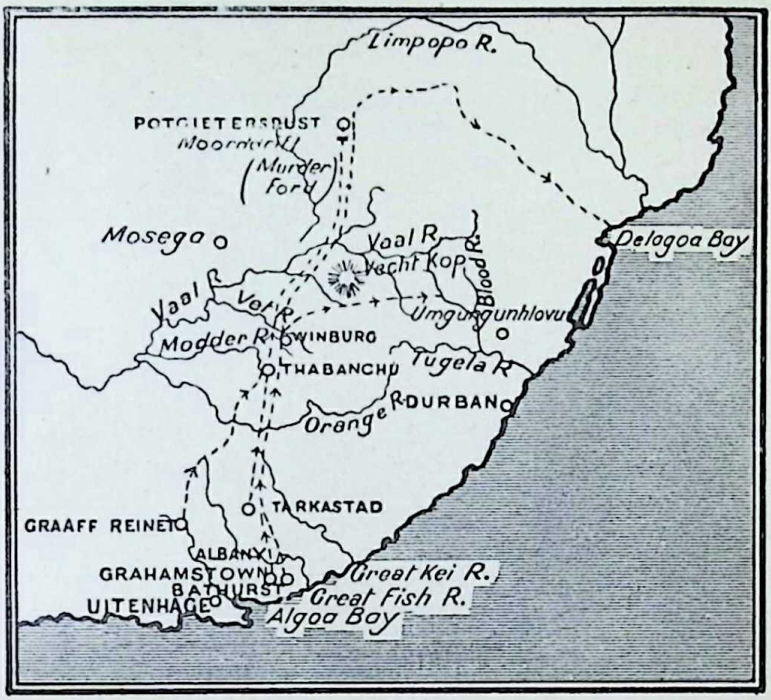

SKETCH MAP TO ILLUSTRATE APPROXIMATE ROUTES TAKEN BY THE VOORTREKKERS WHO LEFT THE CAPE IN FOUR MAIN PARTIES THUS: TRICHARDT'S PARTY WHICH WENT FROM THE ALBANY DISTRICT IN CAPE COLONY TO DELAGOA BAY, 1835-1836; POTGIETER, WHO LEFT TARKA DISTRICT FOR VET RIVER AND THE TRANSVAAL IN 1835; MARITZ, WHOSE ROUTE LAY FROM GRAAFF-REINET TO THABA 'NCHU in 1837; AND PIET RETIEF, WHOSE PARTIES LEFT GRAHAMSTOWN IN 1837, REACHING NATAL AND BECOMING THE HEROES OF WINBURG AND BLOOD RIVER.

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to-day lies high on the Durban Bluff, surrounded by great bamboos which sway and sigh in the ocean breeze as if mourning still for an intrepid soul.

These British traders and others, then, had established themselves at the Port well before the *Voortrekkers* had decided to abandon the Cape. Fynn, Farewell, and others all got cessions of territory from Tshaka. They were the first granted by the tyrant to white men in Natal.

V.

But the great and inevitable clash of white man and black was now looming closely. The *Voortrekkers* were coming over the high mountains from the west. The outposts, so to speak, were taking their stations. And this was the manner of it.

Retief, one of the most notable of these dauntless pioneers, was also desirous of getting certain land concessions from Dingaan, and to that end he made journeys to the King's kraal at Umgungunhlovu, crossing the lofty Drakensberg, the glorious range separating Natal from the inland Provinces, by way of Bezuidenhout Pass. Other parties entered Natal at Tintwa and Olivers Hoek Pass. Retief was a fearless Dutchman. The apprehensions of other Dutchmen as to the danger of venturing to close quarters with a savage like Dingaan did not intimidate him, for, with his small armed party, he proceeded bravely to the King's kraal early in 1838.

It is not difficult to picture that journey. The members of his party were mostly young men. They wore the roughly-made veldschoen (shoes), the ragged clothes and sombreros, that pioneers would wear in these wild districts. Mounted on shaggy ponies, they ambled forward, stopping at streams and water-courses, munching biltong (dried meat), and inquiring their way from the blacks, many of whom had never seen a white man before, and thus got across the mountains to the great kraal of the King. Halstead, their interpreter, spoke fluent Zulu, and so they were never in danger of losing their way. But the country was sparsely inhabited. Cultivation had diminished since the Zulu had devoted himself to war. Its young warriors were concentrated

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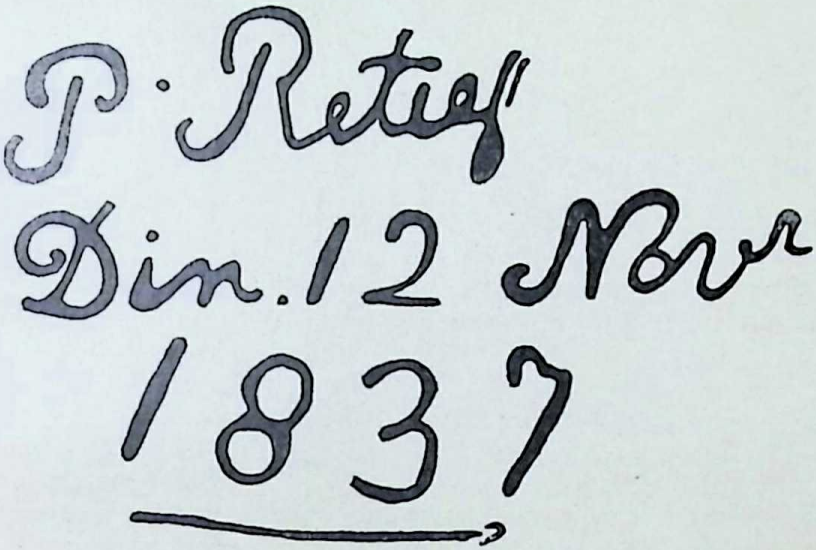

INSCRIPTION ON A ROCK IN THE DRAKENSBERG MOUNTAINS, PAINTED BY DEBORAH, THE DAUGHTER OF THE VOORTREKKER PIET RETIEF, WHEN THE VOORTREKKERS WERE MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE PASSES INTO NATAL. RETIEF WAS AFTERWARDS MURDERED BY DINGAAN, KING OF THE ZULUS.

[*From a photo belonging to Mr. John K. Murray.*

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round the capital at Umgungunhlovu. The old men who remained elsewhere were in fear of death, having passed the age when a man could wield a spear or sword, and their outlook as they sat at the entrances to their lonely kraals away up on the slopes of the blue hills and dreamed of the days when the ox drew his plough was sad enough.

Retief and his men having recovered some of the King's stolen cattle for him from Sikonyella, at last reached the King's kraal. Dingaan expressed his willingness to see them. They were ushered into the great residence with its thatched roof supported by wooden pillars covered with coloured beads in patterns designed by the Chief. Round the fireplace were handsome bands in red and blue. The atmosphere reeked of soot. The chimney was too small to carry off the great quantities of smoke which rolled up from the wood fires.

A grim cameo of the tyrant and his court has been left on record, one which left a powerful impression on the missionary Owen, who saw one day, filing before Dingaan, a crouching line of hideous figures. With hoarse voices and raising their arms up and down like a corps of bell-ringers, they sang—

Arise! thou Vulture!
Thou art the bird that eateth other birds!

This evil choir proved to be a number of the King's wives flattering the vanity of their lord with this barbaric pageantry. But, as it proved, there was a note of sinister prophecy in the words.

VI.

The black potentate sat amid his indunas and official praisers. His huge bulk, which so often at evening shook to the rhythm of his dances, was now extended on a couch of leopard skins. His attitude was indolent and friendly. Though secretly irritated by the neglect of these white men to praise the magnificence of his kraal and at their presumption in wishing to settle within his domains, he dissembled. He even entertained them with spectacular exhibitions of military evolutions. At length he requested the missionary, Owen,

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to draw up a document to show that he consented to the cession of certain lands. Owen drew it up. It was translated to the King, who affixed his mark to it. It transferred to the emigrants "the place called Port Natal, together with all the land from the Tugela to the Umzimvubu River and from the sea to the north as far as it might be useful and in his possession."

With what joy Retief and his band must have received this lease! And how little would they have suspected that it was all part of a plot to lull suspicion and to entrap them!

To seal the compact, Dingaan entertained them to a dance. They were invited to greet the King surrounded by his warriors, but were told that it was contrary to Zulu custom to allow any one to approach him armed, and, believing that they were merely complying with a rule, they left their weapons outside the enclosure and went towards him defenceless. Dingaan saw that they were at his mercy.

"Seize the wizards," he shouted.

The warriors closed in on the band. Halstead exlaimed: "We're done for. Let me speak to the King!"

Dingaan shook his head. In the course of a spasmodic struggle Halstead stabbed and killed two Zulus, but the whites were easily overpowered, bound with thongs and, led away to the place of execution.

One by one their skulls were then fractured by knobkerries. Among them were lads in great agony and fear of death. They were led bound up to the top of a hill. No one escaped alive.*

Not satisfied with this, the tyrant clinched his challenge to Boer and Briton by dispatching an army of 10,000 men

* Jan Bornman, a Zulu, who was an eyewitness of the massacre of Piet Retief and his followers in 1838, died in Kroonstad Location on 8th November, 1927. When the white men were seized Jan was a shepherd, herding cattle just outside Dingaan's kraal. As he was then about twelve years of age he must have been over a hundred at the time of his death. He gave a graphic description of the stirring events of the *voortrekker* period, and his version was that Dingaan was never much concerned about regaining his cattle from Sikonyella. His idea in asking the immigrant farmers to recover the cattle was merely to give him (Dingaan) time to discuss the position with his indunas. The massacre was planned before Retief returned. Bornman's father was one of the indunas of Dingaan who took part in the battle of Blood River.

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to march down to Natal, and to massacre all the emigrant white men, women, and children who had come down from the slopes of the Drakensberg into his valleys. Their aim was to get at them before they could hear of the death of Retief, and to this end they marched only at night. Thus they were enabled to burst upon the encampment at Weenen (" the place of weeping "). Here, in this pretty cup-shaped valley, men, women, and children were foully murdered. No matter how young or how helpless the victim, each was assegaied, and often mutilated. The brains of children were dashed out against wagon wheels. A young Boer standing near his horse saw the massacre. He leaped into the saddle and galloped away to give the alarm in other camps. It is said, too, that the intrepid Dick King went ahead to warn the camps. The farmers prepared at once for defence. They formed their wagons into laagers and made ready to fire from behind the wheels, helped by their women who primed and loaded the guns.

The black regiments threw themselves against these in vain. They hurled themselves against one laager for a whole day near the Bushman River, but, ultimately, a ball from a three-pounder tore its way through a phalanx, killed several leaders, and put an end to their efforts.

These struggles were far from proving to Dingaan that his warriors could not fight the white man. On the other hand, it now became clear to the Boers that the only way to earn respect and security was to defeat the Zulus decisively in battle. And this they prepared to do. They elected Pretorius Commandant-General. As he was a man of integrity and prestige, a Bible reader, and a preacher, he was just the man for the Boers. He left nothing to chance, but organized a strong commando with well-stocked wagons and artillery, and stimulated in the memory of the bloody massacres at the coast, in which so many had lost wives, sisters, and children, they marched steadily towards Umgungunhlovu. The march was conducted with great caution. Scouts covered the country far ahead ; protective laagers were formed at night ; and the sentries peering forth into the gloom heard behind them the solemn psalms and prayers of the avenging soldiers.

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Dingaan dispatched an army of 10,000 men to fight Pretorius. They were the picked warriors of unbeaten regiments resolved to conquer or die. The great battle which was to decide who should rule, white or black, had come at last!

The Zulus attacked the camp at early dawn on Sunday, 16th December, 1838. A fierce battle ensued. For hours the plumed warriors leaped at the wagon wheels, behind which the Boers fired as fast as they could load. The blacks, whose shields were being pierced like tissue paper, retired and came on again and again. Their bravery was boundless. After long hours of carnage over 2,000 Zulus lay dead and wounded round the wagons, and still they showed no sign of breaking off and yielding to the magic of the rifle.

At length Pretorius sallied forth with a strong body of men. He made a detour unobserved, and fell upon the blacks in rear. Firing with steadiness and great precision he created in the attackers the belief that they were being overwhelmed by a reinforcing army, and so they did what no Zulu army had ever done before, they broke and fled, leaving 3,000 dead and wounded on the wide scene of battle.

The next day the commando moved forward. They reached the headquarters of the King five days later. They saw fires rising from the distant town. Dingaan had burned his great kraal and fled in terror to the banks of the Umvolosi. Jacobus Uys was the first to enter this sinister place. Carel Cilliers, a famous Boer preacher, followed him in.

The skeletons of Retief and his men were found on the hill outside the kraal, with the riems still attached to the skeletons. The skulls were all broken. The skeleton of Retief was recognized by his dispatch bag, and the deed of cession was found in it, a melancholy relic of white faith and black treachery.

On that Golgotha had been purchased the liberty of the settlers of early Natal.

Dingaan was finally defeated thirteen months later, and the power of the Zulu armies utterly broken, Dingaan himself, it is said, being subsequently assassinated by a

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Swazi who stole upon him unawares at a spot near Delagoa Bay.

These momentous events led to a proclamation being subsequently read to Panda—successor to Dingaan—by which Natal was proclaimed a white possession. D'Urban had been selected some years before as the name of Port Natal, and Pietermaritzburg, the present capital of the Colony, was named after Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz. Andries Pretorius, the conqueror of Dingaan, became the first President of the first Natal Volksraad and Chief Commandant of its forces.

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The Voortrekkers.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Durban and the Famous Ride of Dick King.

I.

THOSE who approach Durban from the Indian Ocean at night may discover something in the scene not unlike the seaward approaches to Algiers, Melilla, or moonlit Port Said when summer lies warmly over the Mediterranean. The glow of the city rises skyward. It focusses its high lights into little glittering frontal filaments. And these coruscate all along the coast. There is the noise of great breakers. And with it, too, the sound of music—that music which seems so inseparable from the life of Durban, and which gives it at these times the spirit of nocturne. It is all very charming, and distinctive. It is just Durban. The traveller may have seen something like it perhaps in the cities on either side of the Bay of Messina as the ship glides in the darkness around the toe of Italy. And yet it is not quite the same. No approaches seem quite the same; not even gladsome Naples as one reaches it in the misty hours just after twilight.

From the sea Durban, in the dawn which breaks over the Indian Ocean, ceases to be mysterious. Morning discloses the outlines of a bold bluff on the left. And this shelters a wide bay to its right. It is shaped somewhat like a pear. The bay contains islands, and wharves, and steamers, bright funnels, and numberless masts. And then farther over to the right is the Ocean Beach, a hive of life and colour. The white line of it seems to stretch interminably away. Big hotels, pavilions, and green sward there are, too; and bathing enclosures, cars, Europeans, blacks, Asiatics—all crowding detail into the scene; behind it all and well in

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AERIAL VIEW OF THE BEACH FRONT AT DURBAN, WHICH YEAR BY YEAR CONTINUES TO EXTEND.

[*S.A. Air Force.*

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the background rises the Berea. It reflects the scarlet of flamboyers, the quiet blue of plumbago, the purple of bougainvillea. There are noble homes on this Berea—bowered in creepers, trees, and palms; the homes of those whose faith in South Africa has brought them wealth.

Yet this beautiful Durban is but a city of a hundred years. It was named in 1835 after Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Governor of the Cape. The brevity of its life has by no means deprived it of a history. It has lived much in its little day. Its record almost gives it place with the towns of the Iliad and the Odyssey—though its career is cloaked in the far less legendary habiliments of our time. Of that history, however, some account will be given later. Meanwhile, what of the features of the Durban of to-day?

II.

Some years ago the Durban beach was an unattractive stretch of sand dunes, distant eight hundred and twelve miles by sea, eastward by north, of Capetown, with ubiquitous green bush lying close to the frothy line of breakers. Nowadays its great esplanade, big pavilions, smart hotels, its alfresco crowds give an impression of perpetual holiday. All is changed. To the north the sands stretch away to the Umgeni, the river of legends—and history. The Zulus say that here, three times in summer when the moon is at full, the ghosts of their impis slain in battle dance, with assegai and shield, across the silver stream. Those fine old wraiths of the past, however, are fast being crowded out by the exigencies of the present; a present, epitomized by the Country Club, new motor drives, new buildings. And even at the other end of the town, £60,000 has been spent on building the Victoria Embankment and Drive which largely follows the contours of the bay. Those who sail over the lovely bay to Salisbury Island will see how this land of legend and charm has been transformed in the clangour of dock life, in the comings and goings of great vessels, and in the depots—oil, whaling, and so on—which dot the sides of the harbour and add to the catalogue of progress. What ghost could live in such a *milieu*?

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SIR BENJAMIN D'URBAN, AFTER WHOM DURBAN WAS NAMED IN 1835.

[*From a portrait in the Old Durban Room, Durban Museum.*

INSET—F. FYNN, PROBABLY THE FIRST WHITE MAN WHOM TSHAKA EVER SAW.

[*From a portrait in possession of his Grandson.*

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But look now awhile on the vivid little colour notes of the town ; on the headgear, for instance, of the huge muscular Zulus who haul 'rickshas about the streets ; their skulls adorned with the horns of oxen or ornate yellow-black feathers. For these men are ethnological curiosities ; they have an abiding faith in the physical. Their horns mean strength, their feathers speed ; and they themselves mean business. They work, like most of us, for gain. Their profits they devote to the purchase of cows, which will, in the fullness of time, be applied to the purchase of wives ; and the larger the number of wives the better. And when enough wives have been bought there will come that era of ease when they will lie in the shadow of their kraals and watch the wives do the work. Until then, the 'ricksha-puller hauls his loads up hills ; flies downwards balanced almost on the shafts ; his feet hardly touch the ground. He whistles fiercely and grunts ; he shakes his tinkling bell. You may call him a knave, a scoundrel, or liken him impolitely to some unpleasant animal. All this he will suffer gladly, but by all the shades of Tshaka, impugn not his reputation as a man of might ! For this he will not suffer.

From the height of the Berea you may see where the old road crosses into Zululand, where Fynn, the first white man whom Tshaka ever saw, crossed to the Great Place of the tyrant. On this self-same Berea, too, Tshaka watched his impis burning the kraals below. And you may trace the lofty trees away on that distant Bluff which surround and guard the grave of Lieutenant King, who died there a hundred years ago. Yes, the place is full of history ! Past and present are interwoven. And one cannot get the right perspective without considering both. In the Old Durban room in the Town Hall there are numberless historical relics—old treaties, photographs of the first railway, of the founders of the town, of the fighting and loss of life which attended its early days. Much of all this centres upon the Old Fort at Durban ; and upon the epic ride of a character celebrated in South African history—Dick King—whose equestrian statue may be seen on the Victoria Embankment.

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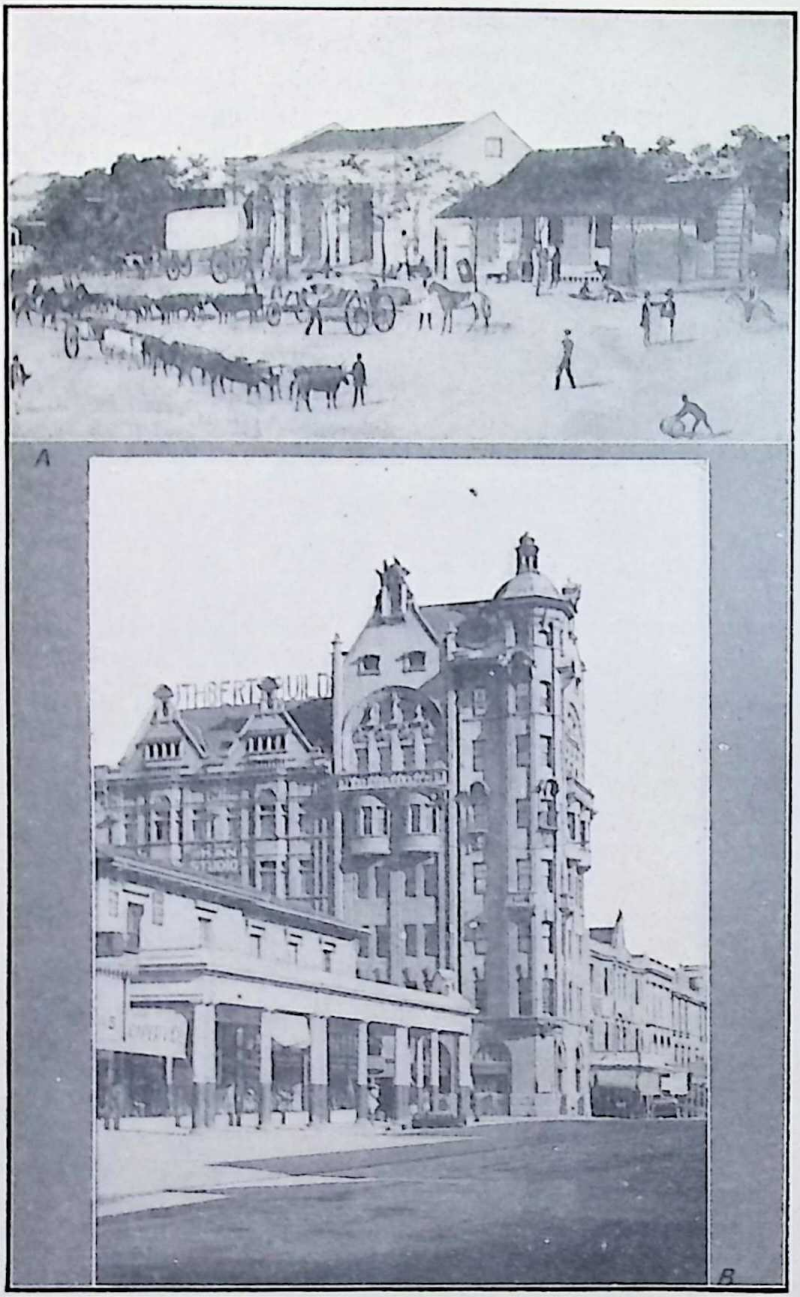

CORNER OF WEST AND FIELD STREETS, DURBAN, IN 1885 AND PRESENT DAY.

[*The Old Durban Room, Durban Museum.*

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III.

The Old Fort at Durban is a place of crazy paths, flowers, quaint trees, old guns, a sundial—and memories. The earthworks from which the British sought to repel the attacks of the Dutch in 1842 (in circumstances to be described) are still traceable; the barracks in the centre are low and picturesque; the graveyard of the victims of the fighting lies across the road, and what was once the powder magazine is now a restful memorial chapel with enormously thick walls. But the story of this fort is well worth telling in detail, for it is the story of the final annexation of Natal to the British Empire. It covers an historical canvas as dramatic as that of the heroic *Voortrekkers*, and, as indicated, it includes the great ride of Dick King from Port Natal to Grahamstown in 1842, an exploit which brought to a British force, besieged in the fort, a salvation which probably altered the course of South African history.

It cannot be said that the whole of these amazing historical records will be read with pleasure by Englishmen who have been long resident in South Africa; for it is only too clear that the statesmen who then controlled British Foreign Policy from Downing Street were far too obsessed with the comfortable idealism of Exeter Hall and its faith in the natural goodness of the blacks always to do justice to the whites. For, on the one hand, there was Lord Glenelg as Colonial Secretary, writing censorious dispatches to the Cape settlers, letters which will ever be rated as among the most ill-advised documents in all South African archives; on the other hand, there were the *Voortrekkers* who had betaken themselves from the control of the British Government in the Cape in 1835 beset with savage and treacherous foes in northern Natal, and with the memory of recent massacre and horror upon them, but nursing hopes of freedom at long last to do as they liked in this lovely land.

A British force, under Major Charters, was sent up from the Cape Colony to Port Natal to curb the activities of the militarists on both sides—Dutch and Zulus—and this force took possession of Port Natal on 4th December, 1838, only to find, however, that Andries Pretorius, leader of the Dutch

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CAPTURED LEVIATHAN DRAWN INTO DURBAN'S WHALING STATION.

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farmers, had already left with a party, which included several British, " to attack Dingaan in his own kraal beyond the Tugela River." The battle of Blood River was fought, by which Retief who, with his party, had been massacred was avenged. Dingaan was crushingly defeated by Pretorius, his Great Place at Umgungunhlovu, with its shining floors of dried blood and its twenty-eight pillars glistening with beads, was burned, and 3,000 of his warriors were slain. The maintenance of the British military post at Port Natal was now gradually seen to be futile ; it served only to exacerbate racial feeling ; its permanent retention was contrary to sentiment in England, and its potentialities for peace were negligible. And so, when the British troops sailed away from Durban in " The Vectis," on 4th December, 1839, the Dutch decided that the territory had been abandoned to them, and they proclaimed the Republic of Natalia (notwithstanding a prior cession of territory by Tshaka to Lieutenant Farewell and the existence of a British settlement at the Port).

But when the Volksraad (or Council of the People) on 2nd August, 1841, resolved in Assembly at their new and pretty little valley town of Pietermaritzburg, seventy-three miles inland from Durban, that all natives should be removed from Natal and located along the coast in the territory down south claimed by the Chief Faku, and when they also formally informed Sir George Napier that they had ceased to be British subjects, His Excellency ultimately replied by proclaiming his intention on 2nd December, 1841 to " resume military occupation of Port Natal by sending thither without delay a detachment of Her Majesty's forces."

Captain T. C. Smith, at Umgazi Camp near St. Johns, was ordered to take two hundred and fifty men with a small party of the Cape Corps and two field pieces, and to re-occupy the port. It was, of course, an altogether inadequate force, but he set out boldly with his little army along the lower or coast " road," a difficult and dangerous journey across swollen river-courses and snake-infested grasses, until, after six weeks, he appeared in sight of the head of the bay of Natal at a spot where Sea View is to-day. He reached

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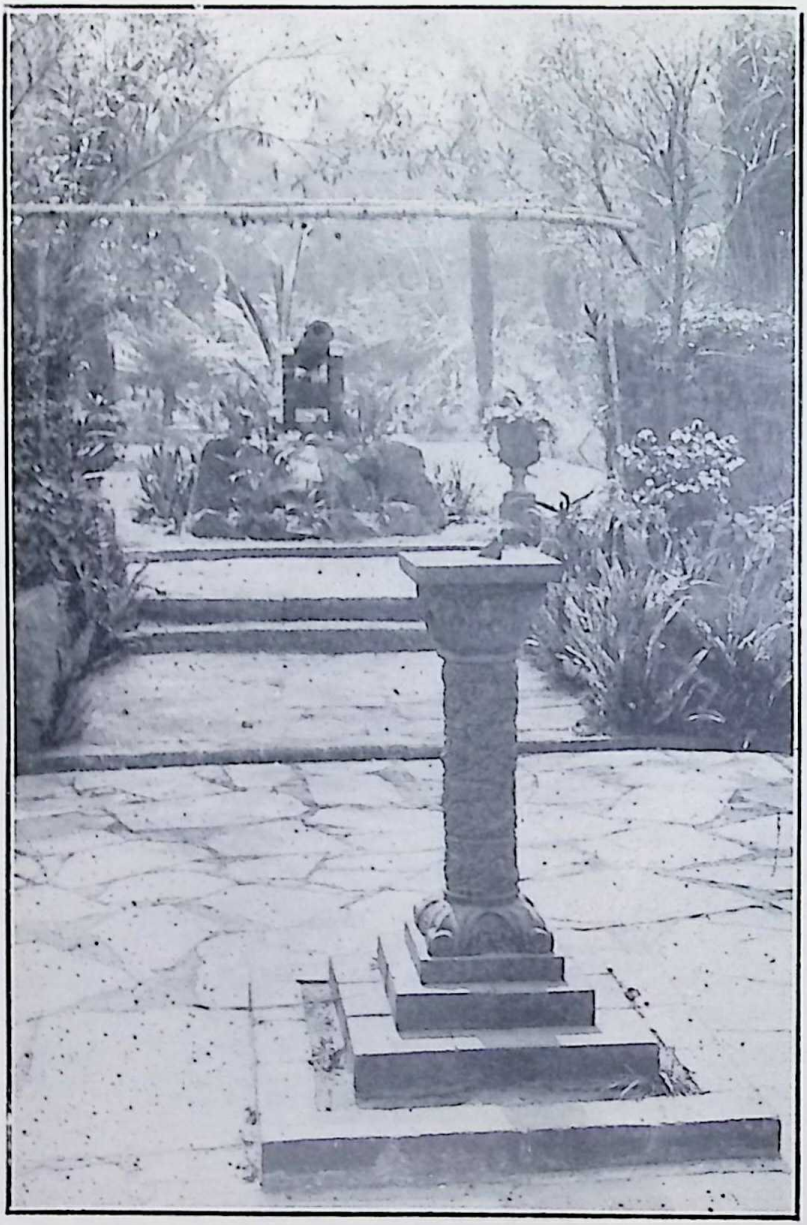

SUNDIAL AND CANNON AT THE OLD FORT, DURBAN, WHERE CAPTAIN SMITH MADE HIS HEROIC DEFENCE IN 1842.

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this spot on 3rd May, 1842, and on the following day marched with his sun-burned soldiers through the hamlet of Congella. Soon the beautiful bay at Durban was to resound with the sounds of battle, and a fratricidal struggle was to ensue between the two dominant races of Southern Africa.

On the night of 23rd May, while the moon was shining brilliantly, Captain Smith, some of whose cattle had been driven off by the Boers, left his camp at 11 o'clock with one hundred and thirty-eight men and two guns, and advanced to attack the Dutch. The latter were stationed at the bayside somewhere at a point between the new Graving Dock and the present Maydon Wharf at Congella.

IV.

Captain Smith appears to have been a proud and impetuous officer; so that it must have been with the deepest humiliation that he was compelled to sit down in camp and to pen the following story of that disastrous night to his Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Hare at Grahamstown:—

> "Sir,—It is with feelings of deep regret I have the honour to communicate to you the disastrous result of an attack made by the force under my command on the emigrant farmers congregated at the Congella camp at this place. . . .
>
> "I determined, after mature deliberation, to march a force and attack their camp at Congella (a place about three miles from our position), and set apart the night of 23rd May to effect that object. As the road leading to the Congella from the post the troops now occupy lies for the most part through thick bush, I thought it best to cross the sands at low water, as by this means I could avoid annoyance from the farmers till within a short distance of their station. Fitting a howitzer, therefore, into a boat, under the superintendence of Lieutenant Wyatt, of the Royal Artillery, and leaving it under the charge of a sergeant of the same corps, I gave him directions to drop down the channel to within five hundred yards of the Congella, and await

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THE NATIVE DOCTOR PERFORMS A SLIGHT OPERATION.

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the troops, in order that they might form under cover of its fire, aided by that of two six-pounders which accompanied the force I had with me.

"Having previously sent a picquet out to feel the skirts of the wood in front of our position, in order to prevent our movements being discovered, I put the whole party in motion at 11 p.m. (it being bright moonlight), and arrived without molestation within nearly eight hundred yards of the place I proposed to attack. To my great mortification, I found that the boat had not dropped down the channel according to my instructions, but as I considered it imprudent to await the chance of her arrival, I was forced to make the attack without the valuable assistance which a discharge of shells and shot from the howitzer would have afforded me. Giving the order to advance, therefore, the troops had just moved to where the termination of a range of mangrove bush opened to a level space in front of the Congella, when a heavy and well-directed fire from the bush was poured on them; upon which they immediately formed and commenced a fire in return, while the two six-pounders were loading. Unfortunately, one of the draught oxen being shot caused some interruption, but this being soon got over, a destructive fire from the guns silenced for a while our opponents. But several more of the oxen becoming wounded, and escaping out of their 'trektouws,' rushed among the troops, upsetting the limbers, which caused much delay in reloading, and some confusion in the ranks. This circumstance, added to the partial, and at length total, silence of the guns, being taken advantage of by the Boers, they again opened a heavy fire (their long pieces carrying much farther than a musket). A severe loss resulted to the troops in consequence. Finding, therefore, that I was not likely to accomplish the purpose for which I had put the detachment in motion, and that the men were falling fast, I thought it expedient to retire, effecting this object after some delay, the partial rising of the tide rendering the road difficult. The troops, however, reached the camp about 2 o'clock in tolerable order,

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leaving behind them, I regret to say, the guns which the death of the oxen rendered it impossible to remove."

Captain Smith concluded his message by urging "the necessity of a speedy reinforcement."

The camp, which, as stated, was on the site of the present Old Fort, was put hurriedly into a posture of defence, and Captain Smith, who had had his horse shot under him and who had been almost pardonably excited, set himself to control and retrieve a critical situation.

The camp itself was soon surrounded, but the opportunity which offered of rushing it was not pressed; in fact, on 25th May the tired farmers left the British unmolested in their camp, a respite which enabled Captain Smith to write his famous dispatch, and to prepare for a month of starvation. The little brown circle of wagons with their defenders became a lonely and pathetic patch near the bay. Tiny spurts of flame by day and night and the reports of the guns afforded evidence of the vigil of hollow-eyed men waiting and longing for the day when over yonder tall dark bluff there might perhaps come the red and golden glitter of rockets from rescuing ships and the boom of their cannon. For all of them now knew that the redoubtable Dick King was under orders to gallop south with Captain Smith's dispatch to Colonel Hare, on his hazardous mission for ships and guns for the rescue that was to come from Grahamstown.

Dick King was a tall, bearded man with a keen love of adventure. Born at the English naval port of Chatham, but knowing every by-path in the country around Port Natal—bushy country, then, infested with wild game, lion, hippopotami, elephant, and buffalo—nothing delighted him more than to sally forth from his farmer's shack near Isipingo, a few miles south of Port Natal, or from his hut in sandy Durban, and to hunt game at close quarters. If any man was likely to succeed in this great adventure, King was that man; and so he was selected for the task. The plans were made swiftly. It was decided that King's umfaan (boy) Ndongeni, a sixteen-year-old native who claimed to be of Royal Zulu descent, should accompany him, that he should wear his European clothes, that the bay should be

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"DICK KING" PANEL, NOW PART OF THE WELL-KNOWN MEMORIAL IN DURBAN. IT COMMEMORATES KING'S NOCTURNAL HARBOUR CROSSING AT THE ONSET OF HIS GREAT 600-MILE RIDE TO GRAHAMSTOWN IN 1842.

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crossed at midnight in one of the boats of the "Mazeppa," a British vessel which had just arrived at the bay with a general cargo. Two horses were to be towed behind the boat, and King and his umfaan were to begin their journey from the top of the bluff under cover of the bush. When these plans had been completed, King went hurriedly ashore, roused Ndongeni, who was asleep in a stable, and told him to get ready to start at midnight. He then returned to the "Mazeppa" to snatch some sleep while a settler, George Cato, busied himself with the final preparations.

At midnight Cato saw King aboard the "Mazeppa" and the men proceeded ashore. "The exact spot from which their boat put off to cross the bay and to enable them to start from the other side for Grahamstown," writes Miss Ethel Campbell, of Durban, who has spent some years investigating evidence bearing on this ride, "is now covered by the Durban Docks near 'B' shed. Old colonists have described the spot to me and the late John Chalsty, of Canterbury Grove, who had the exact spot pointed out to him by George Cato before the docks were built. The little sandy path to the bay between the customs house and the offices of the landing agent, John Owen Smith, which were built later, was the spot where they entered the boat."

V.

The Dutch camp was meanwhile silent. A brilliant moon flooded the waters of the bay as the sailors of the "Mazeppa" muffling their oars, rowed Dick King and one or two white confederates over the harbour. The horses swam behind the boat, King holding the rein of the bay horse and Pieter Hogg, the son of one of the English settlers, that of the iron-grey. The steersman was John Douglas, also a settler. The little black boat on the flashing waters crept slowly over to Salisbury Island—three parts across—where the occupants presently disembarked. Here the dripping horses were saddled and saddle-bags with provisions affixed. Dick King rode the iron-grey (or white as the natives called it) and was armed with a pistol. Ndongeni rode the bay. They cantered along the narrow channel beyond the island

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The Old Fort at Durban.

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and mounted the bluff by the path to Mnini's Kraal. It was then two o'clock in the morning.

King roused the occupants, and a sleepy-eyed half-caste woman who held high rank in the tribe stood before him.

"Look here, Maquinase," said King; "you have white blood, and I want you to do something to-night for your white ancestor who, I am told, was one of my countrymen."

The woman was reputed to have been descended from a shipwrecked sailor cast on those coasts before the arrival of the early settlers, King and Farewell.

"Tell me," she said, "and it shall be done."

"Then," said King, while Ndongeni and others stood in the background, "rouse your people when I have gone, and tell them to obliterate our spoor. You must cut down sticks and branches from the bush, and remove our tracks right down from here to the beach. You must utterly wipe them out."

"Inkoos!" was all the woman said, holding up her hand, but King knew as he and Ndongeni rode away that she would be true to the pledge.

The old, worn path which they followed from the shore to the top of the bluff can, it is said, still be discerned.

Their situation was desperate. It was fortunate perhaps for them that the Dutch were concentrating so intensely that night on the details of an attack they launched the following day that they had failed to notice the little boat and the swimming horses crossing the wide harbour. That the Dutch, whose sight is trained to a fine point of keenness, probably failed to discover them is only explicable on the ground that they must have been closely pre-occupied with other matters.

It was a prospect full of terrors for King and his boy. To-day the belt of coast south of Durban is flanked with yellow cane fields, with acres of maize, and with hiving communities of natives and Indians in gleaming red, yellow and green costumes—vivid specks moving along the sunny fields and well-beaten roads. At night, in these times, the south coast headlands and estuaries at Isipingo, Illovo,

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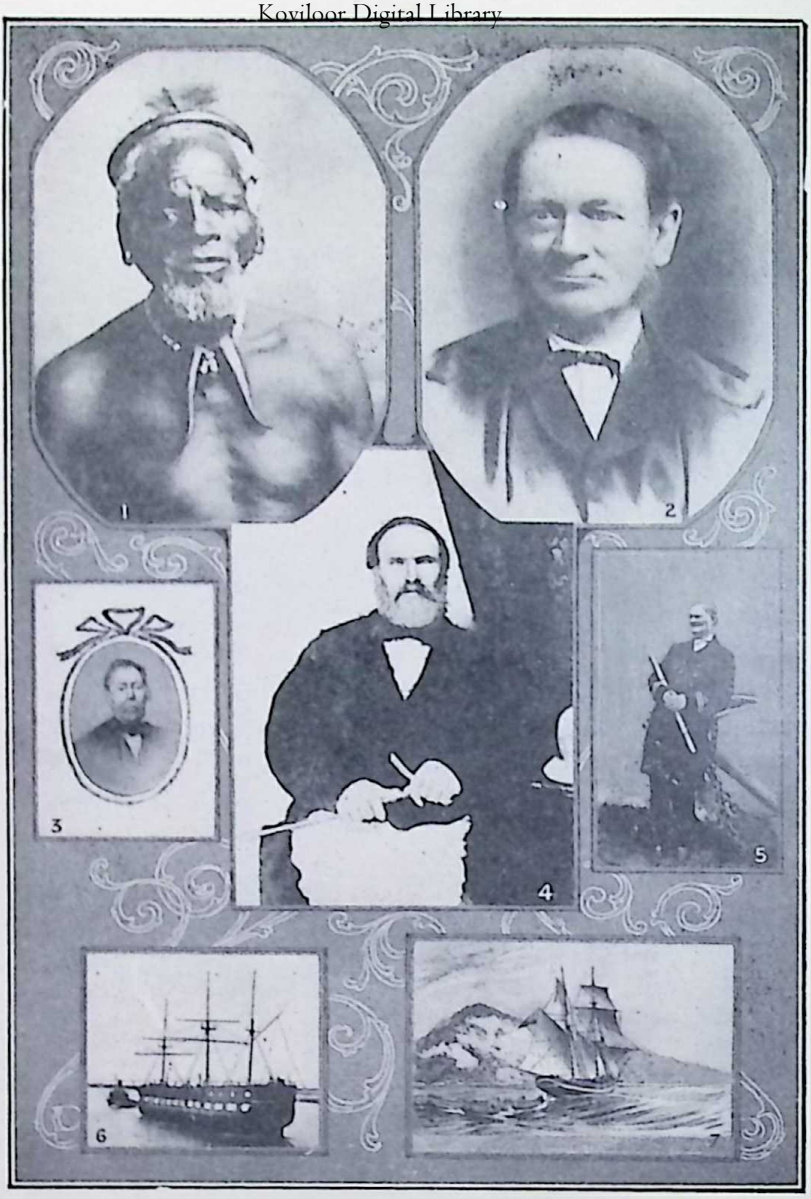

CENTRE: DICK KING, THE HERO OF THE RIDE TO GRAHAMSTOWN.
(1) NDONGENI, DICK KING'S NATIVE ATTENDANT.
(2) GEORGE CATO.
(3) CAPT. SMITH, WHO LED THE BRITISH FORCES.
(5) CAPT. BELL OF THE SCHOONER "CONCH."
(6) H.M.S. "SOUTHAMPTON," WHICH CARRIED THE RELIEF FORCE.
(7) SCHOONER "CONCH" TOWING BOATS OF H.M.S. "SOUTHAMPTON."

[*Photos from "Old Durban Room."*

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Umkomaas, and right down to Port Shepstone and beyond, sparkle with lights; powerful beams from lighthouses flash warnings along the rock-bound coasts. Dwellings from a thousand lovely sites in the bush look over the Indian Ocean. In those days, however, there was nothing but faint hill and bush tracks and coastal forests infested with beasts of prey. The rivers contained hippopotami and crocodiles. Lions hid at dusk on the banks. Wide regions, inhabited sparsely by native tribes with little love for the white man, had to be traversed. As were the coasts in the days of the Sabaeans, the Phoenicians, and the Chinese, who came down them hunting for gold and slaves, so were they with very little difference in the times of Dick King in 1842.

They galloped southward. Knowing that the Dutch would almost certainly guard the drifts and particularly those which might be crossed by British supply wagons coming up north, King resolved to adopt precautions and to travel only at night until all the well-patrolled territory as far as the River Umzimkulu, seventy-nine miles south of Durban, where Port Shepstone now stands, had been passed, and, until then, to hide in the bush at night. He also determined to keep near the coast, for not only did the coastal bush afford the best cover, but the water of many rivers at that time of the year runs low, and the sand barriers blocking the estuaries are traversable. These sandy strips separating river and ocean and creating picturesque lagoons behind are familiar enough to lovers of the southern coasts of South Africa, and King probably knew that he had to cross more than one hundred rivers and streams, and that many of them even at their lowest had no such helpful sand-banks at their mouths, but foamed sternly out to sea. He must have known, too, that he would have to swim these rivers; but he may only have learned later that his companion, Ndongeni, could not swim at all, and that his difficulties would thus be enhanced.

VI.

And so it was, that with the seven great rivers—the Umkomanzi, the Umzimkulu, the Umzimvubu, the Umtata,

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the Kei, the Keiskamma, and the Fish—to be crossed he evolved his brave plan of swimming over with the bridles of the horses through his arm, while Ndongeni, on the back of one of the swimming horses would carry his clothes on his head. There was, of course, always the danger of being siezed by crocodile or hippo or of being carried away by some swirl of the current ; for some of these rivers fall from 10,000 feet within 200 to 300 miles, and when in flood stain the sea far out with débris.

Ndongeni afterwards said that as they cantered along on that memorable night they saw three horsemen guarding the Umlaas Drift, and after avoiding them, King swam the river, leading both horses. There were more mounted guards at Umbogintwini, but King's knowledge of the ground—he knew every inch of the southern coast—enabled him to elude them ; and towards dawn they hid in the rich green bush around the high banks of the River Illovo, off-saddled, and slept there during the day.

By this time it was apparent that all the southward approaches to Port Natal were guarded, and King decided that a strong post would almost certainly be watching the drifts over the River Umkomaas, thirty miles south of Durban. Ndongeni was therefore instructed to change his European clothes for native garb, so that, if sent out to reconnoitre, his appearance might not excite suspicion. There is good ground for believing that by this time the Dutch were well aware that King had vanished from Port Natal. For while King rested in the bush with his horses, and while Ndongeni was playing with some children outside a kraal, three Dutch farmers galloped up and asked the boy if he had seen any horsemen. He told them he had not. They recognized him, however, as Ndongeni of Port Natal and demanded an explanation of his presence there and inquired whether he knew that Dick King had been shot in Durban. The trackers, it seems, had been made suspicious by the fact that hoof spoor seen in the sand indicated shod and, therefore, military horses.

Ndongeni denied having seen any horsemen and explained that he was going to his sister's kraal. At an opportune

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moment he returned to his master in the bush, who listened with amusement to his story, and at nightfall they pressed on to the Umkomanzi.

"A native boy overtook us," said Ndongeni years afterwards, "when we got to the Umkomanzi and told us that the Dutch were hard on our 'spoor.'" So we rode on, crossing the Umkomanzi, then the Maklongwa and Umzinto Rivers. We were now travelling by day as well as by night. After we passed the Umzinto River we did not take cover, as we had done before, but went straight on, crossing the Ifafa and Umtwalumi. We had by now left our pursuers behind, so we did not go into the bush by day-time.

"We crossed the Umzumbi and Umzimkulu. . . ."

The River Umzimkulu, at the point where Port Shepstone now stands, was in those days full of hippopotami. On reaching it, King saw that Ndongeni, riding without stirrups, had begun to suffer from the rigours of the ride, but making light of difficulties the grim old Natalian swam the fine river flowing, as it seemed, between marble rocks, and cantered away south, crossing later the Umtavuna and the Umtentu.

VII.

In the Pondo territory through which he was now galloping, he may have caught a glimpse of the foaming breakers and the black rocks at the Umbizam, where the "Grosvenor" was wrecked in 1782.* He may have bathed

* The wreck of the *Grosvenor* was one of the most dramatic disasters in maritime history, both as to the wreck itself and the subsequent hunts for its treasure. The ship was an East Indiaman which sailed from Trincomalee on 13th June, 1782, having aboard 150 passengers and crew all told. The vessel was believed to be still a day's sail from the African Coast when shortly before dawn on 4th August, land was descried ahead. The officer responsible for the ship's bearings refused to credit the warning, and the ship drove on into the breakers. Two lascars got ashore with a lead line, by which a hawser was stretched between the ship and the beach, and a number of people went along it safely. A portion of the poop and the quarter-deck upon which the remaining passengers had crowded broke away. It drifted ashore with over one hundred persons. The ship gradually broke up. The survivors gathered on the beach—among them a number of delicately nurtured Englishwomen—and endeavoured to reach the distant Cape Settlements by walking down the Coast. They were harassed by natives, who, it is said,

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in the rock pools with their beautiful vivid patches of red, blue, green, and brown, and have eaten the oysters attached in thousands to the reefs. Here the country was sparsely inhabited, but there were many lions; and he probably followed the winding tracks from coastal kraal to kraal, snatching sleep where he could, and watching, with some anxiety, the increasing distress of Ndongeni, who was gradually losing the use of his limbs. On one occasion King lent the boy his own stirrups.

His difficulties increased. He found the Umsicaba country virtually uninhabited and may have had recourse to his revolver for food. As King himself became too ill or too exhausted to travel for two days, the other seven which he took to do the journey must certainly have taken him over a great deal of ground and his pace obviously must have been rapid. He found traces everywhere through Pondoland of the ravages of Tshaka fifteen years before, and guiding himself as well as he could by the faint remains of the tracks of Captain Smith's wagons which had started from Umgazi, he reached the banks of the wide and lovely Umzimvubu, which flows out past Port St. Johns, 150 miles south-west of Durban.

They came upon two military wagons crawling northwards with provisions for Captain Smith, but when the drivers learned that the British were besieged in Port Natal and that King himself was the bearer of an adverse dispatch, they returned to camp at Umgazi, which lies somewhat south of Port St. John. By this time Ndongeni had lost all

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succeeded in capturing several white women and carrying them off into the interior. Some historians, however, discredit this story of the capture of white women altogether, affirming that they all died of exhaustion and starvation. Only two male survivors got to the Cape Settlements. Of late years efforts have been made to ascertain the real site of the wreck, which was supposed to have bullion aboard to the value of £2,000,000. A syndicate in 1907 erected a crane in the hope of lifting the hulk bodily from the sea-bed. The attempt failed. The violence of the breakers hereabouts led the Grosvenor Bullion Syndicate in 1922 to drive a submarine tunnel 450 feet long through the rocks to where, it was deemed, the treasure lay. Many investors, tempted by talk of the bullion and the jewelled peacocks said to have been on the wreck, subscribed to the enterprise; but operations have proved unsuccessful, and in March, 1927, the Syndicate decided to liquidate, and to accept the offer of the largest shareholder to purchase all its undertakings.

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power over his limbs. Although stirrups were procured for him later at the camp it was clear that he would not be able to proceed much farther.

King was now speeding through well-wooded country swarming with beasts of prey and elephant. Twenty-five miles or so beyond the Umzimvubu he reached the village of the Chief Faku, a fiery old warrior with a notable record—as such records went—in the purely native wars. Close at hand was the pretty mission station of Buntingville. A Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins dwelt there with a small British guard. Mrs. Jenkins, who was evidently a woman of character, stood high in the esteem of the crafty old chief, who knew well how to retain the good opinion of the British Government. She has even been described as "Faku's Prime Minister and controller of the Pondo destinies." King was enabled to get a fresh horse at the trading store of Mr. Whitehead at Butterworth, and it is recorded that he arrived there much exhausted, and spent that night in heavy slumber on the sofa.

These lands between the Umzimvubu and the mission station were of very sinister repute, for here it was, close to the glassy mirror-like waters of the Umzimvubu, that the brave and enterprising Lieutenant Farewell had been murdered some years before by Chief Queto.

Somewhere within this area, too, King was held up and surrounded by angry tribesmen, who, with the memory of the punitive commando against Ncapai freshly in their minds, were ready to kill this man whom they believed to be one of the men of Pretorius. He was only allowed to go when able to explain that he was riding for troops to rescue the British force besieged by Pretorius in Port Natal, and that he had been an intercessionary when Ncapai was fired on by the commando of Pretorius.

With dramatic incidents of this kind at almost every portion of the ride, the weary heroes crossed the Umtata River about half-way to Grahamstown, and left behind them the deserted mission station of Morley. Hereabouts, some thirteen years before, Mr. Shepstone had established himself at Depa's Kraal, Depa, it is said, having been the son of a

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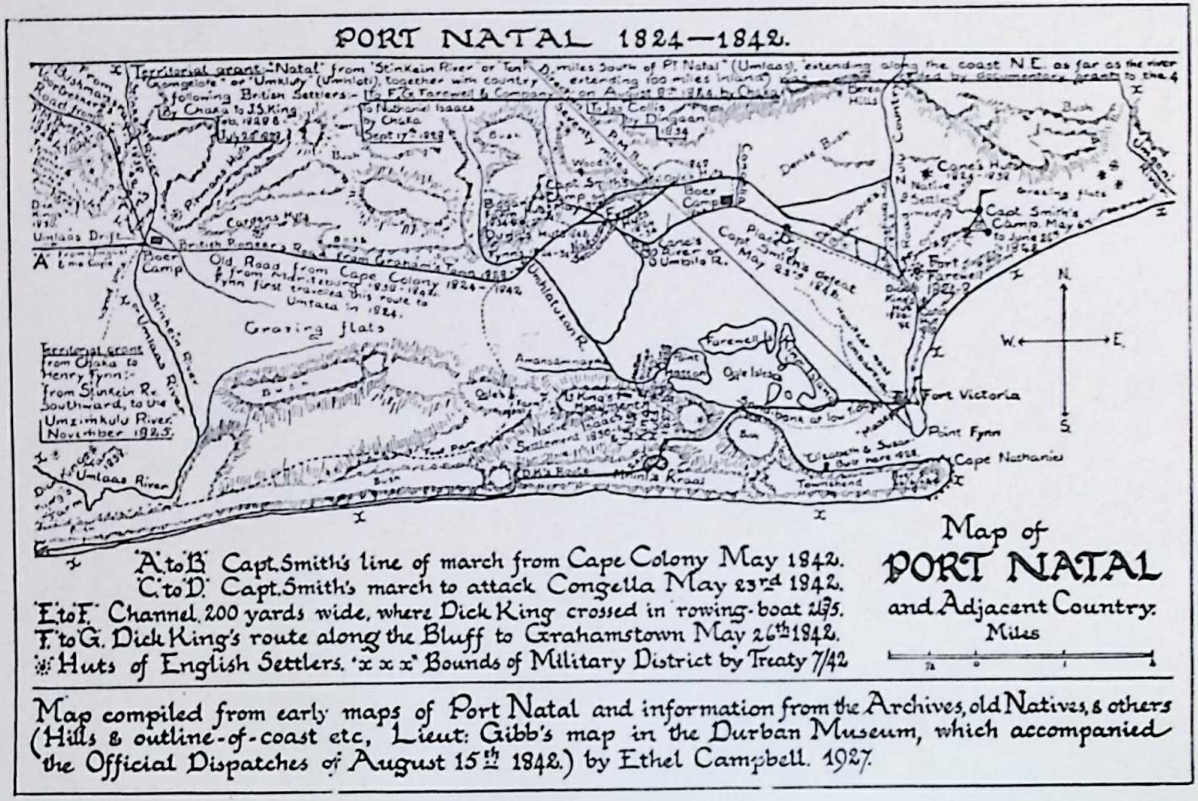
PORT NATAL 1824—1842.
Territorial grant "Natal" from "St Lucia Bay" to Tongaat
following British Settlers
Old Road from Cape Colony 1824–1842
Grazing flats
Umlazi River
Umlaas River
Umzimkulu River
Port Victoria
Point Flynn
Cape Nathaniel
Congella
Durban
Bluff
N.
S.
E.
W.
'A' to 'B' Capt. Smith's line of march from Cape Colony May 1842.
'C' to 'D' Capt. Smith's march to attack Congella May 23rd 1842.
'E' to 'F' Channel 200 yards wide, where Dick King crossed in rowing-boat 25/5.
'F' to 'G' Dick King's route along the Bluff to Grahamstown May 26th 1842.
Huts of English Settlers. 'x x x' Bounds of Military District by Treaty 7/42
Map of
PORT NATAL
and Adjacent Country.
Miles

Map compiled from early maps of Port Natal and information from the Archives, old Natives, & others (Hills & outline-of-coast etc, Lieut: Gibb's map in the Durban Museum, which accompanied the Official Dispatches of August 15th 1842.) by Ethel Campbell. 1927.

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white woman who had been wrecked in some unknown vessel fifty years previously. Could she, one wonders, have been one of the unfortunates of the shipwrecked "Grosvenor," perhaps one of the ill-fated daughters of a certain general? The station, at any rate, was now unoccupied.

VIII.

As he approached the Cape borders where the Amaxosas and the Tembus were still nursing bitter memories of the wars which had caused Colonel Sir Harry Smith to come galloping up from Capetown eight years before (and to cover the 600 miles in six days), Ndongeni gave up. Not only was he utterly exhausted, but he feared the hostility of the tribesmen through whose wide territories he would now have to pass; he therefore turned back, but not without some solicitude for this tireless master whom he was serving so faithfully and whom he continued to serve until his death some thirty years later.

King thus rode on alone for the latter portion of his journey. He rode warily. For Tembus and Amaxosas were by no means well-disposed towards the whites, and although there was at the moment a truce, he realized that the tribesmen were not to be trusted. At that time the most northerly boundary of the Cape only extended to the Keiskamma although some few years later it was taken to the Kei River, and Kingwilliamstown arose.

King, therefore, made for the nearest military post at Fort Peddie, which represented a ride of one hundred miles through Amaxosa territory; but his sufferings and the risks he endured at this part of his great enterprise will never be known; for the secret of them lies buried under the tall rich grass of Isipingo cemetery. He crossed the north-east border of Cape Colony and reached Fort Peddie thirty miles further on, weary, weak, but resolute.

He now had only sixty miles to go, and these he is said to have covered rapidly. When he entered leafy Grahamstown, hollow-eyed, begrimed, he was bestriding an animal that, as old William the Hottentot, a member of the Cape Corps detachment, said: "Was still something like a horse.

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In fact," he added, "you could see it was a horse." He went straight to the house of his father, removed some of the dirt, and declared that he was going forthwith to Colonel Hare to deliver his dispatch.

"Won't you eat something first?"

"Nothing," replied King as he stumbled out. When he handed his dispatch to Colonel Hare, so exhausted was he that he went to sleep while it was being read. An orderly advanced to awaken him.

"Let the man sleep!" ordered the Colonel, and went on with his reading. King had ridden 600 miles in ten days, and had accomplished what is now regarded as the greatest ride in South African records.*

Exactly a month from the time of his start across the moonlit harbour at Port Natal, a relief force sailed up the coast and entered the bay and town, which it captured and relieved. The relief force consisted of men of the 25th and 27th Regiments on the schooner "Conch" and H.M.S. "Southampton," but the "Conch" was sailing probably fifty miles ahead of the gunboat.

Ndongeni instantly assumed that his master was aboard. "I saw in the distance out at sea," he said long after, "the ship going up to Durban from Port Elizabeth with Dick King on it, so I went on to Durban with a dispatch-runner to whom I acted as guide. When we came to Umlaas we saw the ships nearing the harbour at Durban. The Dutch had 'bye and byes' (cannon) on the Bluff and shot at the ships as they entered the bay. . . .

"After the fighting was over I went as 'voorlooper' with Dick King to Estcourt. I never worked for anyone but Dick King. Later I became his driver, and I remained with him until he died."

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* Dick King's 600-mile ride does not compare for distance, of course, with Roger Pocock's 3,600 mile ride from Fort Macleod (British Columbia) to Mexico in 1899; nor with Kit Carson's 2,200-mile dash from the Mississippi through the territory of hostile Indians to California; nor with the extraordinary feat accomplished by the Cossack Pesskoff, who once trotted 5,000 miles from Vladivostock across Siberia. Yet as King had to swim across or ride through several score of crocodile-infested rivers and streams, and to evade enemies from one end of his ride to the other, his exploit can reasonably take rank with the greatest of equestrian achievements.

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IX.

The reoccupation of Natal by the British determined many Dutch farmers to recross the Drakensberg into what is now the Orange Free State, and many parties filtered through the passes from Natal, while others continued to move upward from the Cape across the Orange River. The pressure on these new lands thus soon became acute and there were land disputes, as between the natives who claimed the country as their indisputable right, the Griquas or Bastards who also claimed a large portion of it, and the farmers. This ended in a chaotic state of affairs; and so the British once more claimed jurisdiction over this new territory as far north as latitude 25°.

Further trouble ensued, and after the battle of Boom Plaats, General Pretorius, the Dutch Commander, fell back to the north and matters shaped themselves steadily then for the ultimate establishment of the Orange Free State and Transvaal Republics—Provinces which, long after, and at the time of the Union of South African States in 1910 were steered into the political harbour of a single federal dominion.

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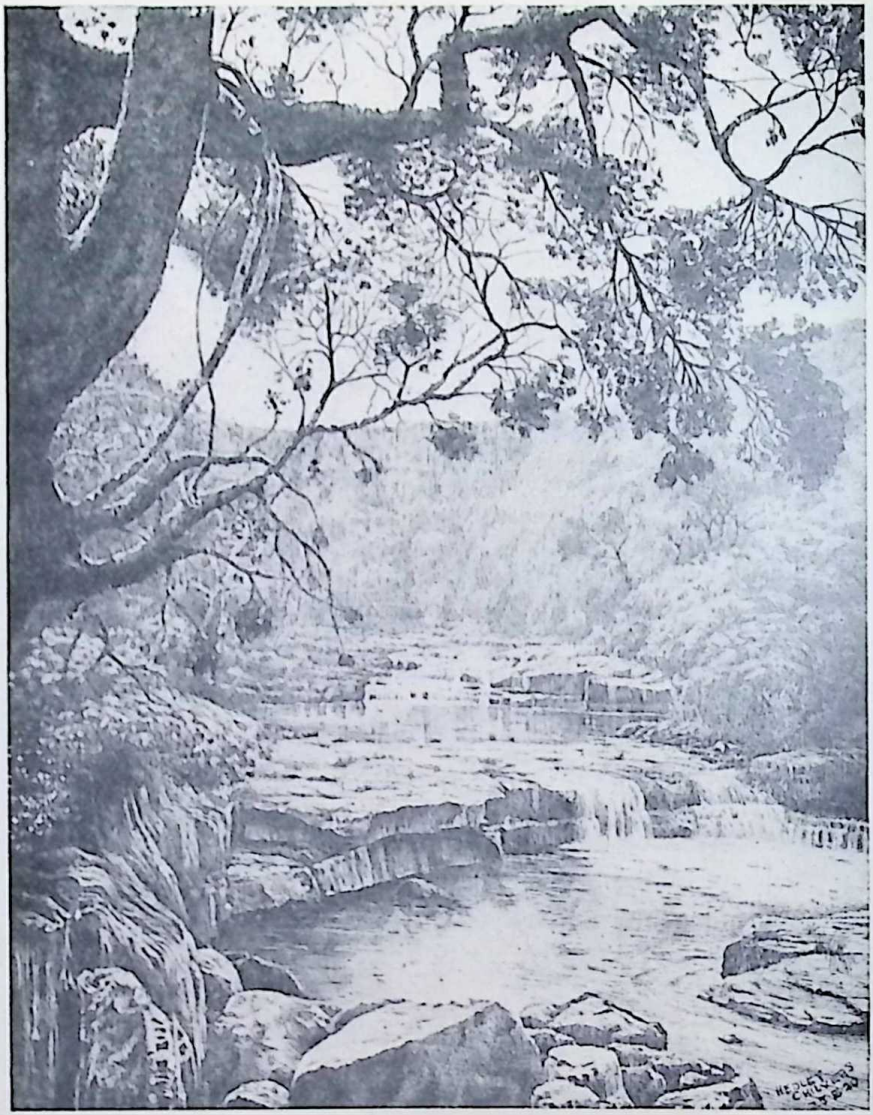

POOLS OF PEACE: THE UMSINDUSI RIVER, NATAL—A CHARMING SCENE IN THE VICINITY OF MARITZBURG.

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CHAPTER IX.

From the Coast to the Drakensberg.

I.

A BLIND old Zulu who dwelt on one of the hills overlooking Pietermaritzburg—that serene little city seventy-three miles inland from Durban on the direct route to the Transvaal goldfields, which was once the place of the *Voortrekkers'* Raad or Council—used to tell a story which is charmingly characteristic of Natal. He lived in one of those grey-brown dwellings, like the half of a sphere, perched everywhere on the spurs of the mountains. They are sited, with a skill which is almost Greek, to command great territorial spaces.

He used to squat on his haunches, this old fellow, his wizened face and glazed eyes awakening to a new youth in the vehemence of his story telling. "Long ago," he would say, "I was one of the young warriors of King Tshaka. I was mighty enough then to drive an assegai through an ox. We were ordered by the King, who was mightier than any of us, to march towards the sinking of the sun for thirty days; to seize all the cattle and to drive them back to the King's Great Place. Three impis went forth at dawn one day. We strode towards the high mountains, the Drakensberg, and we got close to them. That evening we saw multitudes of cattle on the slopes, but as we neared them, lo! they went farther from us, farther and farther, drawing us ever on into the dark passes. The cattle did not seem to move: but we found ourselves ceaselessly pursuing them.

"And then one day a great mist came down. We could not see; and when it lifted, the herds were farther off than

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ever. The soldiers began to fall. Their strength failed. They died like locusts. And at last only two of us were left. We stood together in the snow at the top of a mountain, this big warrior and myself, and he began to stagger and droop.

"'See!' he cried, pointing his spear at the herds below, 'they are not cattle. They are ghosts, the ghosts of men whom Tshaka has slain.' And having said this, he, too, fell and died. As for me, I was filled with dread: for what can avail against evil spirits which lure men through the passes so that they return nevermore? And so I came back, and here have I dwelt, O my children, ever since."

II.

It may be that this little "parable" had its origin in the story of the pursuit of Moselikatze and the belt of destruction which he created between himself and the pursuing regiments of Tshaka. For it is quite characteristic of the Zulu mind to interpolate mysticism into old tales of military campaigning. The "atmosphere" of Pietermaritzburg lying deep in a valley, and associated with the great days of the Zulu, had probably got hold of the old warrior. At any rate, to the natives, Pietermaritzburg is still Umgungunhlovu, that is to say, it is named after the great residence of Dingaan on the White Umfolosi River. It actually had its origin, of course, in 1838, when it was named after the *Voortrekkers*, Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz. Half a dozen little huts and tents made their appearance then. And all their occupants had terrible memories of the massacre at Weenen, and of the battle at Blood River, at which on 16th December, 1838, Pretorius defeated the hosts of Dingaan. The *Voortrekkers'* Museum at Pietermaritzburg, the quaint little church on its Market Square built shortly after the battle, commemorate these important events.

But the leafy little town in the hollow has now grown up. It has advanced a long way since 1848, when the *Voortrekkers*, resenting the annexation of Natal by the British, again trekked away into the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, seeking lands in which to govern themselves. The town nowadays

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has a white population of 20,000. There are probably 24,000 coloured, Asiatic, and native people in it also: and it has spread outwards into all parts of its valley. Its town hall, built at a cost of £100,000, its many Government buildings, its Natal University College, hotels, clubs, and sporting grounds, carry the message of growth. Not only is it to-day an agricultural centre (as fine estates such as those at Nels Rust and the Government Farm and Agricultural School at Cedara testify), but it is also of educational importance.

In the centre of the town is Nicoli's great white statue of Sir Theophilus Shepstone. A sheaf of memories are linked with it. They touch the stirring days of the native wars.

Sir Theophilus was in many respects an extraordinary man. His masterfulness won him ascendancy over the natives. His dominating figure became more potent with them than any native king's. He has been described as an Afrikander Talleyrand and a Lafayette; and there is some justice in the parallels. The secret of his power, however, apart from the factor of personality and will, lay in a very simple principle—that of permitting the native to retain his tribal customs as far as might be consistent with humanity. For thirty years he directed native policy in Natal, with almost uninterrupted peace. "Somtseu" was the name the natives gave him—the father of his people. They always accorded him the Royal salute, "Bayete!" And to this day his name is revered in Natal and Zululand. Of course his training for the imposing position he was destined to fill in native affairs had been singularly complete. He had taken part in the Kaffir wars in 1835 on the Cape Border; he was a native linguist; and he knew the native point of view. In 1879, however, in the last years of his Natal administration, war broke out between Great Britain and Cetywayo, then King of the Zulus. A demand that the nation should disband its armies and abrogate its marriage law was spurned by the old King. And the British crossed into Zululand, therefore, in five columns. One of these was promptly cut up at Isandhlwana, near a fantastic barren hill called "Isandhlwana," which means in Zulu, "The Claw."

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Then came the marvellous epic of Rorkes Drift—a handful of men behind barricades of packages and biscuit boxes, with heads bandaged and bloody, firing at and bayoneting the oncoming hordes of Zulus all night. The attackers drew off defeated at last. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, the commanders, became national heroes; and the place of their wonderful defence can be seen to-day, a spot some eighty-five miles in a straight line north of Pietermaritzburg and twenty-eight miles from Dundee, a town on the direct railway route to the Witwatersrand. But the white farmers were now trekking away from the attacking blacks. The panic spirit prevailed. Nor was it allayed until the issue was decided and the Zulus finally crushed at Ulundi in 1879, at "the battle of the iron-sheet fort" as the Zulus called it, probably "because the flash of the infantry bayonets on the four sides of the square gave the idea of four walls of sheet-iron." Cetywayo fled towards the Black Umfolosi River. He was captured by dragoons at a kraal on the southern slope of the Ingome Range near the Great Ingome forest. And the weary, dispirited old monarch was sent into exile and there died. The monument to those who fell in this war is conspicuous in Pietermaritzburg. Its epitaph epitomizes the heroism of the 1,464 men who died, prominent among whom was the Prince Imperial, surrounded and killed by Zulus while vainly attempting to mount his frantic horse :—

"In memory of Honour
and
In Hope of Peace."

III.

From the coast of Natal inland the terrain ascends gradually. It rises towards the Drakensberg Range, the mountains of the Dragons, the upthrust of whose glorious peaks is seen right along the western boundary of Natal. And so, although Pietermaritzburg (or Maritzburg as it is more often called) lies in a hollow at seventy-three miles from the coast, it is 2,000 feet above sea-level. From Maritzburg the train continues along an electrified section of line

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pointing north-west towards the Transvaal. It crosses the northern portion of the Berg at Volksrust, three hundred and twenty miles from Durban, at a height of over 5,000 feet. These figures give some idea perhaps of the nature of the country. It is a land of mountain, forest, and waterfall. The Valley of a Thousand Hills between Durban and Maritzburg is named in literal truth, for its multitudes of hills and valleys recede away from the lip of its cup into the distance. And as the train goes on past Maritzburg the air becomes perceptibly cooler, the hills fuller of the rich warm lights of the clear day. It passes into a wide territory of historic names—names of the battlefields of the first and second Boer Wars, where men struggled under conditions similar to those of the border wars in the Indian hills. It is all very inspiring. It has been said that the Howick Falls, twenty miles north-west of Maritzburg, suggest the idea of a curtain at the entrance to these historic lands. They certainly have a note of natural pageantry. They are three hundred and sixty-four feet high, twice as high as Niagara. The age-long plunge of their waters has scooped out a great dark basin below, into which the flood thunders ceaselessly. Many stories are told about it. One is that a farmer driving a wagon and span of oxen once miscalculated his position and all went over the cliffs to their deaths below. Another is concerned with the body of a Chinaman found long ago at the foot, thrown over, it was said, by some member of a Chinese secret society. There is no end to these legends. But the falls have a practical as well as a legendary side. They are being utilized nowadays to generate electricity. And this is applied to run the machinery of a factory; and yet the harnessing of power has in no way affected the beauty of the place. For in the valley the Umgeni creeps along between lovely banks, whitens over rocks, and drops over other escarpments, the factory buildings being dwarfed in the general vastness, until some miles to the north it creates the Albert Falls. Then it turns towards the sea, foams past the gorges at the base of Natal's Table Mountain, visible from Maritzburg, and so pursues its course to the coast, where it meets the Indian Ocean at rocky Inanda, a trifle above Durban.

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IV.

The battlefields of Natal lie amid the Homeric splendours of the hills—mighty Spion Kop, Umbulwana, Shebas Breasts, and the Tugela Heights. South Africans prefer to contemplate them nowadays only in a spirit of quiet thanksgiving for the gift of peace. The Anglo-Boer War of 1899–1902, fought mainly over the demand of the non-Dutch population of the Rand goldfields for the franchise, is a buried thing, and peace prevails.

In mentioning some of these old battle sites, therefore, there is no desire to revive the ghosts of buried enmities; but to regard these rather as the fields upon which were determined, let us hope for all time, the will to that friendship which must make of our national life an enduring thing.

The first shot of the war was fired on 12th October, 1899, at Kraaipan. It is a small place south of Mafeking in the Cape Colony. The British were gradually penned, after that, within Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley. Indeed, General Buller who arrived presently in the Cape found that the fortune of war had turned so much against him that he had to sub-divide his forces unduly; and that instead of being able to devote his troops partly to the protection of the Cape Colony and Natal, while others invaded the Transvaal and Orange Free State, he must march at once to the relief of Ladysmith. Lord Methuen meanwhile was at the head of 8,000 men attempting to relieve Kimberley. Cecil Rhodes was one of those in the diamond town.

The line of battle was formed in Natal roughly along the valleys and in the northerly spurs of the Drakensberg from a point not far from great Majuba, where Sir George Colley was killed in a night attack in the first Anglo-Boer War, nineteen years before. Thence the battle line proceeded almost due south to Newcastle, Dundee, and Ladysmith. The front curved. The bulge was towards the Natal coast, but it was around the southern end of it, about Ladysmith, that most of the fighting took place.

Nearly twenty miles south of Ladysmith lies little Colenso. A magnetic place! Down there at Colenso with the swiftly running Tugela near by, and its rocks and cascades, one thinks of Buller grieving in his tent over his failures to get into

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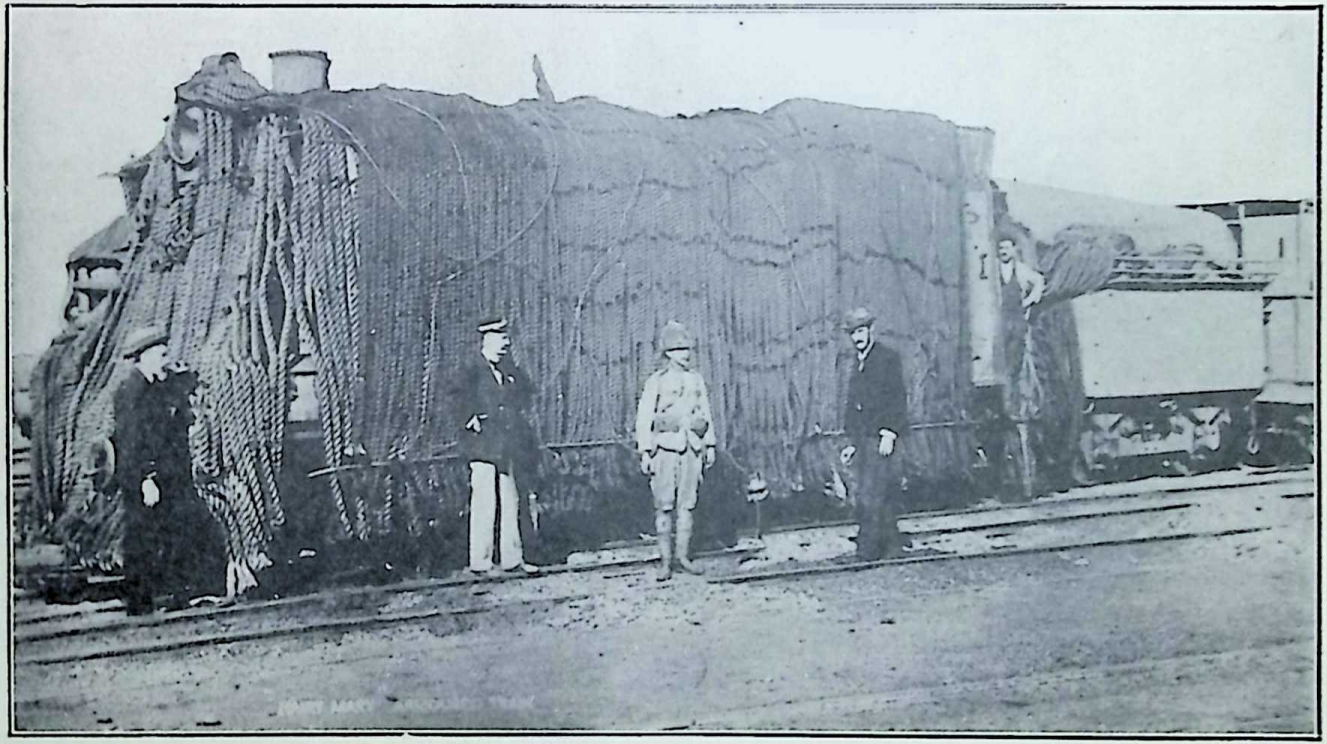

ARMOURED TRAIN ON NATAL LINES DURING ANGLO-BOER WAR.

[*Photo supplied by Mrs. A. P. Shapley.*

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Ladysmith, that elusive beleaguered town on the other side of the grim wall of hills; one thinks, too, of Spion Kop twenty miles to the westward, up which the British troops struggled heroically and died. One lingers over the monument to Lieutenant Roberts, V.C. (the son of General Lord Roberts), who fell at Colenso in an endeavour to save the guns. Upon the great square mountain, Umbulwana, ten miles from Colenso and overlooking Ladysmith, was placed the "Long Tom" or big gun with which the Dutch skilfully bombarded the town. And near it is the river which the besieging forces endeavoured to divert into the town by building a great barrier of sand-filled sacks across it. And there are those other scenes of battle, Caesar's Camp and Wagon Hill. . . . One thinks, too, of the brave and chivalrous General Joubert directing the investment, and of the many stout burghers who stood boldly upon his orders.

Ladysmith was relieved on 28th February, 1900, and the besieging troops withdrew to the north of Natal. London went mad with delight. Both sides had played a desperate and often brilliant game. But over 3,000 men had died in the great adventure. The many beautiful windows of stained glass which glow in the English church of Ladysmith and the name-bearing tablets within are sacred to the memory of those who passed away in that one hundred and twenty days of bombardment. But now, the northward sweep of the forces of Lord Roberts, who landed at the Cape on 10th January, 1900, was changing the aspect of the war. Bloemfontein was taken on 13th March in that year, Mafeking was relieved on 17th May, Johannesburg was occupied on 27th May, and Pretoria on 5th June. Peace was signed at Pretoria on 31st May, 1902. It is impossible to avoid the thought that two races capable in equal degree of such sacrifices as were made in this struggle must become great if wedded, as they certainly are to-day, in the resolve to become one nation living at peace both with themselves and the world.

V.

There is an old native legend about those flaming peaks of pink and gold, the Drakensberg, which you see remotely

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as you look westward from Ladysmith. It is a fable concerning a giant who lived in their caves. Somehow this great range always suggests giants. One of the towering summits is called "Giant's Castle" and another "Champagne Castle," perhaps because its precipitous upper parts seem to float cork-like in the pale amber light, cut off by fleecy cloud. The legend of the giant explains why these "fleeces" wreath the peaks of the range. And it is as picturesque as anything you may find in Ibsen's story of Peer Gynt and the ghostly hall of the Mountain King. Over yonder, then, somewhere in the Berg, there once lived an old giant. He was the strongest of all living creatures. And he got his might from a fleece of wool which a witch doctor had given him when a youth and which he always wore about his head. He spent his time in sleeping and feasting. He kept an assegai as long as a monkey rope by him, and when he slept the sound of his snoring was as the thunder in the hills. He had brought back with him one day from a far-off village a maiden who loved him for his strength, and who was wishful to live with him and to work for him for the rest of her days. But as time passed he became very cruel to her. He would drive her forth from the cave that he might have the more room in which to stretch his huge limbs. And the girl often found herself in winter sleeping in the snow. So one night she fled. She hurried over a dozen valleys to the dwelling of a young warrior—to his kraal on the edge of a cliff. She had known him when a little girl and he had loved her; but she had been bewitched by the mighty muscles and towering frame of the giant away up there in the cave above the ten valleys.

"I have come to you, 'Ngomo," she pleaded. "Save me!"

"Stay, then," said the young warrior, well satisfied, and took her into his kraal.

The giant slept on, heedless. The thunder of his snoring, it seemed, shook the world. When dawn stole into his cave and woke him he looked at the opening expecting to see his girl-wife imploring to come in. But all was empty and silent. Presently a great vulture flapped into the cave and fixing its baleful green eyes upon him, remained but a yard or so distant.

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"Depart!" shouted the giant. "Depart! thou thing of Evil."

"I have come," croaked the bird, "to speak with thee."

The giant seized his spear.

"I have come to tell thee, O fool that thou art, that she whom thou lovest has gone to the cave of the warrior 'Ngomo, across the ten valleys."

"Begone, croaker!" bellowed the giant; "thou liest."

He thrust at the bird with his spear, but although the blade and haft passed right through it, it was not hurt, and indeed spread its wings and was soon out of sight. The giant went out then and called his wife. The sound of his voice echoed around. The warrior and the girl heard it and wondered. And so the warrior fell to sharpening his spear all that day and he bound two shields together, and made ready for the coming of the giant. Just before the sun sank that night a great wind sprang up. The giant was heard making his way noisily over the ten valleys and along the ledge of the narrow precipice which led to the warrior's kraal. They met at the end of it. They battled shield to shield, and spear to spear. Slowly the young warrior was pressed back. The giant raised his spear to give him a fatal thrust, when suddenly a vulture swooped down and seized from his brow the fleece of wool which was the source of his might. Even while the giant glanced for a moment at the bird, the young warrior pierced him and hurled him over the cliffs. He fell with a great crash into the valley. The vulture dropped the fleece. The wind caught it up and it descended in mist along the tops of the mountains, where it may often still be seen—the cloud which veils the peaks on a windy summer's day.

VI.

The mountaineer, then, may wend his way westward from Ladysmith across to this land of chine, granite, and cave in the knowledge that he is entering the home of the legendary and the primitive. Here not only dwelt the fabled Troglodyte Giant, but also that very real race of pygmies, the Bushmen: the oldest race in the world, the little men of the stone age

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whose paintings have survived them in their mountain caves. These paintings tell a romantic story. They tell of the remote and mightily material mind of the yellow pygmies; how they once rejoiced in hunting the buck, oribi, koodoo, and even the lion; and how they shot their poisoned arrows after them into the mist at the heart of the wild. A thousand reflections such as this come to the man who rides towards the great peak, Mont-aux-Sources, the highest mountain in Southern Africa, through Bergville, and on into the great Tugela Gorge. The gorge, by the way, is a cañon six miles long, with spreading woods, waters, tree ferns, and lilies, all somehow softening the vastitude. As the ascent is made towering walls almost shut in the sky, which becomes a little blue slit far above. The brooding silence of the place can be felt. All that can be heard is the occasional tinkle of falling water, the bark of a baboon, or the cry of an eagle so far above perhaps as to be almost lost in that looming sanctuary of stone. A fit home indeed for men of the Bushman race!

The rising path through this gorge brings glimpses ever nearer of Mont-aux-Sources. Its imposing flanks are veiled in blue; its higher crannies are brilliantly shot with streaks of white and pink. Colder becomes the air. The track enters the region of cloud. It winds on to the roof of Africa, to what indeed seems the roof of the world. For from this point flow the Tugela and its affluents (which serpentine through Natal and into the Indian Ocean), the Orange and Caledon rivers (which cross Basutoland to the south-west, and emerge into the Atlantic Ocean), and the Wilge River, an upper affluent of the Vaal River which crosses Transvaal territory to the north. From the top of Mont-aux-Sources the mountaineer may behold Basutoland, the Free State, and Northern Natal. He may gaze into the Tugela Gorge. He may see the great Tugela Falls 2,050 feet high.

The mountaineer may find his way, too, to those other peaks, Champagne Castle and Giant's Castle, by way of Bergville. Both have an altitude of more than 10,000 feet. They are set in glens and krantzes, and gorges, the homes of huge baboons. And as will be seen from a later chapter dealing with national parks, the district in the vicinity of the

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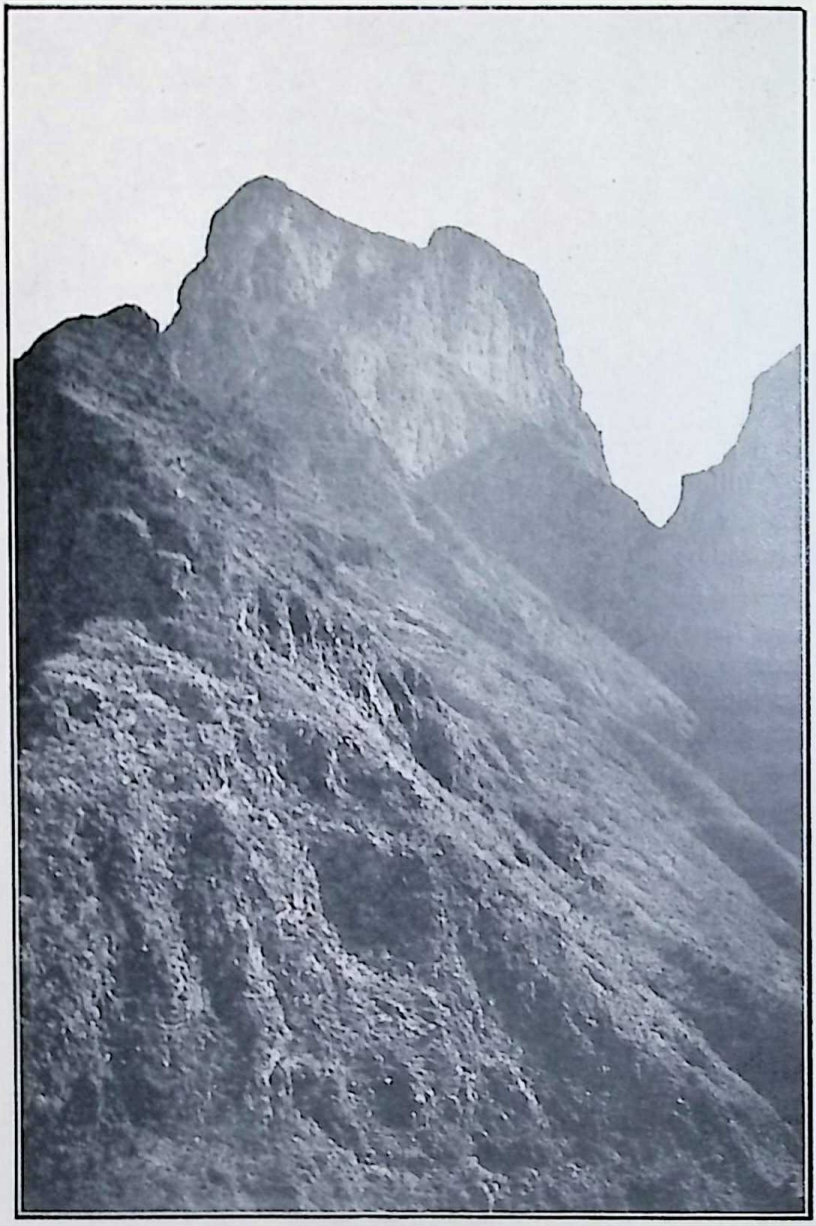

THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE DRAKENSBERG. OVER CLIFF AND COL TO WHERE THE TOPMOST ROCK-TOWERS CHALLENGE THE SKIES.

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Giant's Castle is now a vast game reserve. But right along the Berg are a multitude of virgin glories, such as the Koodoo Gorge and the Bushman's River Pass, ready for exploitation by poet and painter. To describe them might be merely tedious. They, however, ever beckon the man who is aweary of civilization, who is tired of town routine, who longs for a glimpse of the upper snows and the tang of the austere air. Such a one may live many wonderful weeks there far above the earth, it may be in the caves of the bygone troglodytes (or even in the hostels). And he may look down upon the earth as with a new vision after holding converse with the heights. Was it not John Muir who said: "Climb the mountains and get good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness on you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

VII.

But from the lofty platforms of the upper Berg, one may look over the folded earth, and find some other material for thought. One may comprehend another side of Natal: its industries, and the men who made them. The mountain solitudes give little hint of these things: of man and his ceaseless strivings. They are nature's hermitage. But out yonder to the north and east there are many vivid little details: Newcastle, for example, under the Berg with skies reddened o' nights by blast furnaces and coal mines; Greytown with its stock, wattle, and ostriches fifty miles north of Maritzburg. At Greytown, by the way, the Zulu King Dinizulu, grown corpulent and overbearing, was sentenced in the town hall in 1906 to exile for rebelling against the King's forces. Farther towards the sea is the sugar belt, incorporating the most picturesque industry in this Garden Colony. It lies roughly along the coast of Natal and Zululand—across a 230-mile area. Its real pioneers set to work in the most romantic of circumstances. Cane, it is said, was first introduced into Africa from Bourbon in 1848. Others suggest that it was imported in the ships of the ancient miners who hunted for gold and base metals. Whatever the truth of this, it is a fact that the pioneer planters of modern

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Natal—those who planted along the coastal belt—often scoured the beaches for the masts and spars of wrecked ships. Some of the thickest were sawn into fine rollers. These made the best crushers.

But some of Natal's early sugar was obtained in 1850 by that doughty old West Indian planter, George Marcus. He made it by boiling African canes bought from natives in an ordinary cooking pot. His methods were superseded by those of Morewood, who was the first to erect machinery in Natal for the extraction of sugar. Two smart Natalians chartered the sailing vessel "Jane Morice" to bring 15,000 cane tops from Mauritius in 1853 for sale to the planters. Thirty-seven of these men of the fifties had erected sugar mills by the middle of 1861, such folk as the Morewoods (Umhlali, Natal North Coast), 1852; Jeffels, of Isipingo (Natal South Coast), 1854; Milner and Millers, of Springfield, 1855; Gees, of Umhlanga (Natal North Coast), 1856; and Campbell, of Muckleneuk, in 1861. Nowadays the Natal–Zululand sugar belt extends from a point eighty miles south-west of Durban to a point one hundred and fifty miles north-east of Durban; and there are a number of important mills at work, the largest and most modern of which is that at Mount Edgecombe, a few miles along the Natal North Coast.

Yes, the finger of industry is writing across the face of the land: yet not despoiling it; it is too vast for that, but forcing the earth to yield its cotton, coal, iron, sugar, maize, produce—all that indeed which is essential to the welfare of peoples. There is nowadays a great power station at Colenso. It supplies cheap power for the electrification of the railways: that one-hundred-and-seventy-mile stretch above Maritzburg. All industries on either side of it are getting the benefit of cheap supply. In Natal, electrification is helping big goods loads up heavy gradients towards the Rand—at present up to 4,000 feet. And similarly in the Cape Colony it is hoped that the electrification of the line will go one day as far as Touws River, one hundred and fifty miles inland, and that it will carry heavy goods trains over the Hex River gradients. Electrical power, in a word, is helping traffic over the hilly barrier in Natal (and will do so in the Cape) to the inland

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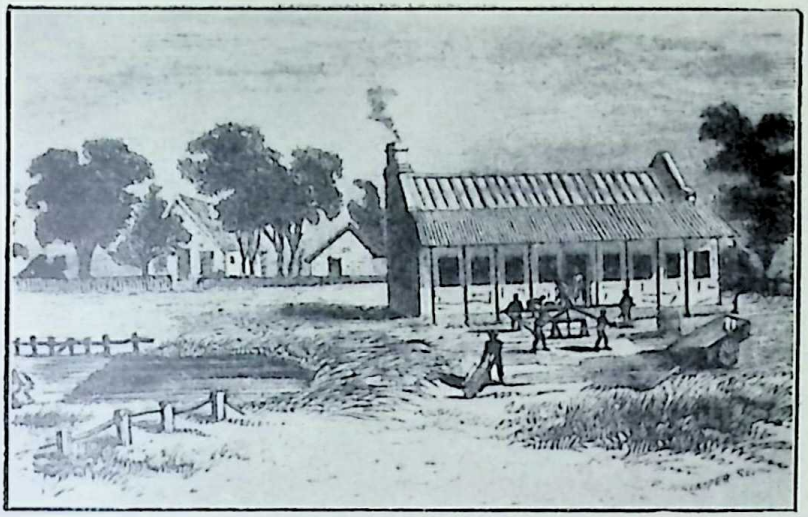

NATAL'S FIRST SUGAR MILL, MOREWOODS, AT "COMPENSATION," UMHLALI, NATAL NORTH COAST.
[*From Holden's "Natal."*

African plateau. It is all part of a fascinating story; that of progress without interruption from the days a little over a century ago when Fynn, King, and Farewell made their timorous trade beginnings with the tyrant Tshaka, "that old lion," as the natives still call him, who lies asleep at Stanger not far from the scene of his conscienceless barbarisms.

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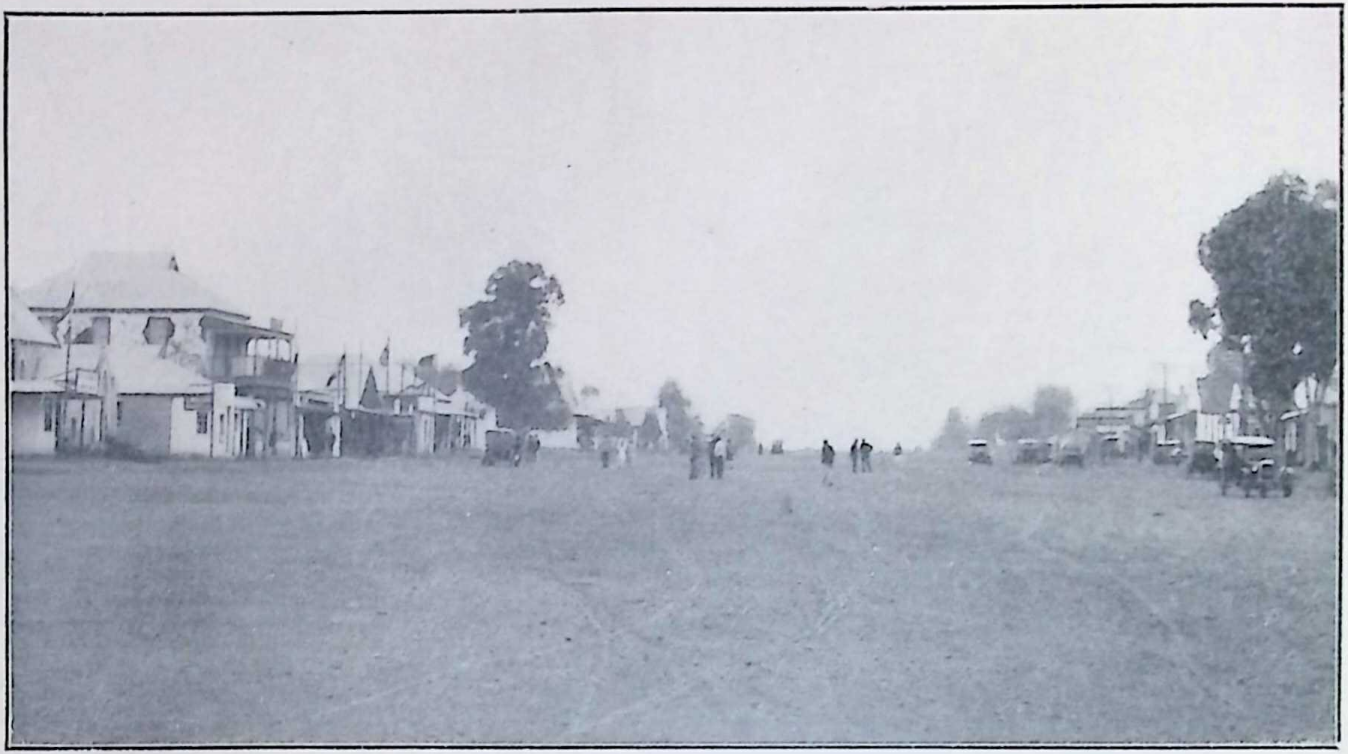

THE WIDE STREET OF BLOEMHOF, TRANSVAAL, ONE OF THE STEADIEST OF SOUTH AFRICA'S ALLUVIAL DIAMOND TOWNS. NOTE THE GAY FLAGS OF THE DIAMOND BUYERS.

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CHAPTER X.

The Lure of Alluvial Diamond Digging.

I.

BLOEMHOF, that sunny little diamond town of wide straggling streets, lies at a distance of 206 miles from Johannesburg, a journey negotiable in a night. It is situated on the Vaal River in the south-west corner of the Transvaal, and it is the headquarters of some thousands of alluvial diggers. Little red flags flutter from a score of lofty masts on Saturdays, signs that the diamond buyers have come to town. Knots of men are to be seen standing in queues. They are waiting to sell their "finds." And when they have got a price and the business of the day is done, the red flags are hauled down, the buyers depart, and the diggers go off in search of diversion—from the monotony of the daily round out yonder on the plains.

Bloemhof is, of course, by no means the oldest of these alluvial settlements. For the first South African diamond was found at Hopetown on the Orange River, 170 miles to the south-west of Bloemhof, as far back at 1866. It was picked up by a child named Jacobs, who used it as a plaything. It weighed 21¼ carats and was sold for £500. The finder, by the way, is still alive; indeed (in the year 1928) was transport-riding at Belmont, some sixty miles to the south of Kimberley. But Hopetown, which, as a result of this find, once attracted a multitude of diggers to what is virtually a great valley of diamonds, extending from below Hopetown to north of Kimberley and beyond, has experienced many vicissitudes. Its population to-day is only 700, while Bloemhof, with a brief life of twenty years, has some 5,000 settlers, and some of its diggers have been "washing"

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successfully for a very long time. Its population declines now and again, of course, as new fields are proclaimed. Elandsputte, for example, 150 miles or so due west of Johannesburg and fifteen miles north of Lichtenburg, drew many diggers away from it in August, 1926. Grasfontein, another field near Lichtenburg, again exerted superior attractions in March, 1927;* but many diggers have since drifted back, and Bloemhof remains as ever a solid and representative field.

As one drives out from the town towards the alluvial plains, one notices that the immense flats are broken by mounds and trenches, with small brown gear uprising. Here and there are red and yellow caravans, the travelling homes of the diamond hunters. The sky-line is interrupted by occasional houses of brick or corrugated iron. In South Africa the sunlight touches such prosaic shapes into threads and patches of gold, and if one sees aright, that is to say, with eyes other than those of a pessimist, the alluvial fields will soon reflect a romance all of their own. It is, in a sense, the romance of the digger's luck; the glamour of a glorious uncertainty. For when each morning the digger parades his native workers, and when he plays his brown fingers

* These fascinating, far-spreading fields are amazingly like the Somme battlefields. Only, whereas these diggings are generally glowing with warm, rich tints, the Somme was cold and grey, with the trenches laid like little white serpents across the desolation. Yet in the very brokenness of the ground at Grasfontein, Treasure Trove, and Elandsputte, in the big mounds, the smoke rising here and there, and in the unending vistas of corrugated iron, there are points of resemblance impossible to overlook. . . . The diggers themselves may be seen most characteristically at sundown, as, the work of the day done, they wander along the upturned earth and across the crater rims. Fox's pothole is a huge crater nowadays with wires stretched across the top and vertical wires to delimit the claims on the floor below. A carefree crowd they seem! The wide hats, dusty, dirty faces, yellow unwashed hands, and look of boundless independence, are characteristic things seen nowhere else. Open air and spare living have given them the strength of giants. They talk irresponsibly. They live and think in terms of diamonds, and will give currency to the queerest stories and place themselves unblushingly in the thick of the drama.

"Man!" one of them was overheard recently to declare. "I tell you I saw him shoot six of them without stopping."

"Yes? An' what did he do with the corpses?"

"O, yest heaped them on a cart."

"'N did you see him do it?"

"Sure I did."

But it was all a fiction. And thus all rumours spread.

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THE LONG, LONG TRAIL TO THE DIGGINGS. A FAMILIAR SCENE ON THE ROAD-APPROACHES TO THE ALLUVIAL DIAMOND FIELDS.

[*Photo by permission of the "Rand Daily Mail."*

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across a final "wash," he preserves a spirit of cheerful anticipation. Fortune may come to him at any moment. Who knows? And as he is a superstitious fellow, he will carry his little lucky tokens and will profess the staunchest faith in them.

II.

It seems curious that the chance discovery by a child of a diamond at Hopetown in 1866 should have led to a great rush to the Hopetown-Kimberley-Barkly West fields. It retrieved the finances of the Cape, which was then near bankruptcy. Similarly, it will be remembered, George Walker's chance discovery of the great Rand gold reef in 1886—he stumbled upon a portion of its outcrop one day—saved the Transvaal. The child and the poor prospector! What vast developments have followed their fortuitous little acts! The first diamond—sold as we have seen for £500—was followed by the discovery two years later of a much larger stone. It was secured from a Hottentot by the same farmer who had disposed of the first diamond. It was a gem of 83½ carats and fetched £11,200. It passed into the possession of the Countess of Dudley, and as "The Star of South Africa" its worth is assessed to-day at £25,000. These finds led to the most extravagant rumours. For instance, it was reported in England that gems were besprinkled so plentifully about the valleys in that area that they were being stuck decoratively into the mud walls of huts and cattle kraals. Many therefore left England to go to the "valley of diamonds," and one London paper declared that "there is great excitement in Capetown, and thousands are leaving daily for the fields." Meanwhile, claims were being prospected in all directions. White tents dotted the lands along the Vaal River banks near Barkly West and southward for a hundred miles. The mines around Kimberley were discovered next, and there was another rush from the river diggings to the dry fields. Some big stones were picked up, too. At Jagersfontein, nearly eighty miles due east of Hopetown, a huge diamond was found and stolen in 1881 from the mine, which was then the property of one, Frame. It was recovered from the thieves

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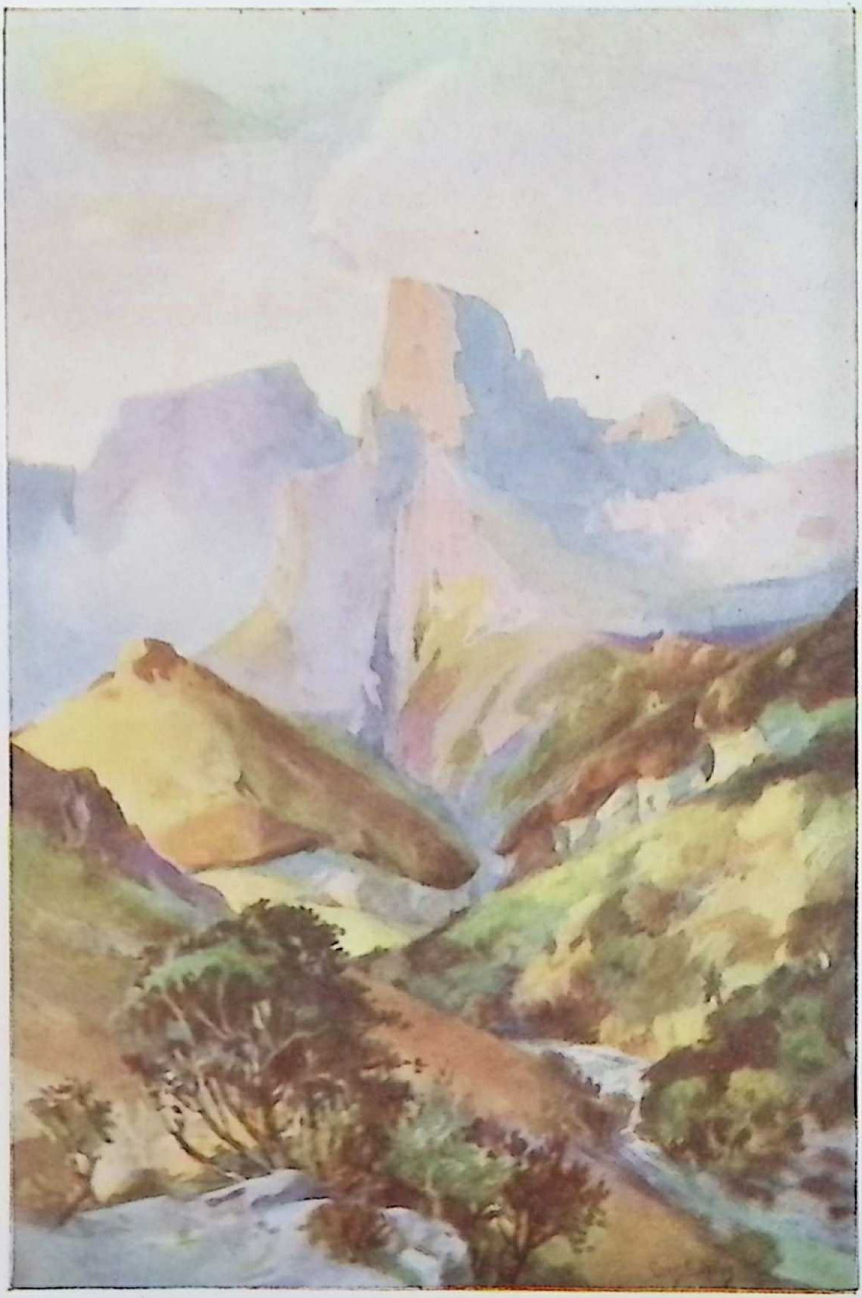

The Sentinel—a Majestic Peak of the Drakensberg.

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at the muzzle-end of a revolver. The stone is known to-day as the Jagersfontein diamond. An old sea captain who had lost his ship on the coast between East London and Algoa Bay went to the diggings and made £15,000 in a few months, £10,000 of which he took away with him in drafts and £5,000 in diamonds. In recent years that wonder gem, the Golden Dawn (for which £30,000 was bid), was found by Captain C. R. Lucas in a supposedly exhausted mining claim at Sidney on the Vaal River. It was unearthed in 1913. In 1924 a child found a 416-carat stone at Beynestpoort, and in the same year Bloemhof made a stir in the world's Press by turning up a remarkable green diamond in circumstances which certainly illustrate very strikingly the ups and downs of the digger's life.

The facts are worth recording.

III.

An experienced local hand was working his claims near Bloemhof one day when he noticed a queer black stone like the broken end of a pick lying in one of his final washings. He examined it, but its blackish colour led him to believe that it was a piece of bort, that is to say, the least valuable kind of diamond, of the type utilized chiefly for machinery and drills. So he slipped it casually into his pocket and took it out when he wanted it for test purposes. A diamond and a bort, it should be explained, will scratch anything except a diamond, and thus the scratch test on a doubtful stone will usually prove whether that stone is a diamond or not. Cases have been known where edged diamonds have actually eaten their way through glass bottles, so heavy and aggressive are they.

Several times this little stone was lost; but one day the digger had some "windows" cut in it, and when this was done, was astonished to see that a clear green light radiated from it. It was limpid and translucent. The removal of the blackish coating had apparently shown up a potential brilliant of great value. Offers of £100 and upwards followed—all were rejected. The stone was sent to Johannesburg to be cut and polished, and this led to an

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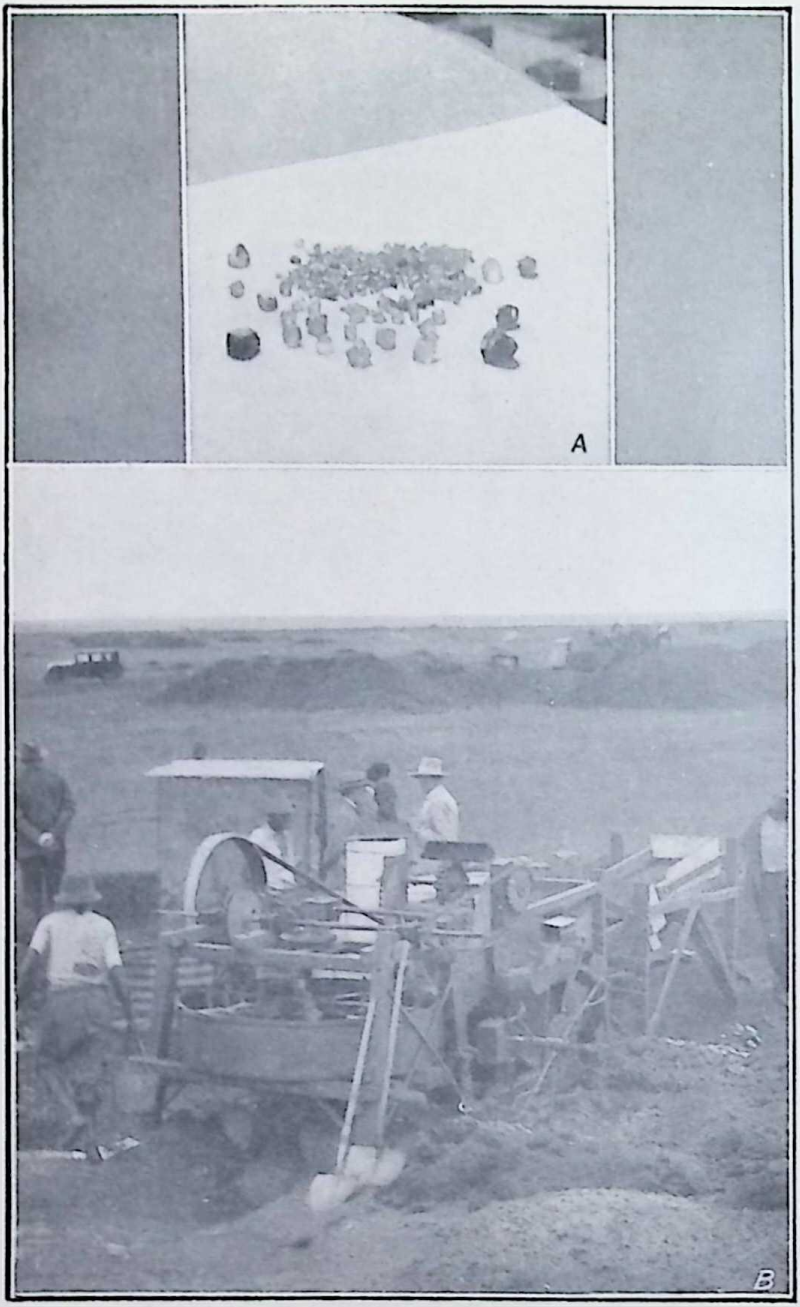

DIAMONDS, AND DIAMOND WASHING, AT GRASFONTEIN, WHERE MANY FORTUNES HAVE BEEN MADE AND LOST.

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offer of £300, the buyer who had come down from the Rand evincing some haste to effect an immediate sale. The offer was again refused, however, for it was now becoming apparent that the stone was worth a great deal more. At last, after many delays, it lay, cut and polished, in its owner's hand. A steady greenish light glowed from it: "Like the shade of a signal lamp," as one commentator put it, and it was now realized fully that this was indeed a fancy stone worth a fancy price. An Indian Maharajah heard of it. He expressed a desire to see it; but when it reached Bombay the Customs authorities demanded £1,000 in duty, and before the matter could be arranged it was sent on to London. In London, whither the digger now proceeded, the stone attracted great attention, the Press describing it variously as "a glorious gem" and "the most wonderful diamond on earth." It was eventually sold for a large sum.

IV.

Many of the more experienced diggers do not believe altogether in luck. They contend that alluvial digging can be made to pay consistently if carried out with adequate skill and on a sufficiently large scale. That has certainly been the experience of diggers at Elandsputte and Grasfontein. A typical large-scale worker was one who, with thirty workers, proper apparatus, and constant supervision, recently turned over some £5,000 in three weeks at Kaalpan close to Bloemhof, that is to say, he earned sufficient to pay his mining expenses for three years even if he never found another stone.

This man, however, who has mined successfully for sixteen years, always supervised his native workers very thoroughly. One of his biggest diamonds was retrieved by chance from a native thief in his employ. In approaching the boy from the top of a high gravel pile, the claim-holder tripped and came floundering down the heap towards him. The native, believing that he had been detected in misdemeanour, spat out a huge diamond. It had been secreted in his mouth with the intention, of course, of appropriating it. There are, unfortunately, many such enemies to the

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WRESTLING FOR A DISPUTED CLAIM AT GRASFONTEIN DIAMOND DIGGINGS.

[*Reproduced by permission of the "Rand Daily Mail."*

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prosperity of the digger. Chief of them is the illicit diamond buyer, and some striking dramas are woven in among the activities of these diamond buyers who pay the natives to steal from the claims. These men do not always stroll about the native locations making offers for stolen stones; they work sometimes on a formidable scale, employ runners, peg claims, pretend to work them, and "plant" stolen gems wholesale on them. They soon get a reputation for amazing luck. The young digger will envy the unsuspected "claim salter." The old hand will just smile and hint at "I.D.B." (Illicit Diamond Buying).

Clever as these big operators are, they are sometimes just a shade too clever. One man working elaborate machinery in 1913 near Bloemhof brought in astonishing parcels of diamonds week after week; but it was soon noticed by the Diamond Detective Department that the stones were obviously not from Bloemhof, but were always of the characteristic small size and brilliant appearance of gems from South-West Africa, and notably from the mine worked by the Kolmanskop Syndicate; indeed, that they differed greatly from the stones of the Bloemhof fields. A clear case was foreshadowed for police investigation. Meanwhile the sale of his parcels to the dealers continued; and one day the police rode out to his claims. They examined his quarters, but at the end of a toilsome hour's search had failed to get a glimpse of the supposed hoard. As they were leaving, however, one of them observed a decrepit mattress, pulled it up, and there disclosed a bag of diamonds. The man was convicted and sent to gaol for twelve months, fined £500 or another twelve months, and in a subsequent legal action in Pretoria had to forfeit the whole of the stolen goods and proceeds to the Kolmanskop Syndicate.

V.

It is well indeed that the interests of experts and of the diggers alike are united resolutely against the illicit diamond buyer; for not only has the latter driven many a hard worker off the fields, but his ingenuity in theft is amazing. There was a time when the illicit buyer would actually

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take half-starved dogs into Kimberley, would give them pieces of meat containing stolen diamonds, meat which they of course devoured, and then having got the animals safely out of town, would shoot them, and extract the gems from their bodies. Another ingenious thief once sent native runners among the black employees on the alluvial fields to buy diamonds purloined from the claims. Each of his runners had a pipe with a cavity in it and the stones were thrust into the cavity. When searched by the police a few odd pence and an old pipe were generally all that was found, until at last a runner who felt that his employer had swindled him, gave him away. Sometimes an honest shoemaker has reported to the authorities an order for hollow heels; one woman, too, got a valuable lot of diamonds overseas past the Customs simply by screwing them into orifices in the thick bone buttons of her dress. Still another illicit buyer sent a big diamond to London in the middle of an ordinary book open at both ends. A hole had been cut therein into which the diamond fitted tightly. The book arrived safely, but the police only heard about it after the diamond had reached the consignee.

Such ingenuity explains why the chances are still with the thief. He gets away most of the time, and the diggers, knowing this, are increasingly solicitous that bad characters should be cleared from the fields and that the certificates which entitle newcomers to dig nowadays should contain some guarantee of character.

VI.

The struggles of the digger are epitomized in many historic rushes to peg claims. These rushes on the sunny alluvial fields, the long line of anxious men lining up for the race to drive in the pegs, men among whom are professional runners, middle-aged men, old men, cripples (one man with wooden legs recently participated), are never without pathos. There is always pathos in the competitive fortune hunt; but where so many seek to establish rights on diggings of limited area, the method which seems to answer best is that of the level race, with official starters and judges, and the claims to the fittest. For forty years the problem of allotting claims

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has taxed the authorities. An effort was made to solve it by way of the Cape Diamond Law, No. 19 of 1883. Under that law the name of any person taking out a prospecting licence was posted on a notice board outside the magistrate's office, and thereafter any person making a small payment could subscribe his name under that of the prospector in a book kept for the purpose; and upon proclamation the subscribers selected their claims in the order in which their names appeared in the book. The importance therefore of effecting prompt entry in this book led to scenes of much violence in which doors and windows and barriers were smashed. So serious did these disorders become that on the first opportunity the law was repealed.

The system of "rushing" has since prevailed. In the earlier days, people in carts or mounted on horses or cycles, actually and with great danger to all concerned, took part in the rush and many accidents occurred. To-day, neither vehicles nor horses are allowed and the rush takes place on foot. Where, however, "peggers" formerly turned out in hundreds, the authorities nowadays frequently have to cope with thousands.

VII.

There are alluvial diggings not only in the Transvaal at Bloemhof, but at Marico, Grasfontein, Schweizer Reneke, Vereeniging, Christiana, Ventersdorp, Lichtenburg, Potchefstroom, Wolmaransstad, Klerksdorp, Zoutpansberg, Pretoria District, and so on—Lichtenburg, Grasfontein, Elandsputte, Ventersdorp, and Bloemhof being the largest. The Cape, as indicated, has some small fields at Prieska, Hopetown, and Barkly West, while the Free State also has a few.

The Transvaal's alluvial output alone is so enormous as to constitute a serious problem for the big producers. The problem is one of maintaining the high price of stones and of preventing them from glutting the world market. The romantic stories of the Kimberley and Premier mines, their huge production, and the problems of the big producers will be related in the next chapters. Meanwhile, to conclude the present one, reference might be made to the great diamond

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(c) TOEING THE TWO-MILE LINE FOR THE GRASFONTEIN DIAMOND RUSH, 4TH MARCH, 1927.

(D) GRASFONTEIN: PART OF THE FIELD OF RUNNERS.

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rushes at Elandsputte on 20th August, 1926, when 6,000 diggers (the figure has been put as high as 10,000) raced off in response to the starter's signal to peg claims in diamondiferous soil; and at Grasfontein on 4th March, 1927, when well over 20,000 runners participated.

At Elandsputte, shortly before noon under a hot sun, a crowd of 20,000 whites and 7,000 blacks watched the great line-up. It stretched like a dark thread nearly two miles across the huge brown "farm." The runners were massed from ten to twenty deep. Many wore sketchy costumes and shorts, others ordinary dress. There were athletes, too, and some women, and three lame men, one with crutches.

An official appeared, read a proclamation, raised his head, the Union Jack fluttered down, and with a roar the line moved forward. It blurred and broke into scurrying little black dots. After a few minutes the runners all came to a stop somewhere, thousands of little pegs demarcated many a man's hope of treasure, only the lame men hobbled on to a gravel ridge on the far horizon, where they, too, stopped and pegged; and the rush was over.

At Grasfontein, which is not far from Elandsputte, a mighty line of 20,000 runners, startled by a springbok, got away to a false start, and the pegs were subsequently uprooted by the police. A week later, another line-up was made. No mistake was made this time. At seven in the morning the Union Jack was planted 200 yards from the line, at a place where it could be seen clearly by every one of the competitors. Mounted police helped to form them up. At 8.30 a.m. the police began to hold up vehicular traffic from going to the scene of the rush. By 10 a.m. nearly 50,000 sight-seers and others were behind the line. A flying squad of mounted police then took up positions about 200 yards ahead. They were to gallop at once to the scene of any disorder. Fifty arrests had meanwhile been made by police who were clearing the ground. Some of the men had been in hiding, seeking unfair advantage. One was caught in the act of pegging. Then the Mining Commissioner appeared. One or two runners who were still walking towards the line were hurried in by the police, and these

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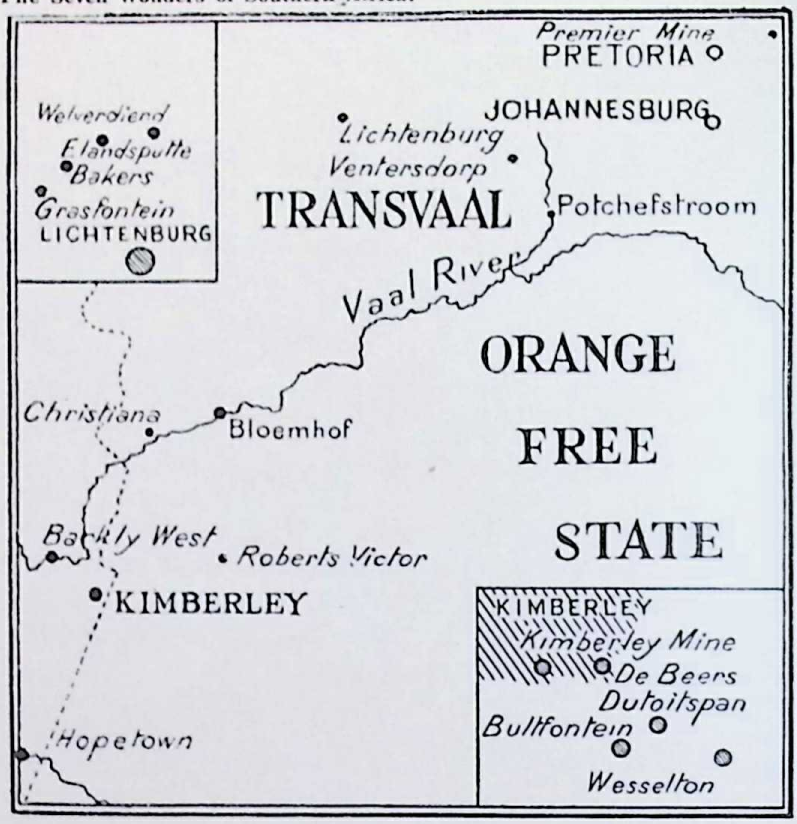

SKETCH MAP OF THE PRINCIPAL SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND CENTRES, SHOWING THEIR POSITION IN RELATION TO JOHANNESBURG. INSETS: ALLUVIAL FIELDS AROUND LICHTENBURG, AND THE DIAMOND MINES AT KIMBERLEY.

runners were loudly booed. The proclamation was read, the flag dropped, the rush began in a vast cloud of dust. In a few minutes all was over. Many of the claims changed hands for hundreds of pounds soon after the pegs were planted. The rush, although the greatest in mining history, was the most orderly, the most satisfactory, and the most spectacular; and, as before, professional athletes competed with the decrepit, and youth with age, in a dramatic struggle for the rewards of discovery.

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CHAPTER XI.

Kimberley and its Diamond Mines.

I.

KIMBERLEY lies 647 miles north-east of Capetown and over 400 miles west of Durban, at the eastern edge of the great valley of diamonds through which the Vaal River flows south to its confluence with the Orange River. Its 40,000 inhabitants (17,000 whites and about 23,000 natives and coloured folk) have long since outlived the alfresco days which made their town on the fringe of the Karoo a byword for Bohemianism, although the streets of the modern city still perpetuate the irregular lines of the old romantic mining camp; but its formal public buildings, its High Court of Griqualand on the Market Square, its museum with its many specimens of Bushman art, its library, cathedral, and remarkable collection of books on diamonds—these somehow demarcate it sharply from the rough informalities of its past.

And what a past! Such characters as Cecil Rhodes, Alfred Beit, Barney Barnato, Dr Jameson—men well known beyond the coasts of Africa—moved and had their being in it. They were the leaders of a nondescript community assembled in this yellow, dusty place of tents and corrugated iron. Farmers had rushed to it in the 'seventies after abandoning their farms—Cecil Rhodes was one who came hot-foot from Natal—and clerks, students, sailors, soldiers, doctors, all bore down upon it, not only from the Cape and Free State, but also from the river diggings. Upon it, in fact, converged a multitude of ox, mule, and horse-drawn vehicles. For in those days there was no railway.

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The diggers were a light-hearted lot. They gambled furiously in their candle-lit shacks. In one case a row of houses went in a night of cards; in another, a coach and horses were lost, the only property left to the gambler. It was as nothing for a thousand pounds to change hands on a game of billiards. Even Rhodes gave frequent glimpses of his lighter self in those early times. Once, boasting that he had arranged for a turkey to grace his Christmas table (everybody else being reduced to tinned or veld meat), somebody stole the bird, but invited him round afterwards to eat it, which he did, with the appetite of a schoolboy.

The foundations of many great fortunes were laid. The South African millionaires who figure so comfortably in the world's fiction nowadays made their astute beginnings; and meanwhile the mines were being excavated, quarry fashion. As they deepened, the earth began to fall in. The roadways across the cavities became perilous ledges; water accumulated below, and so gradually the holes were cleared of débris, shafts were sunk, and the diamond workers burrowed their way out of sight far below. Work in some of the mines is suspended to-day, but the gems are still there at depth awaiting probably an increase in the diamond price and in the world's demand.

Kimberley is at the western end of an irregular ellipse of mines and grey dumps—mines all within a mile or two of each other and capable still of producing in the aggregate more than the world can absorb. The mines are known by the names: Kimberley, De Beers, Wesselton, Du Toit's Pan, and Bultfontein. Over 255 million pounds worth of diamonds have been extracted from them in less than half a century; and when there is added the 1,000 millions taken from the gold mines of the Witwatersrand, the importance of South Africa's mining interests becomes the more obvious.

In most cases the mines were discovered in romantic circumstances; and as it is always interesting to consider the remote chance which led to the finding of any great treasure—whether as gems hidden in volcanic pipes, around Kimberley, or as gold-bearing strata descending to great depths below the Witwatersrand—let us consider how these Kimberley discoveries were made.

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II.

Early in 1871 rich diamond indications were noticed by a certain Fleetwood Rawstone on a kopje at De Beers Farm on the site of the town of Kimberley. He sent his native servant to examine the spot. The native came back with a two-carat diamond. The members of the party thereupon pegged off claims, Rawstone pegging three, two as the discoverer and one as a digger. This was the origin of the world-famous Kimberley Mine, control of which was obtained by Rhodes for £5,338,360 by cheque paid out on 18th July, 1889. Rhodes, of course, was the inspiring genius who, backed by Alfred Beit, initiated that policy of control of diamond production and sale which led to the amalgamation of the existing mines into De Beers Consolidated Mines. On the one hand, he felt, might be the question of an output which threatened to exceed the demand; on the other, there was the extremely sensitive world market, never (even at its best) much ahead of the supply.

Just prior to this, diamonds had been discovered close to the house of Adriaan J. van Wyk on his farm Dutoitspan. This caused an immediate invasion of his property. Diggers were allowed to dig, on the issue of licences to cover thirty square feet, on payment of a fee of seven shillings and sixpence. Van Wyk eventually sold his farm for £2,600, and this was the origin of the great Dutoitspan Mine now under De Beers control and worth many millions.

A poor farmer, named du Plooy, eking out a living on his land at Bultfontein, was amazed about this time to receive a hurried offer of £2,000 for his property. He accepted with alacrity. Thus began the Bultfontein Mine. It is sometimes said that Bultfontein was discovered by the finding of a diamond in the material used by du Plooy to plaster his house, and in a subsequent search for diamonds in the pit from which the material had been taken. This, it seems, did happen, but Mr. Gardner F. Williams points out in his book, "The Diamond Mines of South Africa," that diamonds had already been turned up on the property. The mine proved valuable and had a big output. It also eventually passed under the control of De Beers. The

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first diggers at Bultfontein were actually warned off by the owners for trespassing, but they refused to go and turned up the soil to the doors of the farmhouse.

III.

But the vast and ever-growing output of diamonds from fields of all kinds gradually became a source of anxiety to the leaders of the industry, who, not only in their own interests, but also in those of the many thousands employed in diamond seeking in South Africa, are anxious to maintain world prices. If the output became so excessive that the world markets were no longer capable of absorbing the stones, there would be a permanent fall in prices, and what would happen then? The probability is that there would be a serious disorganization of sales, with disastrous consequences to millions engaged in the trade—dealers, diggers, mine employes, cutters, manufacturers, and retailers in the principal markets of the world. South Africa, which once supplied ninety-nine per cent. of the diamonds of the earth, still in 1927 produced seventy-five per cent. of them, so that the South African position really governs the international position; and that fact is worth remembering.

When Rhodes decided that the only chance for the diamond industry was to concentrate output and sales through single channels, his problem presented few of the difficulties before the leaders of the industry to-day. Diamonds have since been discovered in great quantities in South-West Africa, in Angola, and elsewhere. The alluvial output, as already mentioned, has added to the problem of keeping the position in hand—output down and prices up.

So that the Government of the Union was undoubtedly wise when it decided early in 1927 to introduce the Diamond Control Bill to check excessive alluvial finds. At the end of 1926 the London Diamond Syndicate had been compelled to buy huge quantities of alluvial stones which it was unabld to sell—without, at any rate, risking a big fall in the worle price for diamonds, a fall which would have injured thd digger as much as the mine-owner, and which, from a national point of view, was not to be contemplated. Furthermore,

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if the alluvial output had continued to increase it would have been necessary to put some further check on the already controlled output from Kimberley, the Premier Mine, Pretoria, and other diamond concerns; and this would not alone have affected shareholders, but also the populations dependent upon the mining of diamonds as distinct from purely alluvial operations.

IV.

It ought, therefore, not to be necessary to question the wisdom of controlling the output. The need of such control should be evident, but unfortunately many diggers do not quite understand it; indeed, the operations of the controllers of the industry are sometimes regarded by them as the operations of relentless "capitalists." The real position, of course, is that the London Diamond Syndicate, which sells the stones to the world, and the great producers of South Africa, which sell conjointly to the London Diamond Syndicate, are maintaining the diggers' market and are standing between him and disaster. They are not doing this as philanthropists, obviously, but because it is in their interest to do so. Apart, however, from the diggers' attitude towards control, attention should be drawn to the interesting economic situation which prevails in South Africa where so many thousands of men, who might otherwise have been unemployed, are making a living on the alluvial fields; and the situation further invites examination of the able strivings of South African statesmen and financiers to save the industry from the serious consequences of over-production

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CHAPTER XII

Pretoria and the Premier Mine.

I.

AN amusing story is told of "Oom" ("Uncle") Paul Kruger which is illustrative of that rugged independence of character which made him known in the far corners of the world. A British peer was introduced to him once by a distiller living near Pretoria. The distiller found that the old Transvaal President did not seem to be duly impressed with the rank of his visitor, so he gave him some details of his somewhat imposing ancestry.

"Tell the gentleman," said Oom Paul at last, "that I myself was a cowherd, and that my father was a farmer."

The President's house in Church Street West, Pretoria, still exists. Its wide, sunny stoep was the scene of many momentous meetings between this old man of the sleepy, pouched eyes, "churchwarden" pipe, and chimney-pot hat—primitive father of a brave people—and his burghers. On this stoep they drank their coffee. The President would talk like a man soliloquizing; never garrulously, but quietly, in his deep, guttural voice. He lived much, when alone, in the past; in the days when he sat at the feet of *Voortrekker* Schoolmaster Tielman Roos in the queer schoolrooms improvised on the great trek; and in the later days, also, when he climbed a high mountain to bring the redoubtable warrior Moshesh (Chief of the Basutos) to peace. He never forgot that Chief's amusing retort to his query, "Why have you so many wives?" To which Moshesh replied: "I have about 200, but that's not as many as Solomon had," and he added, "I suppose it's nature." The recollections of the President included memories of the bloodthirsty Moselikatze,

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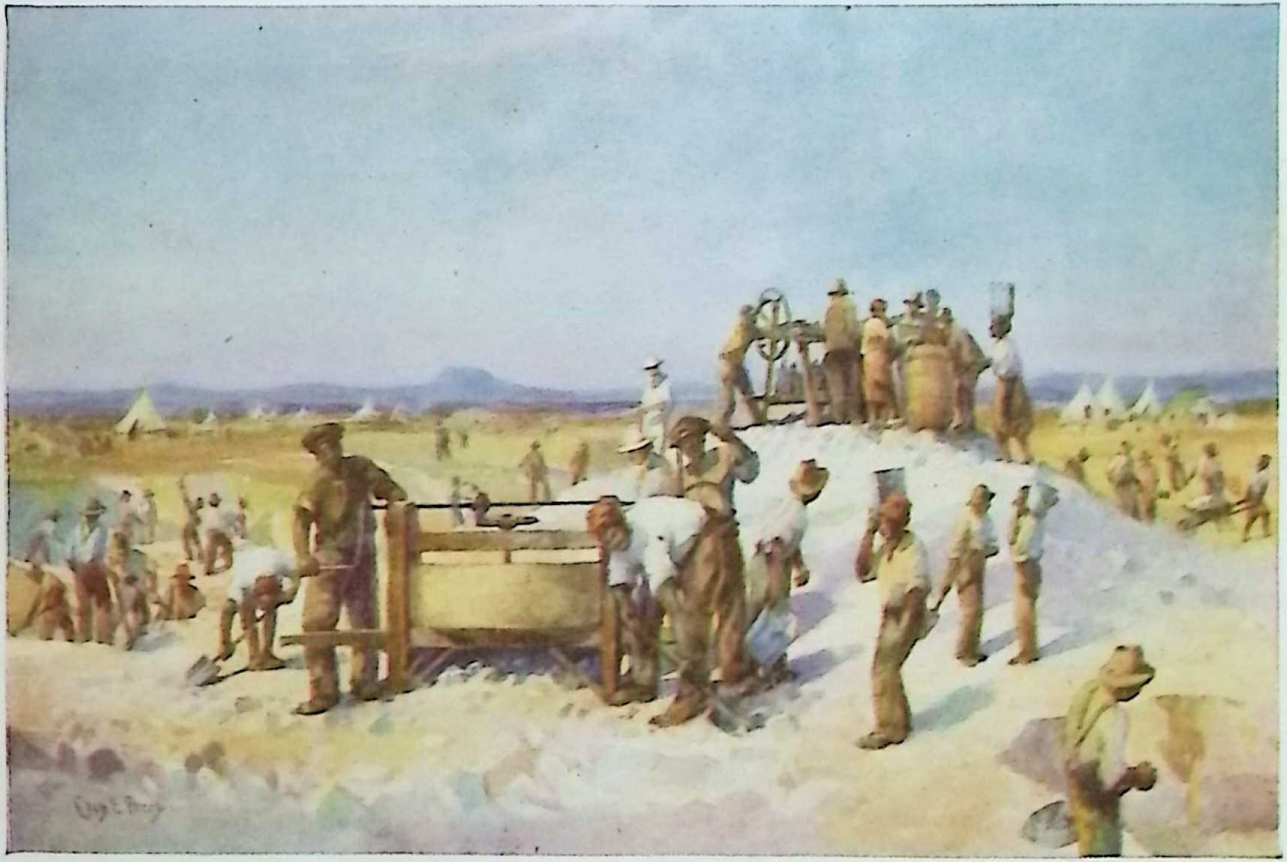

Alluvial Diamond Diggings.

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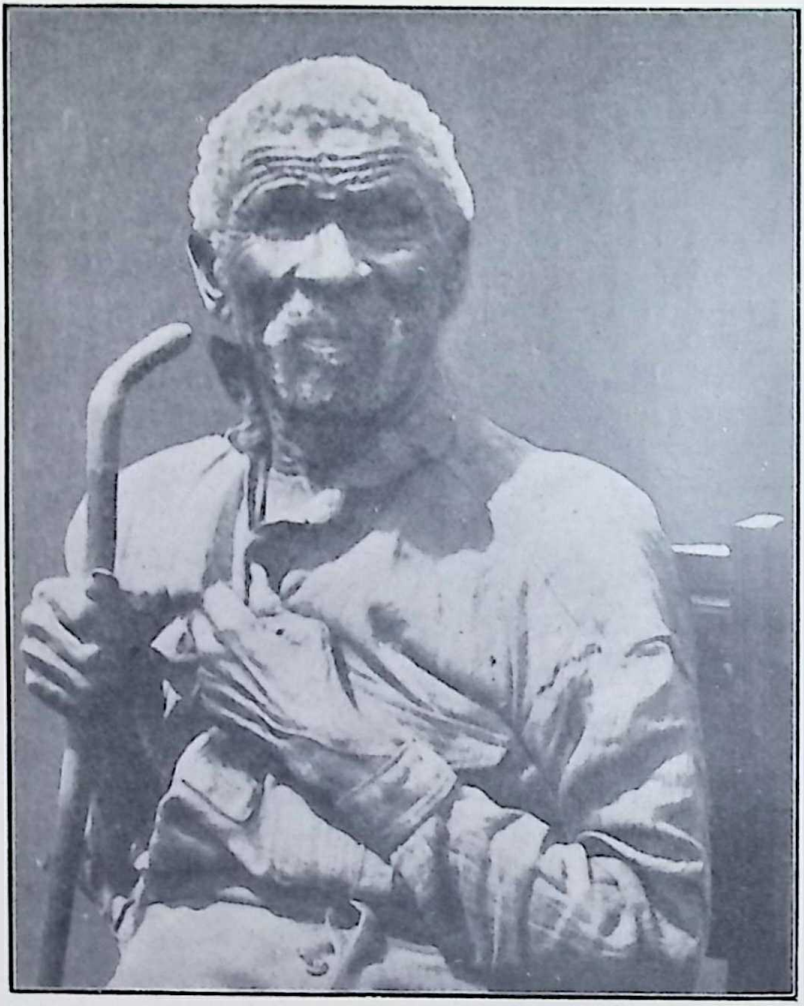

NATIVE ESTIMATED IN 1927 TO BE 109 YEARS OLD.

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II.

Pretoria itself had been laid out in humble fashion in 1855. It was founded by M. W. Pretorius, son of the victor of the battle of Blood River. Five years later Pretoria superseded Potchefstroom—which Kruger himself had bombarded during one of those civil conflicts which occasionally clouded the early Dutch Republican days—as the Transvaal capital. Since then the delightful sunny town has constantly expanded. There was one old native living in a hut in Prospect Township, Johannesburg, in 1927, believed to be 109 years old, who well remembered the President-founder of the city. Situated some forty miles north of Johannesburg (and 1,000 miles north of Capetown), it has grown into a place of little orchards and luminous flowers, laid away comfortably in a valley, and at certain seasons of the year, very lovely under the masses of pale mauve jacaranda blossom lining its streets.

The genius of Sir Herbert Baker, that artist of whom Rhodes once said, "I like that young man; he doesn't talk too much," has helped wonderfully to beautify Pretoria. Sir Herbert is represented there not only by the Union Building, that colossal architectural achievement on Meintjes Kop, but also by the Pretoria Railway Station. The design of the former vies with the majesty of some of the buildings of the Roman Forum and even of the Greek Acropolis. Sir Herbert has since added to his fame, of course, as co-designer with Sir Edwin Lutyens of the Public Buildings of the new Capital at Delhi. Union Building is the seat of South African Governmental Administration. It towers high over the town. In it are the quarters of the Premier (where, by the way, is preserved the chair of "Oom" Paul), of the Ministers and their staffs, the agricultural, pastoral, mining, commercial, and financial specialists, the heads of the Civil Service. It provides rooms for fifteen hundred officials and its auditorium can accommodate nine thousand people. Exquisite pavilions, loggias, colonnades, porticos, palm courts (which remind one of some of the courts of Pompeii), all bespeak the lofty architectural spirit which conceived them, a mind which lived much in the old glories of Athens and Rome.

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Eastward of Pretoria are such suburbs as Arcadia, Sunnyside, and Bryntirion. Elsewhere are the picturesque suburbs of Daspoort, Wonderboom, and Pretoria North. The town has a State library of 60,000 volumes, a museum, zoological gardens, and mint, and a population, including all sections, of some 90,000. About twenty-five miles to the west of it is the largest and costliest irrigation scheme in South Africa: that of Hartebeestpoort. The dam, which impounds the waters of the Crocodile River by closing a poort in the Magaliesberg Mountains, will suffice for 30,000 acres. It creates a high-water lake of six and a half square miles, and cost £1,600,000.

III.

South Africa's Administrative Capital has felt not only the ubiquitous pulse of the Rand goldfields since 1886, but has been helped also by its proximity to the greatest of all diamond mines, the Premier, some twenty-three miles distant. The discovery of this mine was, in itself, a great romance. The finder, Sir Thomas Cullinan, brought a nice sense of reasoning to bear upon it, for, concluding that a certain field of alluvial stones at Beynestpoort, near Pretoria, must have been washed down from some hill within sight, he literally traced the stones up a valley until he came to the rough crater or pipe of origin in which were the countless gems which have since enriched both the Premier Company and the national treasury.

His own account of his historical discovery—related specially by him for readers of this book—is well worth reading.

"I was prospecting in 1898," states Sir Thomas, "in the vicinity of what is now the Premier Mine in the Pretoria District, and I succeeded in getting a farm called 'Fransport' from the then Treasurer-General of the Transvaal on which I found a small diamond 'pipe' or crater. Certain people were working alluvial diamonds at the time at Beynestpoort, about four miles from that spot. In looking over these fields at Beynestpoort one day I met a man working right up against the wire fence of the farm upon which the Premier

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Mine was subsequently found. This man showed me a beautiful three-carat, blue-white stone, and I there and then came to the conclusion that the whole of the country on which they were working was alluvial, and that its stones had come from some still higher level. I then tried to get the farm under option on which the Premier was subsequently found, but failed. The owner, Prinsloo, was somewhat difficult. For instance, when I sent a man to inquire of him whether he would give me the farm under option, he told this man that under no circumstances would he give any such option nor, he said, did he want to sell his farm, nor must my emissary come again on such business. A few days afterwards, however, thinking that Prinsloo might have changed his mind, I again sent my man. When the farmer saw him approaching he said, 'You had better not get off that cart or I will shoot.' It was obviously useless to try to do business. The Boer War intervened. After the war Mr. M. J. Adler helped to float Beynestpoort Farms into a company and began washing the alluvial diamonds. The shares of that concern were standing at about thirty shillings, bringing the value of their company up to £300,000. Prinsloo having in the meantime died, I once more endeavoured to get this farm from the then owner, who happened to be the daughter of the late Prinsloo. Her brother was executor and did the business with me. He made a price of £50,000, but when it came to the question of reaching finality on the offer, he remarked that he had overlooked one matter, namely, that his mother had a life-right in the property; whereupon another £2,000 was added. He gave me three days in which to decide whether I would pay him the total sum in cash or not. He said, 'You will find a big mine there.' I replied, 'Yes, everybody is talking about a mine being there. I will give you £3,000 for a three months' option and pay you £100,000 more than you want if at the end of three months such a mine exists.'

"He, however, declared himself satisfied with the £52,000, and I could take my chance. I then had a look at the property and found that the alluvial wash extended up the valley leading to the eminence on which the Premier Mine lies, and over the full area of the mine. I found garnets and

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carbon—the natural indications of a mine—spread pretty well all around. I decided that the diamonds found below must have come from a mine which must be somewhere on the highest point of the hill, which was exactly where the mine afterwards proved to be. My diagnosis proved correct from the outset, for my first shaft went down into the mine, and, in fact, all my shafts went into mine ground, showing that the extent of diamondiferous ground was so large—3,500 claims—that you could not miss it."*

Sir Thomas Cullinan will go down to history as the man who found the greatest diamond mine in history; the mine which produced the largest stone yet found—the Cullinan diamond. Mr. Frederick Wells, the surface manager of the mine, saw it glittering up the side of the mine on 25th June, 1905, and was given £2,000 as a reward for finding it. The stone weighed 3,023 carats in rough, and measured 4½ inches by 2¼ inches by 2 inches. It was cut by Ascher, of Amsterdam, into nine large and about a hundred smaller stones. Cullinan stones are in the crowns and sceptres of King George V. and Queen Mary.

IV.

The Cullinan diamond, however, has been regarded as a portion of a much larger stone; and speculation became rife shortly after its discovery as to where the other "half" was. Of course it would be quite feasible for this other half to have remained in the volcanic depths of the mine, or it might have been shattered under geological pressure into smaller fragments, but stories soon obtained credence to the effect that it had been picked up by a native working

* Geologists and diggers have been puzzled by the fact that diamonds, which are of course heavy, are found in the Western Transvaal, on the upper and stony parts of the alluvial fields rather than in the hollows. The puzzle has been elucidated satisfactorily, however. In the long ago these diamonds—which came by way of the denudation of volcanic pipes,—were washed down by primeval streams and rivers. They collected in the beds of these rivers with pebbles, debris, and larger stones. The rivers next changed their direction or dried up altogether, leaving dried-out watercourses. Persistent rains over long geological periods then eroded large quantities of the soil on either side of these dried-out watercourses, which, being protected by their stony covering from the effects of such erosion, became the higher parts or ridges instead of the watercourses.

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in the mine, and that he had got away with it; also that he still wanted to do a deal in it

A magistrate who holds a prominent position in South Africa tells an interesting story concerning attempts to buy this half which involves, among others, a sinister character named F——. He states that F——, a tall, burly individual of middle age, once made a rendezvous with the native suspected of being in possession of the stone. The meeting took place at dusk in the lonely kopjes lying midway between Pretoria and the Premier Mine; but the native detecting evidence of crooked dealing, and finding indeed that instead of paying him the £1,000 he demanded in gold, F—— and his confederates had strewn £100 in gold over large quantities of worthless washers, he took to his heels and got away. Nor has he since been seen. F——, who appears to have had an amazing career, came to a violent end. That is the story and it is given for what it may be worth. There appears to be no doubt, however, that F—— really existed and that his career was an extraordinary one.

V.

The Premier Mine to-day resembles the crater of a volcano across the blue floor of which crawl a thousand specks, which are men. Sometimes ethereal mists half veil the moving red, blue, yellow, and green dots far below; but the mists can never quite hide the fact that the stones are being blasted ceaselessly out of the side of the mine day and night, and that hundreds of trolleys are ever on the move, for the rumble of their movement floats upward on a quiet day. The size and depth and breadth of it all, the extent of the spaces where the green, blue, yellow cliffs and lofty escarpments throw their rich all-enfolding shadows, where human movement never ceases, where the crushing of the earthy vomit of this crater of long ago may continue for another century so inexhaustible apparently is its content—all this fills one with a sense of awe.

At night, when searchlights gleam down into the dark void, turning darkness into day, the fascination of the scene is enhanced. The workers themselves (and quaintly enough)

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become curiously like stones studding the floors of the mine. So intense is the soft sheen radiated from the chasm that pedestrians approaching this great diamond hole—big enough indeed to absorb the four largest mines at Kimberley—often believe themselves to be nearing the lights of a city.

The crater looks most formidable when the usual 1,900 dynamite charges are about to blast the blue diamondiferous ground. A bell clangs rapidly; a little red flag flutters on the crater's edge high up, and in every direction the workers can be seen scurrying for bomb-proof shelters. Some run, others move lethargically. Presently all sign of life ceases. The bell continues to clang fiercely. There is a moment of tension. Then boom! boom! boom! and as the clamour increases until it seems like a thousand guns, so from numberless holes pour forth thick dark grey clouds which roll into the crater and slowly disperse. The blue ground meanwhile is tumbled and blown about in every direction. The "barrage" dies down. The workers (who are on a piecework basis) rush out and load the earth into the trolleys. These crawl thereafter slowly up the incline, where a maze of machinery soon pulverizes the stuff and sorts it out mechanically, casting the waste aside, and ultimately scraping the diamonds and the small heavy waste through vents into padlocked boxes. The final stage amounts to mere hand-sorting, the diamonds thereafter being again "boxed" by two experts. For every 12,000 tons of blue ground trucked along these hiving inclines, one cubic foot alone remains for hand-sorting. The mine has yielded six and a half tons of diamonds since it began, these being worth £28,500,000 sterling. And the purchase price of the farm was, as we have seen, only £52,000.

Year by year the crater gets more hollow and imposing, for it is being explored with intense and penetrating ingenuity for its endless treasures; if there is an end to them the borehole which went down twice as far as the depth of the present floor has not yet revealed it. The wealth of the mine seems inexhaustible.

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CHAPTER XIII.

The Makapaan's Cave Affair and the Sabie Diamond Expedition.

I.

THE picturesque districts extending well to the north of Pretoria will always be associated, apart altogether from their material interests, with two notable dramas. One concerns the murder of Potgieter's elephant hunters in 1854 and the retribution that overtook the assassins at Makapaan's Cave; the other is the affair of the Swartz Diamond Expedition of 1903, a mystery story which seems even to challenge far-fetched fiction in the apparent extravagance of its fact. The affair of the cave has certain historical implications which make mention of it appropriate to a book of this character. It depicts, for example, early race relations in the Transvaal, and emphasizes the physical courage of Paul Kruger. On the other hand, the story of the Swartz Expedition is unique in South African diamond records, and was enacted in certain romantic sections of what is known to-day as the Kruger National Park (Southern Sabie Reserve), a vivid idea of which it conveys as a land of lions, hunters, and occasional adventurers, well worthy, indeed, of the imaginative pen of Mayne Reid. The story seems to have fascinated the late Mr. H. B. Irving. Judging by the frequency, too, with which it is still referred to in the South African Press, it seems to have gripped the interest of most South Africans. Sir James Rose-Innes, a one-time Chief Justice of the Transvaal, who tried the case, said: "It is the most incredible—I might almost have said the most romantic—affair that has ever come before me."

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II.

In 1854 a party of thirteen elephant hunters under Hermanus Potgieter, brother of the then Commandant-General Potgieter, arrived at the kraal of the Chief Makapaan. They drove into the poort, or gorge, with their wagons. They had with them ten women and a number of children, for in those early days the women went on trek with the hunters, it being deemed safer to do this than to remain behind.

The natives came down upon them and murdered them. Potgieter was skinned alive. The others were fearfully mutilated. The news fired the whites in the countryside; but Makapaan was reinforced by others of his people, and in all directions they bore down upon the Dutch just as had Dingaan and Moselikatze elsewhere a few years before. The farmers formed their wagons into laagers. Once again their rifles, spurting flame through the wheels, proved superior to massed attacks with shield and assegai.

The whites rapidly gained the ascendancy. Their commandos drove back the men of Makapaan, who was compelled to take refuge with hordes of his retainers in a vast cave which led inwards to great depths. The Dutch, among whom were Commandants Pretorius, Potgieter, and Field Cornet Paul Kruger, had been maddened by the sight of their murdered and mutilated comrades, and they determined to exact an exemplary revenge. They piled stones and brushwood at the mouth of the cave and set it on fire, but the fugitives were not at first overcome by this; for Commandant Potgieter was subsequently shot dead by somebody within while standing before the cave. Paul Kruger bravely lifted the body and carried it away, thereby risking a like fate. The siege continued. The countryside was scoured for other fugitives, Paul Kruger being prominent also in this task. On the twenty-fifth day of the investment the cave was entered. The farmers plunged boldy into the semi-darkness. Nearly all were dead of thirst and hunger; but the stench was such that the invaders were driven back, and were thus unable to penetrate into the remoter

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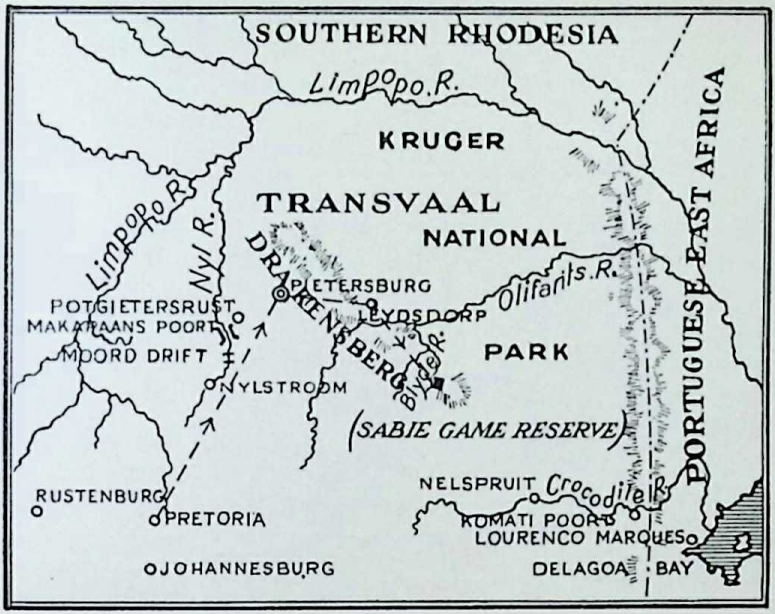

SKETCH MAP TO ILLUSTRATE (1) THE MAKAPAANS POORT SITE, WHERE THE DUTCH AVENGED A MASSACRE OF THEIR COMPATRIOTS, IN 1854. THE DIRECTION TAKEN BY THE SABIE DIAMOND TREASURE HUNTERS IN 1903 (marked ----> ---->)AND THE PLACE BEYOND THE BLYDE RIVER (marked ■) WHERE THE LEADER SWARTZ MURDERED ONE OF HIS FOLLOWERS AND THEN DESERTED.

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labyrinths. Two thousand of Makapaan's people died hereabouts and 900 elsewhere. His tribe was nearly exterminated.

III.

Makapaan's Poort, of evil memory, lies but a few miles from Nylstroom, that little town eighty-two miles north of Pretoria, christened by the *Voortrekkers* in the belief that the nearby river was the Nile rushing north to Egypt, a belief which, it is said, inspired them to build a boat in which they hoped to travel to the land of Moses; but the river, alas, only ran into the Limpopo, the waters of which meet the sea north of Delagoa Bay. Incidentally, however, such other names as Bethlehem and Nazareth (now called Middelburg, between Klipspruit and the Olifants River and a few miles north of Nylstroom) prove the staunch love of these wanderers for the Bible, and for Biblical names associated with the great elemental stories of Christ and Moses. Such names as Pilgrims Rest show how they regarded themselves.

The massacre of the elephant hunters is now memorialized at Potgietersrust, the neat little town sited 138 miles north-east of Pretoria; and other place-names thereabouts also perpetuate memories of old terrors, notably "Moorddrift" ("Murder Ford"), nine miles from Potgietersrust.

So much for the Potgieter massacre and the Cave of Makapaan.

Now, on the railway line which passes Potgietersrust and at a point nearly forty miles beyond it lies Pietersburg, the northern terminus of this line until 1911, and here the western edge of the great Sabie Game Reserve. Pietersburg was one of the last rallying points of the Dutch forces during the Anglo-Boer war of 1899–1902. Like Grahamstown, in the Cape, it had had plenty of experience of native war. Some idea of the extent to which the natives in those districts were armed may be gathered from the fact that when peace was declared in 1902 they were called upon to deliver up their arms after the termination of Anglo-Boer hostilities and they surrendered no less than 30,000 rifles. They had

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always been a turbulent community. Under Chief Mogato, they had long been at war with the early Republican whites, had ravaged their farms, and later on, when Kimberley began to assume prominence, had made journeys south-east to Delagoa Bay over the northern spur of the Drakensberg to exchange diamonds stolen from the fields for rifles and weapons of larger calibre.

It is necessary to mention this because the discovery of the skeleton of one of these supposed gun-runners in the bush with diamonds and bar gold in bags close by—a discovery which a fugitive Dutch soldier named Swartz claimed to have made when attempting to rejoin his commando in 1901 towards the end of the Anglo-Boer war—bears upon the remarkable Sabie Diamond affair referred to at the head of this chapter.

IV.

In the closing stages of this war, General Ben Viljoen was manoeuvring in the Leydsdorp–Komatipoort District, difficult country likely to be associated with hardship to men on the march. Some of his followers, becoming dispirited, deserted. A few of them reached the Transvaal–Mozambique border. Several who crossed the hilly frontier were made prisoners by the Portuguese, but others who got over without molestation resolved to recross to the Transvaal when they heard of the prompt capture of their comrades. Among these was a sturdy fellow named Philip Swartz, a fair, bearded man of middle height and a useful man in the bush.

He proposed to Pretorius, his solitary companion, that they should attempt to rejoin their commando, and to that end should trek towards the mountains and try to pick up the trail of the burghers, for, he said, a man might as well be shot in a fight as eaten by lions.

These men, therefore, crossed the wild bush on foot, undergoing all the tortures of thirst and hunger, and sleeping uneasily at night among carefully fed camp fires, knowing well that if these died down the lions would certainly get them. Thus, tramping on wearily and warily, Swartz declared afterwards that he came upon a skeleton, and

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close to the skeleton seven bags of diamonds and two bars of gold. The startled pair filled their pockets, so he said, and later on as they neared the lonely Blyde River about one hundred miles east by south of Pietersburg, around the northern Drakensberg, they decided to bury the gems in strips of their shirts at a spot lying at certain angles from two baobab or cream of tartar trees. Many of these trees, fantastic and unforgettable, are to be found in that part of the country.

Had this skeleton been that of one of the Chief's emissaries trekking to the coast with treasure which he hoped to exchange for guns? Or were the treasure and the skeleton just part of a fortuitous romance invented long after by Swartz for the purpose of a murder plan? The plan, it should be explained, was to get rid of a certain man against whom he cherished bitter animosity, the causes of which—it was an affair of the eternal triangle—need not be discussed in detail here. Nevertheless, some years later when this plan became a clear resolve, Swartz persuaded a number of people of the truth of his story. He assembled an expedition which included a certain N——, the object of his hatred, a police officer, D——, travelling (unknown to him) under an assumed name, and certain others, all of whom believed implicitly in the existence of this treasure and in the certainty of its recovery.

V.

The members of the expedition detrained at Pietersburg on 5th May, 1903. They had with them a Cape cart fitted up for the long journey to the south-east, over mountains, rivers, and bush. N——, it is said, proved so lethargic en route that he would not trouble even to avoid the branches of the overhanging bush trees as the Cape cart jaunted on, with the result that on several occasions he was nearly swept off. Nor did the ill-fated man improve his relations with the rest of the party by carelessly puncturing the water-bottle.

They reached the Blyde River at sundown one day, and at dawn next morning struck camp, leaving the cart behind

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them at the river; and so they rode or led the mules into still rougher territory, until they reached the Brak River, twenty miles beyond the Blyde. They got to this spot on the evening of 17th May, and at once set about the business of forming their camp. All the other members of the party disappeared, leaving Swartz and N—— alone. The stage was thus set for the drama. Presently, with carbine and shot-gun these two also vanished in the thicket surrounding the sloping banks of the almost dry river.

The other members of the party returned meanwhile laden with wood. Great quantities were needed to keep the fires going. The darkness gradually deepened; and, then two shots were heard from the south-west.

It was surmised that the pair must have got a buck. Two more shots echoed from a point further east. Then silence; a long interval elapsed; night set in completely. Three big fires were piled up to keep off the lions which were heard roaring in the distance. The fires flickered brightly against the rocky ledges overhanging the river.

"Where can they be?" was the general question, and it was thought that they might perhaps have been treed by lions.

Long afterwards one of the members of the party explained that as he sat staring into the fire over which some guineafowl were grilling, puzzled and uneasy at the disappearance of the one man who knew the whereabouts of the treasure, he felt instinctively that he was being stalked; and looking around, he saw suddenly a man's legs touched by the glow of the camp fire coming stealthily towards them. The head was hidden by the trees.

The figure was challenged.

With sudden boldness Swartz then came trudging into the firelight carrying his carbine. He was very plausible, explaining that he had wounded a koodoo which ran past N——, who had failed to shoot it, whereupon, he said, he went after it himself, and that was the last he saw of his companion.

That night the belief prevailed that N—— was hiding from lions in a tree, although one member of the party at

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this time certainly suspected that when Swartz came into the camp that evening his intentions were doubtful. He was so placed with regard to the fires that he could have shot them without much difficulty. Still, firearms were discharged to draw the attention of the missing man to the position of the camp—eight or nine rounds were fired during the night—without avail, however.

N—— did not return, and gradually the impression prevailed that he had despaired of finding them, and had gone back to the cart at the Blyde River. His curiously lethargic character and somewhat half-hearted attachment to the expedition, his lack of sense of direction in the bush, all strengthened this presumption, so that no very protracted search was made for him.

Swartz next morning urged them to push on to where, he declared, the treasure was hidden. They therefore set out once more. The police officer left two notes, one in English and one in Dutch, attached to the trees, notifiying the missing man of the direction they had taken and of the probable time of their return.

VI.

After a long and wearisome journey, the treasure hunters approached a ridge, from the top of which Swartz seemed to be scanning a distant kopje with a pair of field-glasses. He called upon them to wait while he went to search for the marks which, he said, he had made when he buried the treasure.

So they waited. They heard him call. They heard him direct them towards a hill, they caught the distant report of a Browning pistol fired to attract their attention apparently, but they failed to reach him and he vanished. The only man who could guide them to the treasure had gone!

The remaining members of the party were now thoroughly disheartened. They halted some three hundred yards from their last camp, on a site among rocks and trees, and again fired off various rounds which echoed eerily about the rugged country; but there came no answering reports, and

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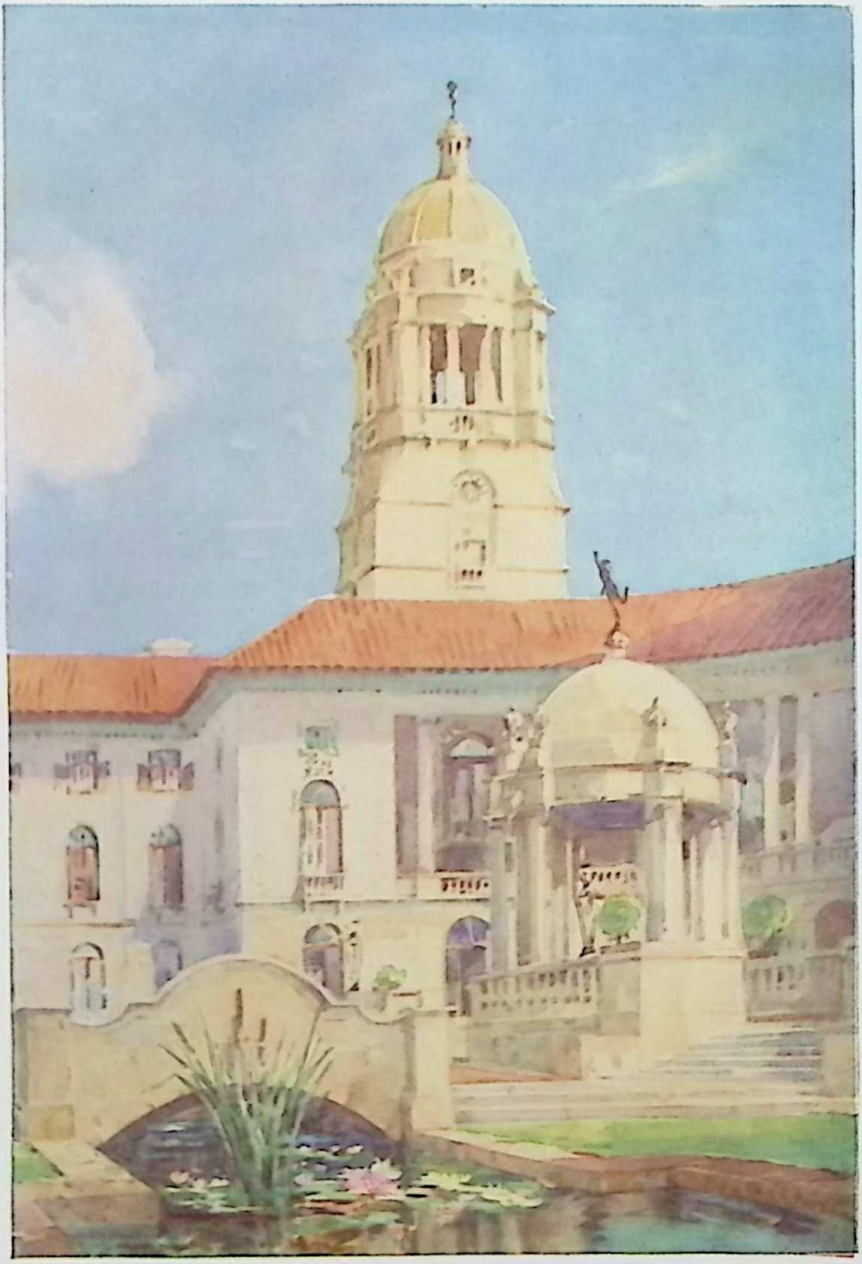

Union Building, Pretoria—the Amphitheatre.

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so they lay about the fires through the night, each man adding more wood as he awakened. D—— once created a blaze thirty feet high by igniting a dead and hollow tree, and the glare lit up the majestic hills far around. The signals still drew no response, however. Then they trekked back to the cart at the Blyde River; and here they made a remarkable discovery. They found a note pressed between the spokes of one of the wheels near the axle, which read, "Tired of the job. This day I have gone to Johannesburg and I may go on to Bulawayo."

It purported to be signed by N——.

VII.

It is not necessary to relate the detail of this affair further. It subsequently transpired that the note had been written by Swartz, who had shot N—— on the bank of the river, and who, having achieved the purpose of his unnecessarily elaborate plan, namely, to get rid of N——, had no further interest in his companions, and, indeed, only desired to evade them. In the end a police expedition went in search of the missing man, whose remains were found with bullet holes in the skull. Swartz was thereupon apprehended, tried, and executed. To the last he maintained that the treasure existed; that he had unearthed and reburied it when on the late expedition, his companions having, as he said, failed to follow him. He even offered a plan of the hiding-place to one who visited him in the condemned cell. That plan is still in existence.

The affair is interesting as an example of a remarkable diamond drama, and its locale affords a very good idea of a section of Transvaal territory that abounds in all the charm of majestic scenery and wild game, in other words, of a portion of what is to-day the Kruger National Park.

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Settlers who Made Port Elizabeth.

I.

DURING the latter end of 1819 a number of emigrant vessels were frozen into the Thames ice at Deptford. They contained a fantastic throng of passengers impoverished by the Napoleonic wars and weary of the restricted opportunity and the gloom of the England of that period. They were waiting to go forth to South Africa. The Thames that year happened to be frozen so hard that booths and stalls had been erected in the middle of the river. Bonfires flamed there day and night. The ice-bound emigrants doubtless danced with the rest around them; it was indeed a queer last glimpse of the river for these poor people, committed as they were to an adventure in a land so remote and so little known. They were to proceed as settlers to the areas along the north-eastern Cape border, areas disputed then by savage tribes and on the very outposts of civilization.

The outward voyage was at times exciting. The fine sailing transports were crowded with carpenters, wheelwrights, ex-soldiers, plumbers, millers, lawyers, farmers, clerks, a motley multitude in fact, and there was an Irish party of nine (in constant conflict with their Captain), the members of which had to be locked up in the ship's prison. Smallpox broke out, whooping cough, and measles. Yet sometimes when the wind died and the vessels were becalmed, the boats were let down, and the emigrants were permitted to row on the sunny expanse of the ocean.

At last they reached their landing place, Algoa Bay, where Port Elizabeth now stands; and soon they were taken shoreward in barges, and carried through the surf on the

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backs of coloured men to the yellow sands. Hereabouts Government tents had been provided. Gradually as ship after ship arrived with over 3,000 of them, the place became a busy clearing station from which the newcomers were presently jolted away by wagon to the "locations" allotted them. Kindly old Sir Rufane Donkin, the Acting Governor of the Cape Colony, had his marquee put up at a spot close to the end of what is now Jetty Street, Port Elizabeth. He met the newcomers and extended help and sympathy. No doubt they needed it. As one of them put it: "The groups with all their variety of mien and attitude, character, and complexion, now dimly discovered, now distinctly lighted up by the fitful blaze of the watch-fires, and the exotic aspect of the aloes and euphorbias in the wan light of the rising moon, had a very strange and striking effect. It made us feel far more impressively than we had yet felt that we were now indeed pilgrims in the wilds of savage Africa."

They were exalted and depressed alternately by the mountains and valleys, by the wild and striking grandeur of it all; it was so vastly different from the crowded, compact England, the beloved land, they had just left.*

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* A good idea of the wildness of the territory at that time may be gathered from the following anecdote related by an 1820 settler named Montgomery, concerning an adventure with wolves.

"One morning I started, got to Cradock all right, got my violin and came along; thinking to make a short cut through the bush, I took a foot-path and went along merrily, but the sun was sinking and I did not find the road again. I thought I had better make a halt for the night, so I selected a bush and brought on a good lot of dry branches, later on I made up a fire, I brought more branches just to amuse myself, also to keep off wild animals of which I had heard many stories. As soon as darkness set in I heard a wolf howl, then I heard an answering howl, then another in a different direction, every now and again you would hear these howls. Bye and bye I heard what sounded like a troop running; down they came on me, a whole pack of them. At the first sound I threw branches on the fire, which made a great flare; they came quite close to me and stopped short, about twenty or thirty yards off. I knew that if I left the fire they would tackle me. I piled on more wood and then went through the same performance; and they would stop short and make the circle round me. This continued a good part of the night. I was tired with my day's march, so it was rather trying to keep awake. I thought of the violin, so took it out of its green bag and started scraping on it. I did not know one note from another, then I heard the wolves coming on like a troop of horses, I put more branches on the fire and scraped away at the violin. To my surprise they stopped

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The character of the man who met them with such kindness, Sir Rufane Donkin, is reflected in the quaint stone pyramid conspicuous in Port Elizabeth to-day, a pyramid to the memory of his wife, Elizabeth Mary, who gave her name to the town.

The 1820 settlers now gradually spread themselves from a point close to the mouth of the Fish River to within a short distance of Grahamstown; in fact, they carried on the dangerous pioneer border work of the Province, the burden of which had been borne previously by a number of Dutch families which had had terrible experience of the horrors of border warfare with the Kaffirs. The 1820 Settlers helped to establish Albany, Bathurst, and other districts. Those who failed as farmers presently went back to the villages, and as artisans took their valuable knowledge with them. Others still, established trade relations with the natives.

Port Elizabeth, where as we have seen the Settlers landed, and to which some of them returned, is 712 miles by rail from Johannesburg, 420 miles round the coast from Capetown, 790 miles south-west of Durban, and 131 miles south-west of East London. As a matter of fact, the 1820 Settlers made their historical beginnings in the areas midway between Port Elizabeth and East London.

II.

The interval from the day when one of the women settlers sat upon her baggage on the sands of Algoa Bay and bewailed the chance of their all being eaten by lions, to our times, when Port Elizabeth is spread proudly along the sea-front, represents little more than a century; but it has been obviously a century of great progress.

The town is partly on a slope which rises sharply from the sea, and it extends quite five and a half miles along the

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and did not make a circle round me as usual; instead, they all sat down on their haunches listening to my music. This continued till towards morning, when they all trotted off quietly and left me in peace.

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front, the terraced dwellings and gardens standing boldly one above the other in a manner often reminiscent of the old coastal dwellings of Cornwall. So steep are the acclivities that steps sometimes replace the roads. A delightful drive leads out to Humewood, the gala resort of the town. It is curious to reflect, as one watches the gaieties of Humewood, the bathing, the motoring, that all along this front one may prod still into the shell mounds of the old beach wanderers or strandloopers who lived on shellfish and eked out a penurious living by roaming the foreshore and knocking the shells off the rocks. They were seen by da Gama and Diaz. They are now extinct. People who enter their cliff caverns—and there are many of them along this coast—will find the floors raised almost to the roofs with hardened accumulations of shells. Such was the stupidity of these people that they rarely thought of eating their shellfish down on the beach, throwing away the shells, and thus preserving the roomy character of their caves. They frequently preferred to haul them up the cliffs and to consume them there.

Comparatively few years have elapsed since these degraded troglodytes lived the lives of baboons around Algoa Bay, yet within that period progress has utterly changed the face of things. It has inspired the construction of large public buildings, the old public library containing 50,000 volumes established away back in 1848, and in which are packed away the John Owen Smith collection and many rare old African volumes; it has brought under consideration big engineering schemes for the harbour, schemes which involve the construction of a great breakwater 8,500 feet long, to cost £1,500,000, and which is part of a general scheme involving an expenditure of nearly £4,000,000. The wool and feather markets are held in large halls in which are transacted much business reflecting the position of sheep and ostrich farming in the inland districts. There is a population of 34,000 whites and 20,000 coloured folk in Port Elizabeth, evidence of the vast advance made from the time when the British settlers in ships freed by the melting of the Thames ice landed on the lonely foreshore and, with hearts that were far from buoyant, prepared for a battle with the wild.

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III.

Port Elizabeth takes great pride in its beautiful Snake Park. It is certainly a delightful yet bizarre spot (one of the only two in the world, the other being at San Paulo in Brazil); but any description of it should be read in the light of the very definite knowledge that South Africa is not a land of snakes. It is, of course, true that snakes are found in the African Bush and elsewhere, but never in great numbers. As a matter of fact deaths from snake bite are exceedingly rare. In the towns they are practically unknown. Moreover, no one to-day need ever die of snake bite, for the discovery by Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, the Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum and Snake Park, of a serum perfectly antidotal to *all* snake bites has robbed even the deadly reptiles of India of their lethal powers. It has also, of course, rendered innocuous all the South African snakes, even the black mamba, the venomous reptile which, it may be stated, very few South Africans have seen in its natural state. Bearing these things in mind, a striking little anecdote of a personal encounter which Mr. FitzSimons once had with one of these creatures, an encounter which in these days would not have created in him any very great apprehension, should prove of interest.

When angered, it should be explained, the black mamba will advance, its wicked little head moving swiftly from side to side until it reaches its enemy. On this occasion the reptile swept past Mr. FitzSimons. It climbed up a tree where it remained balanced on a branch, alert, and ready to fight. Mr. FitzSimons raised his rifle, fired, and slightly wounded it.

"In a moment," said he, "it dropped with a thud to earth and made at me. I raised my weapon, fired again, and this time missed it altogether. For the instant, startled and shocked as I was, I began to think of saving myself, but just at that moment my little fox terrier perceiving my peril, rushed forward and threw itself on the snake. There was a confused mass of snake and dog, the reptile biting its adversary repeatedly, while the dog tore at the creature's black body maiming it mortally. In the end I

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despatched the snake, but the dog soon fell on its side. It struggled for breath; the poison presently paralysed its respiratory nerves." And thus the heroic little fellow died.

To which must be appended the saving clause, of course, that nowadays there would have been no difficulty whatsoever in saving the dog's life.

IV.

With so much drama written around snakes, the idea gradually took shape to keep these creatures captive in the open. Careful thought was given the matter in Port Elizabeth, where for many years snakes had been kept for research purposes and exhibited to the public in glass-fronted cages at the old museum. Mr. H. Siemerink, the Public Works Engineer, who is a member of the Museum Board of Trustees, took up the scheme and prepared a suitable design. It involved the construction of a three-foot moat which serves to keep the snakes out of the reach of the public, a wall leaning inwards to prevent the reptiles from climbing over into the path outside, an aquarium, and so on. The design met with approval, and the Snake Park became an accomplished fact.

All the world goes there to-day. Around its four sides have been built substantial pergolas of heavy jarrah wood beams resting on massive stone-capped columns of red-glazed bricks. These were obtained from Grahamstown. The top of the projecting wall of the Snake Park has been ornamented with red pigmy bricks, and the inward curve of the walls is such that no snake could possibly escape. At the southern end of the park is the Python House. It is specially heated, for nothing is so deleterious to snakes as cold weather. They become lethargic and die.

In all his work and research Mr. FitzSimons has enjoyed the enthusiastic co-operation of his wife. Indeed it is perhaps not too much to say that without her helpful enthusiasm the Snake Park at Port Elizabeth would not have achieved its present commanding position as a natural attraction. Mrs. FitzSimons handles snakes with absolute assurance. "Be careful, don't hurt it," she will exhort Johannes, the

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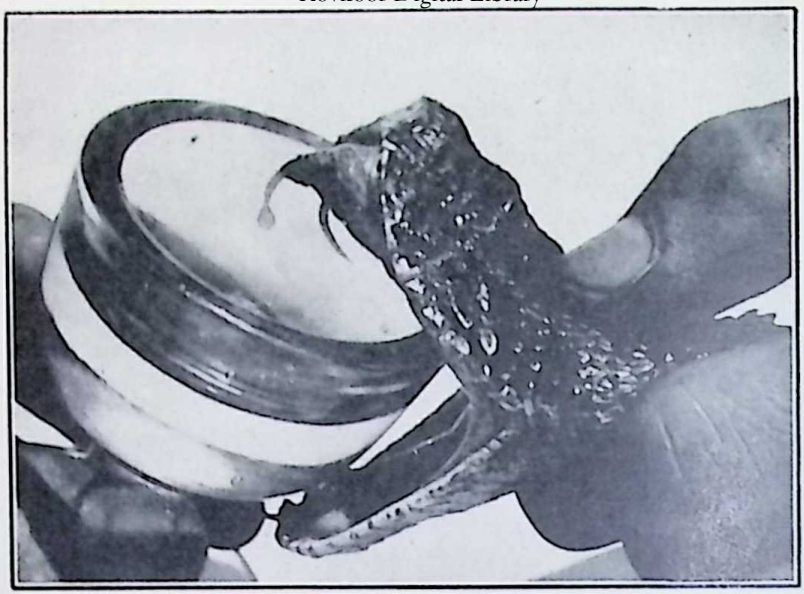

FORCING AN UNWILLING PUFF-ADDER TO GIVE UP ITS VENOM. THE VENOM GLANDS ARE MASSAGED, AND THE POISON IS SEEN OOZING FROM THE OBLIQUE OPENING AT THE END OF THE FANGS.

JOHANNES, THE FAMOUS ATTENDANT AT THE PORT ELIZABETH SNAKE PARK.

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noted native Snake Park attendant, as he opens the jaws of some reptile and stimulates the ejection of venom. She preserves a spirit of curious solicitude for these reptiles, the creatures which, though in full possession of their venom, have been robbed by science of their power to harm.

V.

Johannes is quite a character. He has been bitten eleven times by deadly snakes and has been so often innoculated that he has became almost immune. Johannes has, in fact, become a trifle contemptuous of mambas, night adders, and even pythons. He sometimes adventures into the arena forgetful of the big protective leather gloves which he is under instruction to wear. Some years ago he was bitten in the temporary absence of the Director and his wife. In a few minutes his arm swelled to an enormous size, and the muscles of the neck and side became greatly inflamed. The Director appeared at that moment. He at once injected the serum and saved his life. Since then Johannes has perhaps been a little more careful, but he still prefers to work without the encumbrance of the gloves, and seems to possess a large slice of Arab fatalism.

As he stands in the snake enclosure with his neck and arms festooned with cobras, puff-adders, mambas, pythons, and all that choice selection of lethal creatures which his master has so enthusiastically assembled, he looks like some impassive witch-doctor displaying his powers over the forces of evil. But he loves his work and the horror he inspires when he opens the mouth of some snake, displays its delicate white fangs and the drip of its deathly distillations, this to him, it would seem, constitutes the essence of all life, all prestige, and personal merit.

"When his predecessor left," said Mr. FitzSimons, "Johannes applied at once for the job, and I gave it him."

An interesting little story hangs on the sudden disappearance of this predecessor, the first Zulu Snake Park attendant. He vanished from Port Elizabeth. Apparently he signed on as an extra hand in a steamer bound for the United States, and there secured a job as stevedore. In a

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letter written subsequently to his former master, he apologized for his abrupt departure, which was due apparently to some sudden terror of the creatures he had been accustomed to handle, and explained that he did not propose to return to South Africa, "for here," he declared, "we natives are treated as gentlemen."

So old Johannes stays on as King of the Snake Park without a rival in his fantastic domain, and without any likelihood of one.

VI.

Lines drawn to the north-east and north-west of Port Elizabeth enclose great domains of river and mountain among which are being made certain big experiments in irrigation. It had long been a matter of regret to progressive folk that so many African rivers and streams were allowed to flow unchecked to the sea. Picturesque they certainly are; there could be nothing more picturesque than their glassy silver surfaces moving serenely towards the ocean, each with its shadow-show, its faithfully reflected rocks and trees, its quiet defiance of the years. But charm is not the only consideration. The water conservers deplore charm of this kind. Professor Schwarz, for example, considered that the waters of the Zambesi, which pour so majestically over the Victoria Falls and out into the Indian Ocean, and the River Cunene, which empties itself into the Atlantic, might be diverted profitably to irrigate areas in the Kalahari Desert; and his theory has been the subject of violent discussion. Farther south and within the fan-shaped area to the north of Port Elizabeth, there are two schemes, known respectively as the Kendrew and the Sundays River Schemes, which, by the erection of huge dams astride the Sundays River, aim at irrigating the valleys and the farms with water which would otherwise pass to the sea.

Way up across the great Van Ryneveld Pass, a mile to the north of Graaff-Reinet—which is 140 miles north-west of Port Elizabeth—an army of black and white workers could have been seen in 1924 building a concrete wall. They were damming the sources of the Sundays River, the stream

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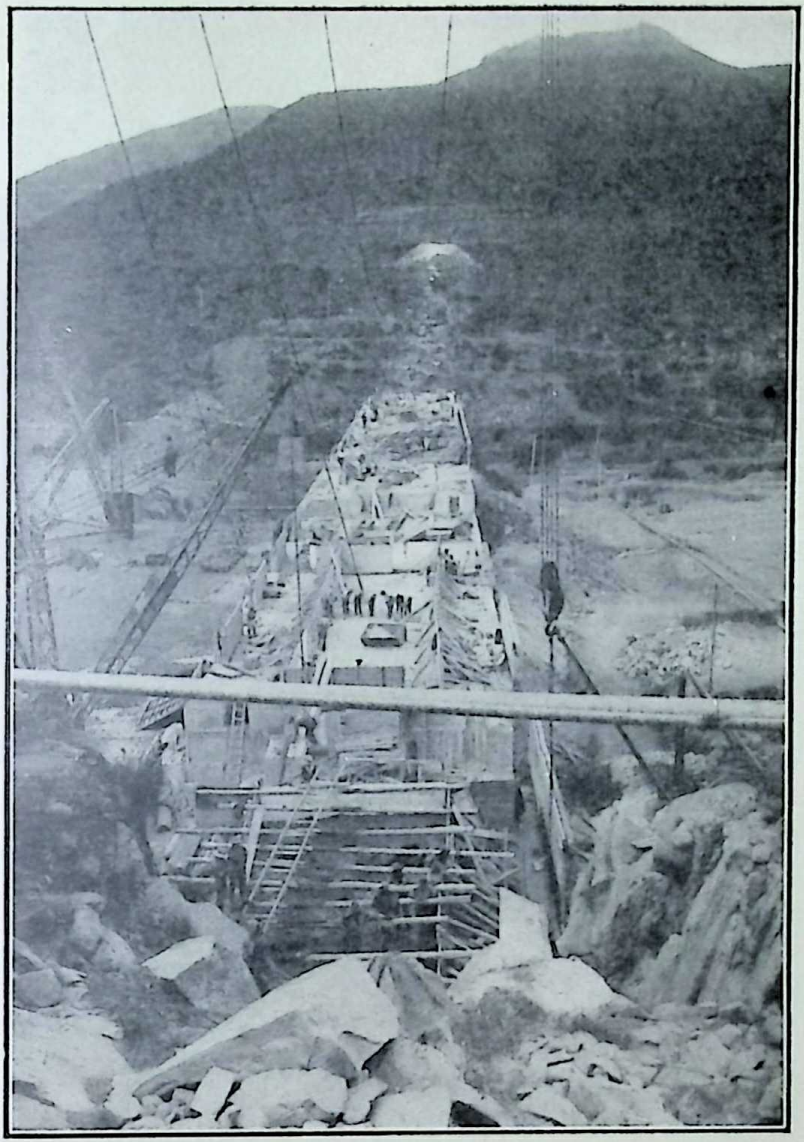

BUILDING THE MIGHTY WALL ACROSS THE VAN RYNEVELD PASS. THIS HUGE DAM, 1,170 FEET LONG AND 151 FEET HIGH, NEAR GRAAFF-REINET, CAPE PROVINCE, HAS SINCE BEEN COMPLETED. ITS IMPOSING PERSPECTIVES SUGGEST THE GREAT ENGINEERING PROJECTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT. THE SCHEME, WHICH DAMS THE HEADWATERS OF THE SUNDAYS RIVER, IRRIGATES 17,000 ACRES AT KENDREW.

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so often crossed at its lower reaches by the 1820 Settlers. Like specks across the pile they moved day and night. They toiled through the darkness by the aid of electric flares. The construction of this dam—suggestive of some great engineering device of old Egypt—was begun in July, 1921. Concreting was commenced in October, 1922. The completed dam, which is now 1,170 feet long and 151 feet high, is intended to maintain for the Kendrew settlers a full supply at water level adequate to irrigate 22,000 acres.

VII.

Those who have read that fascinating book, "The Canals of Mars," which propounds the astonishing theory of the denizens of a waterless planet—Mars—struggling to live by large-scale irrigation, will remember how Lowell, the author, described vividly the vastness of the canal system of that planet, and the desperate efforts of the Martians to lead their water down from the poles by way of canals when the polar snows melted.

Whether this celebrated theory will survive the test of time remains to be seen, but it certainly provides a fanciful vista of big-scale irrigation.

One sees a notable African effort (on an infinitely smaller scale, of course) in the irrigation area between the Cape Mountains, over one hundred miles inland, and the Port Elizabeth–East London littoral. The waters of the Great Fish River and the Sundays River (which reach the sea about eighty miles apart) are impounded by four big schemes, and irrigate over 125,000 acres. On the Great Fish River are the Tarka and the Grass Ridge schemes. They irrigate 55,000 acres. The Lake Mentz and the van Ryneveld Pass schemes are both on the Sundays River System, and account for 70,000 acres. The four schemes, in round figures, thus water some 200 square miles.

Near the mouth of the Sundays River is the settlement, some miles from Port Elizabeth, on the road to which you may see the pink blooms of the spekboom and the yellow-reds of the ground aloe. The irrigable land covers nearly 70,000 acres and runs from Strathsomers Weir for thirty

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THE FALLS, SUNDAYS RIVER.

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miles to the mouth of the Sundays River. The river estuary, by the way, is about twenty miles north-east of Port Elizabeth in a line across Algoa Bay. When at night the irrigating waters are passing out over the lands, the lanterns of the irrigators look like so many quaint little will-o'-the-wisps.

The original settlers under these schemes have admittedly suffered many difficulties, just as did those who came out under the 1820 scheme. It is invariably so, the pioneer has to bear the brunt of things; but the fact remains that where a few years ago there was a wilderness of bush, there are now acres of smiling farms, valleys, cultivation, and the promise of greater blessings to come.

Towns such as Aberdeen, Cradock, Jansenville, Somerset East, and Uitenhage represent a wide diversity of agricultural activity nowadays. As a traveller through these places and the districts for which Port Elizabeth is the entrepôt recently remarked: "I am amazed at all that I have seen, at the diversity of the life of the country. In the older centres such as Scotland, the beauty of which I will not for a moment decry, I have seen nothing like the same variety of effort. In Scotland one sees the cattle and the corn, but here there is everything from pineapples to ostrich farming, from the forest to the desert. Monotony is unknown, and prosperity is knocking at the door."

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CHAPTER XV.

The Knysna Forest and Some Mountain Memories.

I.

BETWEEN Mossel Bay and Port Elizabeth extends 150 miles of forest, not entirely unbroken, of course, yet a vast splendid belt about which the monarchs of the woods, trees of great girth and stature, stand like age-old sentinels at the doorways of the jungle.

Sometimes the sky is shut out completely by the interlacement of the foliage overhead. Sometimes, too, the twilight of the forest becomes the more impressive by reason of deep silences which pervade the dim aisles hung with monkey ropes and fronded fern. Occasionally birds flutter across its clearings. With flashes of blue and gold from their lovely feathers they, too, like the Maeterlinckan bird, pass into the silence. At times when the trees grow further apart, the sunlight streams down in bands which reach the ground in vivid streaks and patches. There is the sound of running water. There is the sense of age and unutterable remoteness, as if the air had been long pent in, and as if all that dwelt there had declared a truce with life and had gone to sleep for a thousand years.

As the winds blow there is a prolonged murmur in the tree-tops. It is the subdued, familiar song of the forest. Under such a green canopy Thoreau might have risen to higher flights of thought and feeling than even he achieved in the solitudes of Walden.

Some twenty-five miles from George (which lies thirty-two miles by rail from Mossel Bay and about four miles from the coast) and in the heart of this tree hermitage, there

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is a charming old white house, the haunted house as they call it, which has stood empty this many a year. The woodcutters of Knysna—not very unlike the charcoal-burners who figure in the forest sketches of Tourguenieff—will tell you that it can never be occupied, that it is disturbed by the ghosts of a family of Swedes, brothers and sisters; and tradition has it that in the long ago all the family except one went north towards the territories then occupied by the impis of Moselikatze; and that all were murdered. The survivor then fared forth from this house to find them and was nevermore seen; but the house, so the woodcutters say, is still the dwelling of the Swedes, and any man who dares to intrude there will be driven forth by fearful cries and apparitions.

II.

The George–Knysna forests are closely associated, too, with the story of the Rex family, the descendants of which are now spread throughout South Africa. Its progenitor, George Rex, built his house about a mile from the village of Knysna. It was destroyed by fire, but the oaks planted about it by this fascinating old fellow still survive, trees hoary with age. The first Rex came to settle at Knysna at the beginning of the last century. He reached the place overland from Capetown, travelling with sixteen ox-wagons, a hundred slaves, furniture, and stores; and we may picture him, a handsome old Hanoverian, giving his orders for the beginnings of the new settlement, for the building of a house, for the making of clearings in the forest and for the observance of defensive precautions against the lurking foe in the woods.

At that time George Rex had already had some considerable experience of South Africa. He had reached Capetown in 1785, sent out by the British Government to fill the post of Marshal of the Admiralty. Among the authentic incidents recorded of him at that time was the capture of a French privateer and the seizure of two of its brass cannon. He wrote the British Government for instructions as to their disposal; but not long after, the

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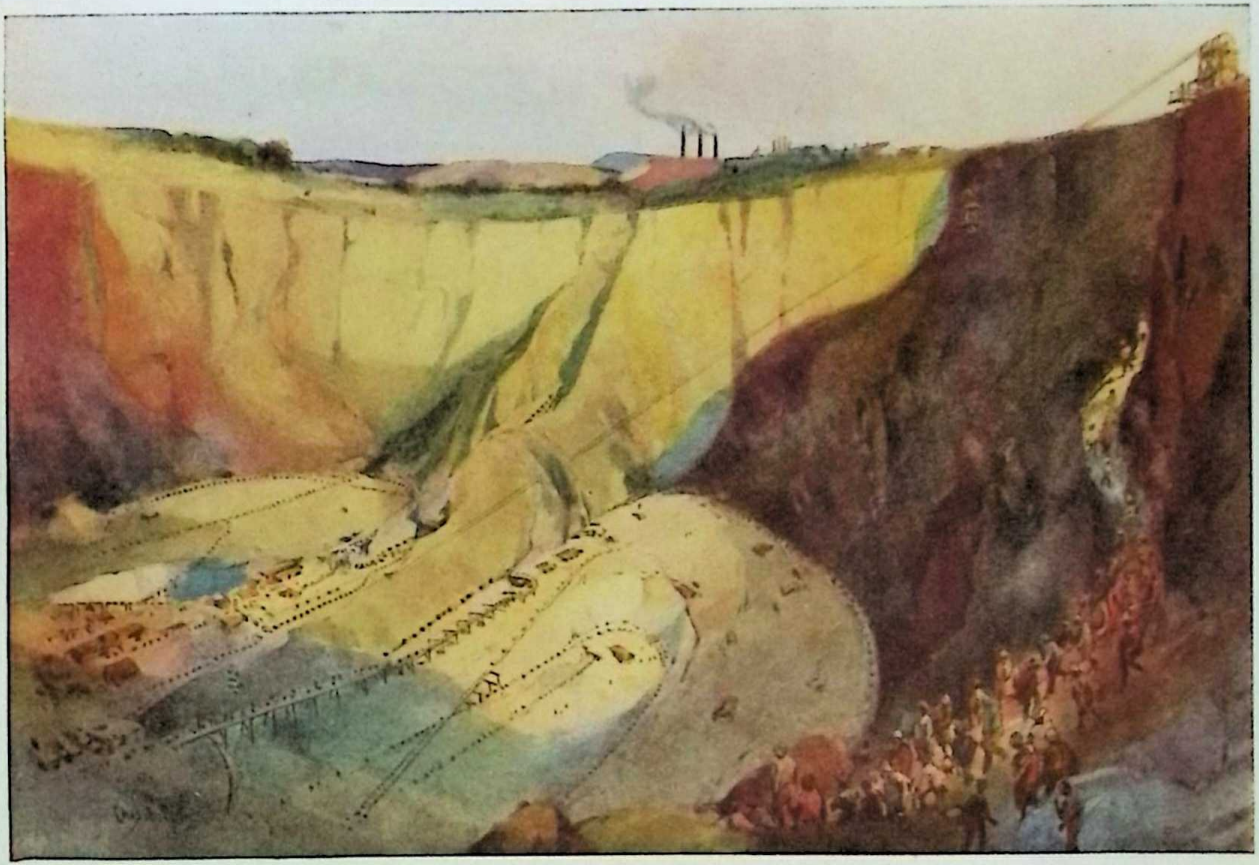

Where the Cullinan Diamond was found—Premier Mine.

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KAAIMANS GAT. A LOVELY VISTA NEAR GEORGE, CAPE PROVINCE.

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Cape reverted for awhile to the Dutch, and Rex, who had gone to England, lost his Marshalship. He returned to South Africa subsequently, and as we have seen made the long journey along the southern coasts of Africa to Knysna, where he became a landed proprietor, with a fine residence, glorious demesnes, and able to indulge to the full his regal tastes. It is recorded that he once entertained the then Duke of Edinburgh to an elephant hunt in the Knysna Forest, and that his slaves were many and faithful. In those days the elephants were numerous. Great herds of them crashed squealing and trumpeting through the undergrowth. A muzzle-loading rifle belonging to Rex, bearing the Royal Arms in gold and in possession to-day of one of his lineal descendants, inspires the query whether it ever brought down any of the elephants hunted by the Duke: a few of the remnants of the herds of which, it is said, still roam there protected and unfettered. The grave of the first squire of Knysna is still in a state of admirable preservation. The headstone bears the words, "In memory of George Rex, Esquire, Proprietor and Founder of Knysna. Died 3rd April, 1829."

III.

The age-old tree veterans of Knysna which tower upwards until lost in the emerald canopy overhead are, alas, being felled here and there, but as trees are felled so are others planted. The sawmills are not permitted to have their own way entirely; some respect is shown still for the tree-life of these parts, as indeed, how could there fail to be when close to the old Drostdy in George stands a solitary yellow-wood more than 200 years old? Near the Public Library Building in George also is a glorious old oak; attached to it is a pair of chains, a relic of the days of slavery abolished a century ago. The craftsmen of George and Knysna (places connected with a branch railway line forty-two miles long) have shaped the hardwoods of the place with artistic respect for the venerable records of the trees; and have made furniture, walking sticks, chessmen, chairs, wonderful tall wooden candlesticks, work, indeed, which ought to be widely known not only throughout Africa, but also overseas. It

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seems strange that so little is heard of it all. And yet not strange. For life moves slowly in those parts. The craftsmen ply their tools for love of the work rather than for the noise they may make with their products in the world outside.

George, with its wide avenues of oak, has been described as the wooded highway to the Wilderness and Knysna, for Plettenberg Bay, the lovely Keurbooms River, and so eastwards to Tzitzikamma and the Avontuur line. It is certainly a focal point for a thousand beauty spots—mountain, river, and forest. The lagoons, the mirror-like river, and the thick-wooded hills of the Wilderness; the memorable grandeur of the Montagu Pass, those towering fellow cliffs, the Knysna Heads, which open from the sea into the little harbour, the fern-filled valleys, the still lakes, these are but a few of the fragrant memories that give colour to the boast that this part of Southern Africa was one of Nature's chief heirs when she made her will and testament.

IV.

Some forty-five miles inland from George over the Outeniqua Mountains by way of the glorious Montagu Pass lies Oudtshoorn at the end of a prosperous valley. Many years have passed since the old Baron van Oudtshoorn brought out with him to the Cape a leaden coffin, and, dying on the voyage, was buried in it in Table Valley; but Oudtshoorn, to which he gave his name, has continued to grow. It is walled and sheltered by superb mountains, giant kloofs, wonderful water-courses—almost a replica, in fact, of the regal settings of George—and yet it has thoroughly distinctive features of its own, notably its ostrich farms. Before describing the beauty of its mountains, some references to the ostrich of these farms may not prove uninteresting; for although the great feather boom has passed, and Europe is no longer demanding feathers, yet somehow the ostrich paddocks in the valleys never quite lose their fascination. Moreover, where else in the wonderful world will one find a quainter, more foolish bird than the ostrich?

It is virtually without a brain. All feathered creatures

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seem to show some kind of intelligence—the ostrich excepted. Some years ago an ostrich charged a train in the Oudtshoorn district. The train was moving at thirty miles an hour when this bird was seen to be striding along the permanent way ahead of it. The pace of the train reached a speed of thirty-seven miles per hour, a circumstance which caused the bird to flap just as an ordinary fowl might flap-scramble away from some threat to its safety, and yet, moving easily at forty miles it widened the distance between itself and the engine, and would have gone on doing so doubtless, had it not been for a dog barking furiously near a level-crossing. This prompted it to turn instantly in its tracks, and with that unreasoning stupidity which will often cause it to charge a barbed-wire fence until it expires, it flew at the oncoming locomotive. It was, of course, hurled backwards on the track, and killed—having broken a new speed record no doubt, as well as added a feather or two to the bright record of stupidity.

Old Fabre, the naturalist, has many interesting little stories to relate of the instinctive ingenuity of the spider and of its complete lack of judgment, and he instances a female spider which drags a small spherical object behind it containing eggs. He mentions that when he detached this appendage and substituted another of different colour, the change excited no suspicion in the spider. She went merrily on her much-encumbered way.

The ostrich is not a whit less foolish. In Bechuanaland wild ostriches often make themselves obnoxious by dashing in sudden fright across country until brought up sharply by wire fences; they kill themselves and wreck the fences. Then the cattle arrive, and with a curious hunger for the bones of a dead carcase, they will often bite at a putrefying mass until poisoned. Wherefore the dual damage done to fences and to cattle has caused Bechuanaland and Union farmers grave concern; so that wild ostriches are being shot.

Nevertheless, there is still a quaint enthusiast in Bechuanaland with an eye for a well-feathered bird.

"Mynheer," said this worthy once to a local farmer, "I see you've got some good birds."

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"Have I?" was the reply. "What of it?"

"If you don't want the eggs I'll take them."

"By all means."

The farmer at once dispossessed the parent birds, took the eggs to his homestead, deposited them in his own bed and there hatched them out—which is probably the first recorded instance of ostrich chicks with human foster-parents.

V.

But to think of this fine old tree-lined town of Oudtshoorn and district exclusively in terms of ostriches would be erroneous; its fertile soil produces fruit and vegetables of all kinds, and cereals, and above all, perhaps, tobacco. The tobacco yield in various acres here and there is quite extraordinary. The rich agricultural returns are, to no small extent, due probably to the benefits conferred by the Kamanassie irrigation works, fourteen miles outside the town. They cost £726,000, and they irrigate some 30,000 acres. There are seventy miles of irrigating canals.

To the north of Oudtshoorn extends one of those fine ranges, the Zwartbergen, which may be regarded as typical of South African mountain scenery. It is traversed by titanic gorges and passes. The strata has been folded and refolded, the upthrust of volcanic forces has wrought fantastic prodigies with the rock, and one is left marvelling at the majesty of ravine and cliff, and stream and waterfall. The passage through Meiring's Poort is such that one appears frequently to be moving straight towards a towering rock wall without any obvious roadway through, but a turn to the right or left always takes one through some marvellous natural gateway. One experiences a sense of veneration for the cataclysmic forces which shaped this garden of the gods. In this long rocky defile—which, it is said, may have been at one time the outlet of a large lake to the north of the mountains—there is a waterfall 180 feet high. The waters have scooped out at their base a hole of forbidding depth. For all its melancholy it is strangely beautiful.

Beyond the end of the pass, the road to the left gradually converges upon the range, and it is afterwards possible to

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return to Oudtshoorn by way of the Zwartberg Pass, one of the grandest natural spectacles in South Africa. A walled road winds through the pass around almost impossible ledges, rising higher and even higher until the air grows chill and one seems to be in cloud and almost on the roof of the world. Below is a vista of peaks; above, a faint blue haze. The descent is thrilling. A wrong turn of the wheel and a car would be smashed on the rocks thousands of feet below. Great flood-water channels of concrete undercut the dizzy road. It serpentines downwards ceaselessly. It seems as well preserved to-day as when made long years ago; and so the descent is made to the valley.

VI.

It is impossible within the compass of an ordinary book to deal adequately with the mountain systems of South Africa, the Zwartbergen, the Hex River Peaks, the Drakensberg, the Outeniquas, the Bokkeveld, Roggeveld, the Hottentots Holland Mountains on the eastern shores of False Bay. For South Africa is roughly a tableland, the edges of which decline mountainously towards the ocean. It is rich in mountains.

The marvellous spirit of them, however, may best be approached by recognizing their very unexpectedness. They are rich in the romance of the unexpected. Two ardent South African mountaineers have epitomized this in a bright little description which they recently published of an old robber's resort in the Hex River Mountains.

"Till quite recently," they wrote, "men of the Bushman-Hottentot type, tired of uncongenial farm labour, had made their refuge and home in the remoter kloofs in the mountain ranges that stretch from Michell's Pass to Touws River. From there they would make periodic raids on the scattered flocks of the neighbouring farms and drive off stray bullocks to their mountain fastnesses. Towards the end of last century the farmers of the Waaihoek district found that cattle kept disappearing mysteriously. Hottentots, who had been engaged as labourers, would suddenly vanish, taking with them valuable goods, guns, and foodstuffs.

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The police were repeatedly informed, yet no trace whatever of the miscreants could be found. Finally a Hottentot was caught making off with stolen goods from a farm near Wellington. He told a queer tale of a settlement of marauding Bushmen and Hottentots living in a very inaccessible hollow, deep in the recesses of the Brandwacht and Waaihoek Mountains. Accordingly a commando of farmers set out up the wild and primitive Jan du Toit's Kloof, under the guidance of the captured Hottentot.

"For a whole day he led them on along a narrow tortuous path that wound its way through dense tangles of high undergrowth and over boulder-strewn water-courses, until the men thought they were being led on a wild-goose chase. After a good night's rest, a start was made before sunrise. Scarce had they set out, when they came upon a wondrous sight. A large basin spread itself out before them, along the sides of which rude huts and rock shelters were dotted. Smoke arose from many a fire in the settlement, the women busying themselves with the morning meal, while the children played beside the stream. A more romantic sight than this robber settlement in the mountain fastness could not be imagined. Warned by their guide, the handful of farmers approached stealthily to within a hundred yards and then opened fire. It was as well they did so, for on examining the goods subsequently captured, much ammunition and many guns were found. Panic at once seized the settlement and in a few minutes the place was taken. One hundred and twenty men and women and children were taken captive, and the encampment was destroyed.

"Since this took place, the spot had never been revisited by white men. Indeed, there were none who knew the way, though the farmers in the neighbourhood held that it had since been the headquarters of marauding natives.

"A couple of years ago a party of mountaineers from Capetown explored the kloof for two days, and made some interesting discoveries. Vestiges of once well-defined paths were found. Signs that large parties of human beings had once passed that way were abundant—rotting clothes and sacking, also cooking utensils and fireplaces. Still farther

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on, a queer discovery was made. When all further progress had seemed barred by a rock-wall, a rough ladder was found leading up. Its construction must have been no easy matter. Made in two portions of wood, rope and fencing wire, it was guyed on each side by more wire, and fastened to boulders above with the same material."

It proved impossible, apparently, to pursue this discovery further, for the overhead way was so difficult that the party had to turn back. It might, however, have led to some kind of Aladdin's cave. Who knows?

At any rate, the incident would seem to prove that, apart from their beauty, the mountains of South Africa have another charm which is distinctively theirs, a charm not always discernible in the well-trodden mountain ways of Europe—and that is, the glamour of the Unexpected.

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CHAPTER XVI.

The Cango Caves and National Parks of Southern Africa.

I.

A SHOT echoed about the hills at the base of the Zwartberg Range.

A wounded buck flitted along the face of the green slope, chased by a dog; and disappeared.

It vanished into the depths of a cave, and the dog followed barking furiously until the sounds of the chase became muffled in the far interior.

The hunter, Van Zyl, entered the cave in 1780—known to-day as the Cango Caves some miles north of Oudtshoorn in the Cape Colony—and proceeded very cautiously in the darkness, aided probably by the miserable light of a tallow candle; and in the gigantic shadows he made out ghostly shapes, ponderous arches, stony festoons, fantastic figures, all, as it seemed, eyeing him much as the remote gods of ancient Egypt might have frowned upon the hero of Gautier's delightful and delicate masterpiece, "The Mummy's Foot," as, hurried by Princess Hermonthis through the Hall of Pharaoh and the pre-Adamite kings, he held converse with dynastic rulers lost in dreams and heavy with Time.

Old Van Zyl may not have been as sentient a soul. He may have preserved a commendably obtuse calm towards the prodigies mocking him from the walls; but the detail of his emotions has not been recorded, and the world is thus fain to be satisfied with the knowledge that his name is duly and properly memorialized in the great glittering chamber which lies not far from the entrance to this mighty stalactitic cavern.

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The entrance chamber of powdered limestone ends inwards in a flight of limestone steps, and these descend to Van Zyl's Hall, the first of a series of extensive chambers penetrating to depths as yet unexplored. The old guide, van Wassenaar, who has led many thousands of visitors into its amazing labyrinths during the past thirty years, but who has now retired, claims to have gone inwards for several miles without discovering an exit; and yet, as the air of the interior is always warm and fresh, it is obvious that air must be entering at some other point.

Some thirty years ago Van Zyl's Chamber was reached by descending an iron ladder thirty feet long. But in 1897, when the late Lord Milner visited the place, concrete steps and a pathway were constructed; and these made safe what was once a hazardous descent.

The great chamber is full of whitish shapes, as it were, of gnomes and trolls and grotesque spirals and festoons, which, when torches are carried, reflect the glare with enchanting effect. One great column looks like purest marble "strewn with diamonds." Towards the end of this "hall" is the almost conjoint stalactite and stalagmite known as Cleopatra's Needle. It has increased one-sixth of an inch in the past thirty-five years, and it is about twenty-seven feet high. So that assuming that the rate of growth has been constant throughout, an assumption which is probably not correct, it would be nearly 70,000 years old.

Then comes the "Registry," on the walls of which are pencilled the names of many who have long since passed on. A wonderful place indeed! For over a century visitors have pencilled and recorded and otherwise inscribed in red clay or soot, or by chisel, their names and the dates of their visits. One name meets the eye with a ghostly insistence, the characters bold, but of old-time shape, "John Faure, 1805." Another, "Captain de Lisle, 49th Regiment, 1829," reminiscent of the days when British Regiments were in transit to India. The whitish roof bears stark sooty initials, and the whole place breathes the spirit of the past, and inspires thought of parties dead and gone, wearing old-time dress, and on civil and military and perhaps social missions from the interior to the coast.

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Sir Lowry Cole came to the caves in 1830. Sir Henry Barkly was a visitor in 1847. And in 1877 Anthony Trollope, the novelist, endeavoured to compare them with the Kentucky and Tasmanian Caves—to the advantage, be it said, of the Cango. Mr. J. J. Freeman, of the London Missionary Society, who also went to them, makes reference to the superiority of the South African Caves. The Prince of Wales entered them in 1925, and was greatly interested in that extraordinary limestone formation which resembles closely the figure of Queen Victoria. Other eccentric configurations are those known as the Bridal Chamber, the Throne Room, the Church Altar, the Drum, and far inwards, the Devil's Workshop.

II.

Perhaps one of the most fascinating features of this cave is that which throws significant light on its ancient purpose, namely, a Bushman painting, apparently of battle and hunting scenes close to its entrance. For the African Bushman, of course, was a cave man and a hunter. In the vicinity of the Cango Caves are other Bushman paintings, including an orange-coloured picture of an elephant; and there has been found, not far away, the place in which it is surmised the Bushman sharpened his arrows. So we discover that here, then, was a cave of troglodytes who, with arrow and bow and other weapons of the hunt, went forth at dawn to war on the Wild. It is, after all, a very dramatic reflection that these strange cave-dwellers were really neolithic men whose existence elsewhere in the world ceased for the most part away back in pre-history.

Southern Africa is a treasure house of Bushman caves. Explorers of the mountain fastnesses will often come upon paintings hidden in long-deserted caverns. Thus, at one time and other have been found the cave of the Red Serpent near Badfontein, Orange River, the cave of the White Rhinoceros and Serpent near Waschbank Spruit, the cave of the Eland in the Stormberg near Dordrecht, the cave of the White Hippopotamus in Knecht's Kloof, Koesberg, and the cave of the One-horned Rhinoceros in Elands Kloof, Orange River.

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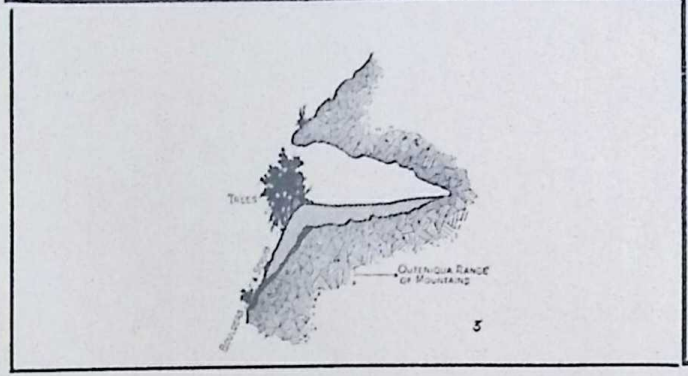

(1) COASTAL BUSHMEN'S (STRANDLOPERS) REMAINS IN A CAVE OPENED UP BY MR. F. W. FITZ-SIMONS IN OUTENIQUA MOUNTAINS AT TZITZIKAMA.

(2) BUSHWOMAN WHO CLAIMED TO BE 118 YEARS OF AGE. SHE WAS CAPTURED WHEN A GIRL, AND BECAME A SLAVE IN A DUTCH FAMILY UNTIL EMANCIPATED. SHE PASSED THE REST OF HER LIFE WITH THE SAME FAMILY, WHO WERE VERY KIND TO HER.

(3) SECTION OF OLD BUSHMAN ROCK SHELTER TWELVE MILES FROM SOUTH EAST COAST.

[*Photos F. W. FitzSimons.*

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Brother Otto, of Mariannhill Monastery, Natal, has explored caves on the Kei River, and has found pictures which were probably the work of Bushmen living somewhere in the period from, say, 1,000 years before Christ to within a short interval of the Christian era. There are caves full of paintings in that section of Natal bounded by the Giant's Castle, the Drakensberg, the Tugela, and Bushmans River; there are the caves at Tzitzikamma on the Cape Coast, some of which have been dug out and explored by Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, who explained afterwards "that these rock shelters are in the faces of the rocks which overlook the sea," and that "it was in some instances necessary to cut a way up to them from the rock-bound seashore, or even down from the top of the cliff." These also contained rock paintings. Still more recently, Captain Williams and Mr. Dimmock, of Ndanga, Rhodesia, found in a cave at Rumwanda some Bushman paintings of a number of queer figures, intended, presumably, to have white skins, dancing and playing instruments. These aroused quite a lot of controversy. But Rhodesia has many other interesting specimens of Bushman art; and some years ago the late Mr. R. N. Hall, Curator of the Zimbabwe Ruins, happened upon Bushman paintings in the caves of the Matopos in Rhodesia, some of which had been executed high up in the roof concavities. Snakes were indicated—in one instance, a whitish giraffe with yellow triangular patches—and jumping baboons, porcupines, and tortoises. And what is probably more interesting still, there were found a number of Bushman drawings of the Victoria Falls!

Quaint folk these little monkey men! Their ideas of life were so utterly different from our own. For instance, at Klerkskraal there lived (and perhaps still lives) a wizened old fellow called Old Sourie, said, at a guess, to be 120 years old.

"When I used to go out hunting with my father," he would say, "the Langeberg (a mountain range in the Cape) and the whole of the country was full of animals. There were eland, gemsbok, wildebeeste, lion—everything." His voice would quiver with delight as he recalled the teeming wild life of the hills and plains; and he would explain how his

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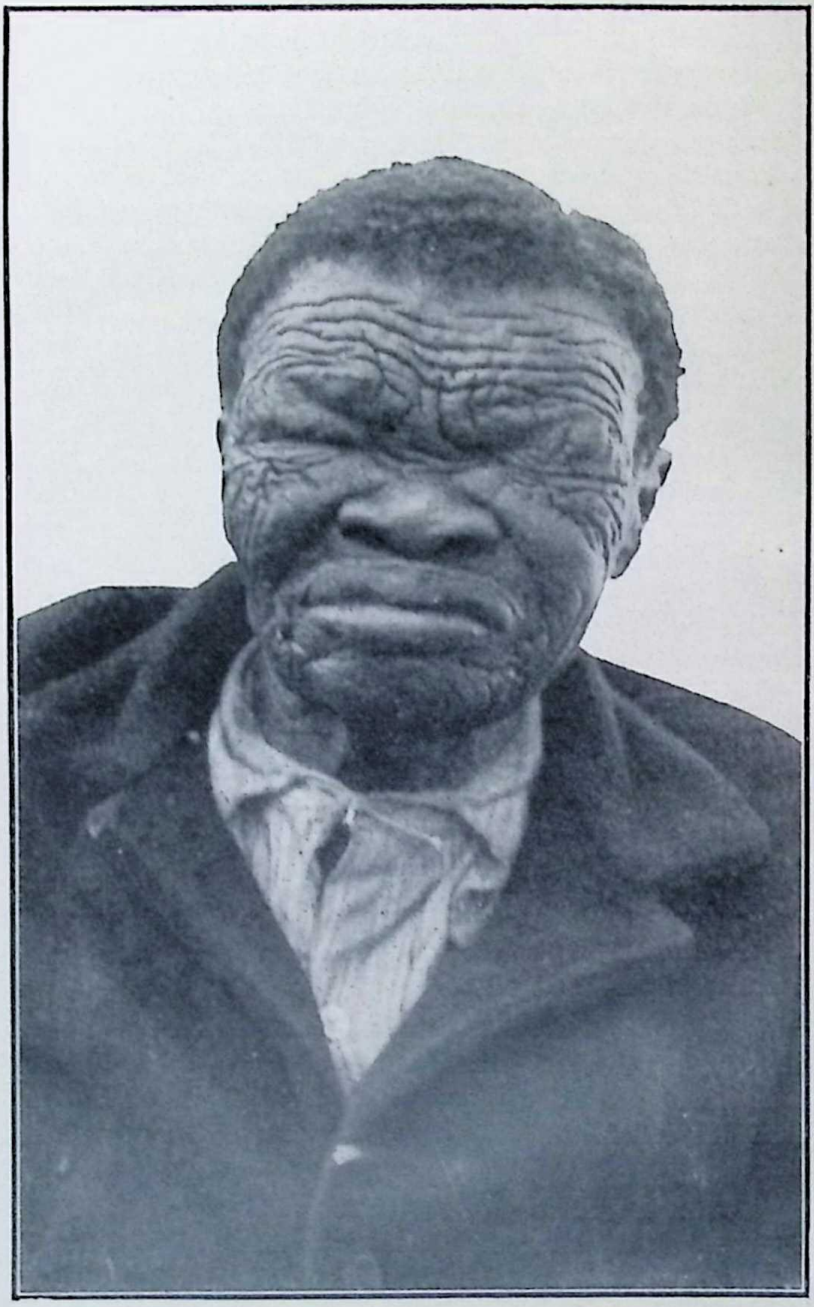

SAID TO BE PERHAPS 130 YEARS OF AGE. BUSHMAN JAN MORISE WAS PROBABLY THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH ON 18TH JULY, 1924.

[*Photo by A. Roberts, Johannesburg.*

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father had hunted with arrow and bow, using snake poison on his arrow tips. His father would await the coming of the herds and would then place the bow between his toes and direct the poisoned shafts into the herd. A wounded animal would then be followed and caught, and the poisoned portion of the meat cut out of him. The rest would be consumed.

Old Sourie had tales to tell, too, of lions. He was fond of describing how a man-eater once put his paw through a straw hut occupied by Bushmen in the Langeberg; whereupon the Bushmen inside, just as ready to eat the lion as he was to eat them, fastened the beast's huge paw with a riem, and went outside and killed him, and sat around and skinned and ate him. . . . At night when the shadows lay deeply on the mountains old Sourie would sit close to the embers of a fire and let his strange mind roam unrestrainedly down the many decades. He may have passed away ere now; but he is, or was, a recent link with a romantic past.

As recently as 1924 there was living a still older Bushman, one Jan, reputed to be perhaps 130 years of age. Of him, Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, that enthusiastic student of cave-dwellers and Bushmen generally, certified, under the date 3rd April, 1924: "I have examined the old man and he is a pure-bred Bushman of the original type, and probably the last of the race of quite pure-bred Bushmen who inhabited the caves and rock-shelters of South Africa."

Jan was born in the Warmbaths District, and his earliest recollection is of the death of his father. He also remembers that he had a brother who would not work. His mother chased him out of a hut, and he was heard of no more. The old man had a very clear recollection of his marriage and courtship.

"I married the daughter of Waterboer, my captain," he would relate. "She and I met while we were young, and when she grew up, I wanted to marry her.

"Her father said: 'Before you can wed my daughter you must bring home a live leopard.'"

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"I said nothing, but just went away. I killed a sheep and I took off the skin and put it over me. Then I went to a cave where I knew a leopard was. He thought I was a sheep, but before he could jump on me I tackled him."

Jan said he managed to secure and tie the leopard, and the animal was duly brought alive to the kraal of Waterboer. When the latter came outside he was frightened.

"Take that beast away," he said, dashing into his hut. "Take your wife, too, and let me never see you again!"

Old Jan died on 18th July, 1924. His death revived memories of these picturesque nomads dispossessed and driven forth from their beloved caves, from their wild honey grottos, from the ancient tribal songs and dances and customs, the insect and animal lore of their forefathers; so that the secrets of poison and antidote—sometimes possessed exclusively by the caste men of the tribes—were at last shared widely in the supreme task of opposing their remorseless foes. But as history has recorded, nothing availed. The stronger enemy drove them before them, and they became dispersed and homeless vagrants, bent on destruction. The Hottentot came in along the western coast, the Bechuana from the central-north, and the more warlike Kaffir from the east and down the coast. The apparent wantonness of the Bushmen, the ham-stringing of cattle and the murder of those whom they sometimes waylaid, was open to the consideration that their hearts were vengeful and embittered at the thought of the vanished lands and the cattle upon which they could prey no more. The Bushman had lived in a careless world of his own; his songs were the songs of hunting and feasting; they became as dear to him as the old-folk melodies of the white races to the whites. His fault was that he had outlived his time. And so, save for a few tribal remnants on the remote desert lands of the Kalahari and elsewhere, the Bushman has passed away

III.

Yes, it is true that the little hunters have almost all gone, but there are still big areas of country in which their wild game has been preserved and where the dreamer can

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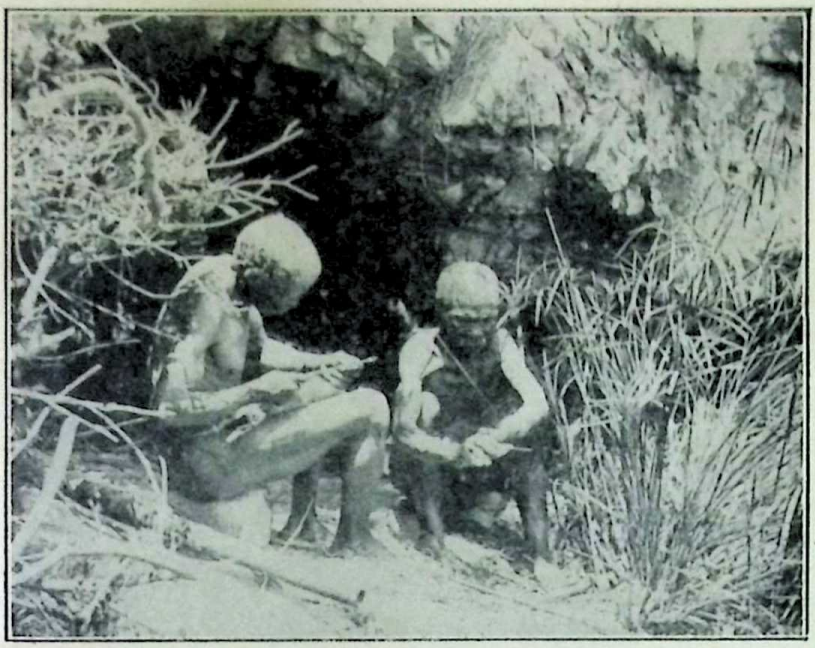
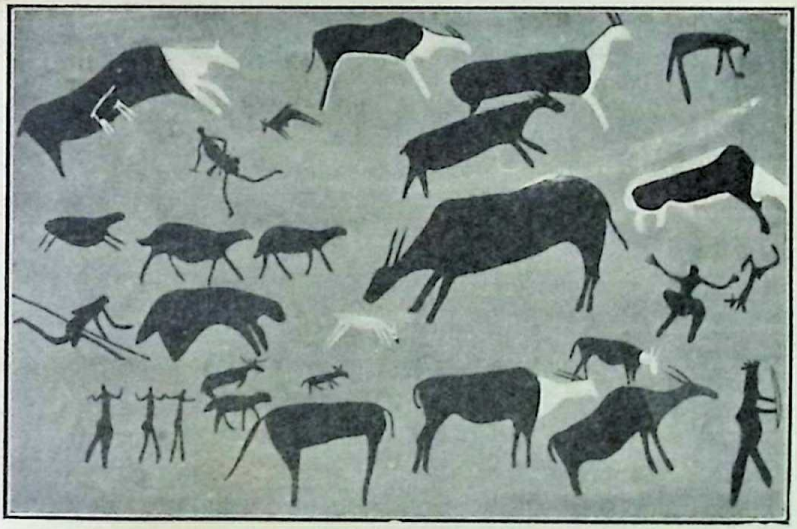


PURE-BRED CAPE BUSHMEN, PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR KAREE KLOOF, CAPE PROVINCE, IN 1911. THEIR CLAN IN THE COLESBERG RANGE WAS BROKEN UP AND DESTROYED LONG AGO BY A DUTCH COMMANDO. THE ELDER WAS AT LEAST 90 YEARS OF AGE.

[*Photograph: Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, Port Elizabeth.*



EXAMPLE OF BUSHMAN PAINTING.

[*Copied by Desmond FitzSimons.*

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again live—in the drowsing of the bees, and in the sight of wild animals browsing in the long grass—the life that used to be. There are in the north-eastern Transvaal, the Sabie and the Shingwedsi reserves now linked under the title "The Kruger National Park," and in them to-day the wild game dwells without fear of the poisoned arrow or the hunter's gun. There are caves, too, and Bushman paintings in this reserve, notably in those in the Logogote section south of the Sabie River; and one wonders what secrets may not lie ahead of the historian and archaeologist who may examine these quaint drawings not only for portrayals of the hunt, but also for outlines of foreign figures, and who may dig up in the floors of the caves relics capable perchance of solving the mystery of Zimbabwe and of the ancient gold hunters who came down from the north.

In the Reserve may be seen zebra, wildebeeste, buffalo, kudu, warthog, and, at the Letaba and Tendi Rivers, herds of elephant. The great creatures wander just as they did centuries ago, away north around and between the Shingwedsi and Limpopo Rivers.

In this glorious far-spreading domain the game warden has estimated that there are some 600 lions. He makes many interesting references to the habits of lions which, he says—and he is a great authority on the subject—will, on being driven from a troop, "usually be found hunting in pairs, while a mating lioness is generally noticed with one or more attendant males." This is "merely a temporary arrangement, for the strongest of the latter drives off or kills his rivals, or else she returns to her troop and the lion seeks another companion of his own sex. . . It is quite common for lions to travel twelve or more miles in a single night, and I have known them travel up to twenty miles in twenty-four hours. A lioness slightly wounded by me was killed a week later at a point twenty-seven miles distant. Another animal which escaped from a trap on the Olifants River was shot several months afterwards some thirty miles away as the crow flies. Lions," the warden adds, "are very noisy creatures, especially when mating or after a kill, or travelling to and from the water, so that the same animals moving

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from the different points, or members of the troop calling up one another, give the impression of numbers in excess of actuality."

These lions, it may be remarked, indulge their natural instincts and prey on the other animals in the Reserve; in fact, in 1925 it is estimated that 9,500 animals were killed by lions within a certain area. The lions are hunted, of course, by the rangers. And these men, wandering along the sun-hardened tracks in the lonely bush and around the kloofs and dry water-courses, sometimes come upon the remains of lions slain by other lions. For the struggle goes on in the wild as in the wide world outside, bitter remorseless struggle, with the prize to the strongest; and often two mighty animals fighting for the female, or for the larger share of a kill, will battle to the death with tooth and claw in some woodland clearing, while the solitudes echo with their roars.

No other animals are hunted by the rangers, however. Here, in this typical Bushman's Paradise, all bird life enjoys sanctuary; and what an amazing life it is! There are the birds which attack snakes and rats; the storks, egrets, weaver birds, rollers, orongos, guinea-fowl, all warring on noxious insects, and ready here and there to prey on *voet-ganger* (crawler) locust swarms. Marabou storks, too, dart among the brown-winged destroyers. The quaint buphega or rhinoceros bird and the smaller egret are friends of the larger animals inasmuch as they keep them free from ticks.

Mr. Paul Selby, an American lover of wild life, has an amazing collection of camera studies—some 900 in all—taken in this Reserve and in East Africa. He claims that, although he has stalked every kind of game with his camera for many years, not even excepting lions, he has never yet been attacked or compelled to shoot in self-defence. He loves to creep stealthily upon a herd of eland, kudu, or zebra, and to snap the animals under restful conditions. Animals when disturbed or when winding the human enemy do not appeal to him.

Mr. Selby considers that a lion will seldom attack a human; although on that point it may be that his humanitarian

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bias has perhaps tempted him into indiscretion. For his own most interesting experience in seeking to snap a lion at sixty-six yards is not altogether convincing testimony to the pacific nature of the animal.

"In August, 1926," he relates, "I heard lions roaring about Pretorius Kop in the Reserve. I started out at daybreak, sighted them, crossed two water-courses, and eventually came up pretty near them, getting pictures of two lions and a lioness at 200 yards. I had to go closer, however; thereupon they got up and went off. I followed. In the thick bush I saw the lioness getting away over a rise, but I could not see the lion. I eventually caught a glimpse of him on his belly crawling in my direction. I got pictures at sixty-six yards, but then he managed to hide himself in the bush, and as he started around the bush towards me he saw my gun, and cleared off."

The rangers, too, have had their little adventures. One of them riding through the woods one day came upon two male lions which promptly attacked him. One sprang at his horse and unseated him, the horse dashing away with the lion on its back. The other leaped at the fallen ranger, and fastened his teeth in his shoulder. He, fortunately, retained his presence of mind He drew his knife and stabbed the lion vigorously twice in the lung. The sharpness of the blows caused the beast to relinquish his grip, for indeed he had been mortally wounded, and the ranger took advantage of the diversion to climb a tree, and, lest he should faint, tied himself there securely. He had a premonition that the lion which had gone off attacking the horse would return, as, surely enough, he did. Almost the last thing the ranger remembered before he swooned was this lion coming back. The lion that was stabbed, died coughing not far from the spot; and some natives fortunately found the injured ranger tied up and still unconscious in the tree; and they cut him down and managed to restore him. They could not believe that the animal had been slain with a knife; that is to say, until the evidence thereon was clearly forthcoming.

So that life in the Reserve is not without its moments of hazard and peril.

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"The best point of entry to the Reserve," Mr. Selby will say, "is through the citrus centre, Nelspruit, and the White River Settlement, on the Rand-Lourenço Marques line, 127 miles from Delagoa Bay. From there the bush is fairly open, and the distance from the White River Settlement to the first ranger's house is about twenty miles. Pretorius Kop, which is a good point to make for, is thirty-two miles from the settlement; and it would be possible to see in that journey, rietbok, zebra, wildebeeste, and sable antelope, while about the kopje may be often noticed kudu and roan antelope."

Consequently, a man may leave Johannesburg one evening and reach Pretorius Kop on the afternoon of the following day. And as lions may often be heard roaring there—in fact, Mr. Selby heard them on twenty-one out of the twenty-three occasions on which he pitched his camp there—it would be true to say that the city of Johannesburg, which sparkles with its myriad lights o' nights in the centre of the long chain of gold mines, is within twenty-four hours of the natural habitat of the lion which seeks his prey in the Transvaal Game Reserve a little north of the Rand-Delagoa line, even as he did when Southern Africa was the Bushman's undisputed hunting ground not so very long ago.

IV.

There is yet another great game sanctuary in the Addo Bush, thirty miles from Port Elizabeth, Cape Province, and around Sandflats and Sundays River, a reserve in which elephant roam to-day undisturbed. This bush is forty miles long and twenty miles wide; and the trumpetings of elephants may be heard echoing eerily in the thick, matted woods; but some of these creatures may recollect, that is to say if the tradition of long memory be true, a great slaughter of their elders by a spare intrepid hunter some years ago. This hunter—Major Pretorius—exterminated, by arrangement with the Provincial Government of the Province, the greater part of the entire herd in 1919; and there were other hunters, including the late Frederick Courtney Selous, who thought that elephant hunting at Addo was courting

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death ; for the bush has few trees likely to afford shelter—elephants are never easy to kill, and a wounded bull can travel fast. He will, as likely as not, get the better of a scuttling huntsman. There was, for example, once a farmer named Vermaak who went into this bush after buck armed only with a shot-gun. Taken unawares by an elephant he lost his head and fired a charge of shot into him. The monster got him, threw him down, trampled on him ; and when his body was found next day it was an unrecognizable mass. The gun lay near him smashed and twisted like a broken toy.

There was another farmer near Addo, too, whose lands had been invaded by elephants, his fences torn down, and his dams lowered. They trumpeted in triumph through the night. In the morning this farmer and some others rode on the elephant tracks into the heart of the bush. They came up with the herd. The farmer took a shot at a cow elephant, but only wounded her. The animal cut the farmer off in the bush. It seized him in its trunk and injured him mortally. The other huntsmen galloped for safety and got away. And there were various other happenings like these.

Of course, the destruction wrought by the animals was constantly represented to the Provincial Government of the Cape Province. One sufferer who had been in the district fifty years estimated his losses at £6,000. The Uitenhagers felt constrained at last to ask for the total destruction of the herd, but the difficulty was to find a man daring enough to tackle them. His task would be not to exterminate them outright, but reasonably to diminish their numbers from about 140 head to thirty or so. It was felt that the elephants were raiding for water, and that to provide the survivors with water might probably diminish their raiding.

Major Pretorius, who undertook the task of hunting them down, had in his adventurous lifetime played many parts. He commenced as a lad by running away from his home in the Transvaal and travelling into the heart of Northern Rhodesia ; and there in close contact with Nature he received his training as a hunter. He resided for many years in East

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Africa and was actually in German territory when the war broke out. When the news of the historic declaration was brought to him, he had all but completed arrangements for a big hunting trek from the River Rovuma, so often mentioned in the diaries of Livingstone, and across country to Central Africa. His friends, Captain Hemming and Mr. Marais, were to have gone with him, but the dramatic intelligence that war had been declared made it clear to him that as he was on the German side of the Rovuma he must either get across to Portuguese territory or be captured. Nevertheless, the three men delayed to make a Union Jack with a tablecloth coloured with their red and blue pencils, and this they hauled up over their camp. Not long after and while it was dark, the Germans attacked the camp in force. Hemming and Marais escaped over the river to Portuguese territory in a canoe, but Pretorius was shot through both legs. Nevertheless, he plunged on, reached the river running darkly and strongly, and, ignoring the fact that it was infested with crocodiles, swam on, bullets falling all about him. Weighted with his bandolier and rifle he sank, rose again, discarded the bandolier, but managed to retain his rifle. How he gave himself up to the Portuguese, but was handed back by them to the Germans, how he escaped from them and tramped with a poisoned leg down to Lake Nyasa, eventually joining the British forces in German East, all this is the barest outline, of course, of an unusual career; for it was he who with a Bushman's uncanny sixth sense of distance and direction, who did such wonders as an intelligence officer and made the offer to General Smuts, then Commander-in-Chief of the East African forces, to bring Von Lettow-Vorbeck, the German Commander, into the British lines dead or alive, but General Smuts, it is said, was not disposed to allow him to risk his life thus recklessly. This, then, was the man who contracted to thin the herds of the Addo, and who, accompanied by his wife, also an expert shot and a keen huntress, set up his camp within the fringe of the bush in June, 1919.

Now the Addo elephants were somewhat different from others in Africa. They were shorter than the jungle giants of the north and the few in the Knysna forests close by;

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for Nature, ever solicitous for their welfare, had reduced their stature to facilitate concealment in the smaller Addo trees. Then, again, as these animals did little digging with tusks for food, there was no great need for tusks. The Addo species therefore became largely tuskless. What they lost in height and power of offence they gained in breadth and weight; so they were able to crash irresistibly through the matted wild when off the well-worn trails. They became cunning owing to the proximity of man, and they learned to know and to recognize the tiny tube of iron which spat flame and death. Their journeys from the bush to the farmers' dams outside were, it has been said, journeys of necessity and wild terror; for the poor creatures literally had to raid for water or perish miserably.

V.

In this bush Major Pretorius camped under contract with the Cape Provincial Administration to reduce the herds. The first big bull was shot in June, 1920, one day just before sundown. The hunter, his wife, and a taxidermist from Capetown had been out all day reconnoitring the bush, while four natives armed with axes had cleared the way whenever the bush became impassable. The party sighted some dark moving objects some distance away. They proved to be a herd of forty elephant feeding. The Major placed his wife and the taxidermist at a point where they would see the huge beasts break after he had fired. He then hurried forward. Impeded by monstrous thorns and with the light rapidly fading, he reached a point where he was able to select a fully grown young bull as the best placed animal, with the body slewed around slightly, and the after portion of the flank exposed.

It was not possible to aim behind the shoulder; so the hunter determined to go for the stomach and to endeavour to reach the lungs. He fired. The watchers saw the dust spurt from the animal's side. He let out a terrific bellow and fell to his knees; but the rest of the herd took to flight and left the stricken creature to his fate; and as they shambled past, the calves could be seen running under their mothers' bellies, and so trumpeting and crashing through

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the dry grey-green undergrowth, the herd vanished. The next morning the hunters tried to track the wounded bull. They came to a kloof which was shut in and unapproachable ; and somewhere in its recesses the animal could be heard squealing in agony.

By March, 1920, the hunter had slain seventy-five elephant, bringing the total "bag" of his life to 450. But, now, gradually, the game of slaughter drew to an end. The voice of the protestants, the champions of game preservation and wild life were heard in Parliament and Press. Prominent among these were certain successive Ministers of Lands and Major Pretorius himself, who had recommended a sanctuary with water-holes and native wardens to guard the boundaries of the Reserve. A scheme was adopted in 1926 which included the creation of a reserve in the wilder part of the Addo Bush surrounded by a seventy-five-foot belt of open space. In the fastnesses of the sanctuary, windmills were erected and waterholes sunk to assure a regular supply of water, while, in addition, the Department of Lands undertook the building of several dams to catch rain-water, both for drinking purposes and as wallowing places. Already the great creatures seem to have taken fresh heart. Little calves have made their appearance. The prospects of general increase seem certain. The elephants, it is pleasant to note, have also as companions a number of buffalo and buck ; so that after its long welter of animal tragedy the Addo will emerge into the light of a generous understanding between man and beast ; and one of the oldest areas of Africa within which lie the ancient rock shelters of the coast in which were buried with their faces turned to the east—the early men of Africa—will preserve some of that spirit of the primitive which has haunted its wooded solitudes and cliff escarpments since before the dawn of history.

VI.

There is still another game reserve in Natal, and others in various parts of the country. Game flourishes around that mighty mountain chain, the Drakensberg, from Mont-aux-Sources to the southern portion of the Giant's Castle

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Game Reserve, and, indeed, right along the range. Along this vast assembly of peaks, capped often with snow, in the Mweni and Lambonja Valleys among the Rockeries, Cathedral, and Cathkin Peaks, the old-time Bushmen of this ancient Continent have left their cave records of the chase, of species which have in some cases vanished, and which in others survive in the cliff recesses, the trackless woods, and the edges of the water-courses of the great berg. From near Mont-aux-Sources, at the rough junction of Natal, the Orange Free State, and Basutoland, spreads the domain of the National Park, a glorious wilderness of mountain summits and tremulous white falls. Close to one of its peaks—the Sentinel on an eminence of the *massif*—is a beacon which marks the intersection of the Free State, Natal, and Basutoland boundaries; and this plateau is really the watershed of South Africa.

Reference has already been made in this book, however, to the glories of the Drakensberg. As the site of a national park, the peaks which guard the sanctum of the wild will remind us of the old exhortation:—

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.
There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Native in Dance, War, and Song.

I.

ON a day in February, 1921, a great native dance festival was held in Johannesburg under the direction of the Chamber of Mines. This dance, like others held in accordance with the general policy of the Chamber, had been arranged with the object of keeping the 180,000 natives employed on the mines contented by encouraging them in tribal dancing. And so leading teams competed—M'Chopis, Shangaans, and Inyambanes.

Never have the warriors given so thrilling a display; nor one so eloquent of the strange intensity of the black man's nature and of his tremendous dance rhythms, which to-day are capturing the world. "Civilized" variants of them, "the Charleston" and the "Black Bottom," seem to tell us that. For have they not been lauded, defended, denounced, and yet borne to success by popular clamour? Have they not made a new jazz world of music?

And yet there seems no clear appreciation of the elemental origins of these things, how they began among the wild tribes which swept down upon Southern Africa before the coming of the Europeans. They were war dances then, by which was stimulated the frenzy of battle. They meant the capture of women, rapine, feasting, loot, carnage. The spirit of some of them survives harmlessly in the native territories of Africa. It is held in strict leash there by the law. It is masked (and not understood) in the modern ballroom. Some feel instinctively that there is moral danger in them

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from their appeal to the Primitive. Yet few recognize how far they go back, right back, into the Wild.

II.

The scene in the fine Wanderers' Grounds of the great gold mining city that brilliant morning twenty-seven months after the close of the Great War will not be forgotten by the ten thousand whites privileged to see it. There had never been anything quite like it before. The central yellow oval held many hundreds of tribesmen. Purple, orange, grey, and vivid red blankets flashed in the sun. Officials scurried over the arena—two hundred yards across and circumscribed by stands. There was heard the sombre bass chanting of the "impis." The yellow-black shapes of kaffir pianos were close to the dancing ground.

Presently an old baboon known as "Bushman" bounded into the arena. He was a sympathetic detail in a warlike pageant. His appearance befitted the occasion. He was savagely relict of those lonely kopjes, gorges, and valleys of native Africa across which baboon troops are wont to be led by their "old men," those resentful "greybeards" who will dispute furiously any attempt on the part of a youngster to take the lead.*

"Bushman" seemed to consider himself the mascot of the show. His little eyes flashed. He made queer grimaces. Sometimes he sat up and shook his hairy head and peered at the "regiments" as he might have done, perhaps, when acting as sentry for his fellows somewhere yonder in the mountains, in the days before his capture.

"Here they come!" was the cry.

A body of men marching two deep, wearing striped purple tunics, with white cows' tails shaking from their knees, and gripping long beribboned staves and shields,

* A party of motorists driving between Rustenburg and Pretoria in 1913, saw a troop of baboons approaching a stream. The leader was a big "grey-beard," and the females were carrying their "babes" on their backs. A young male attempted to get in front of the leader, whereupon the latter seized him by a limb and jerked him backwards over his head. The other animal accepted the rebuff, whereupon the leader took up a position on the bank and gravely watched the whole of the females safely across.

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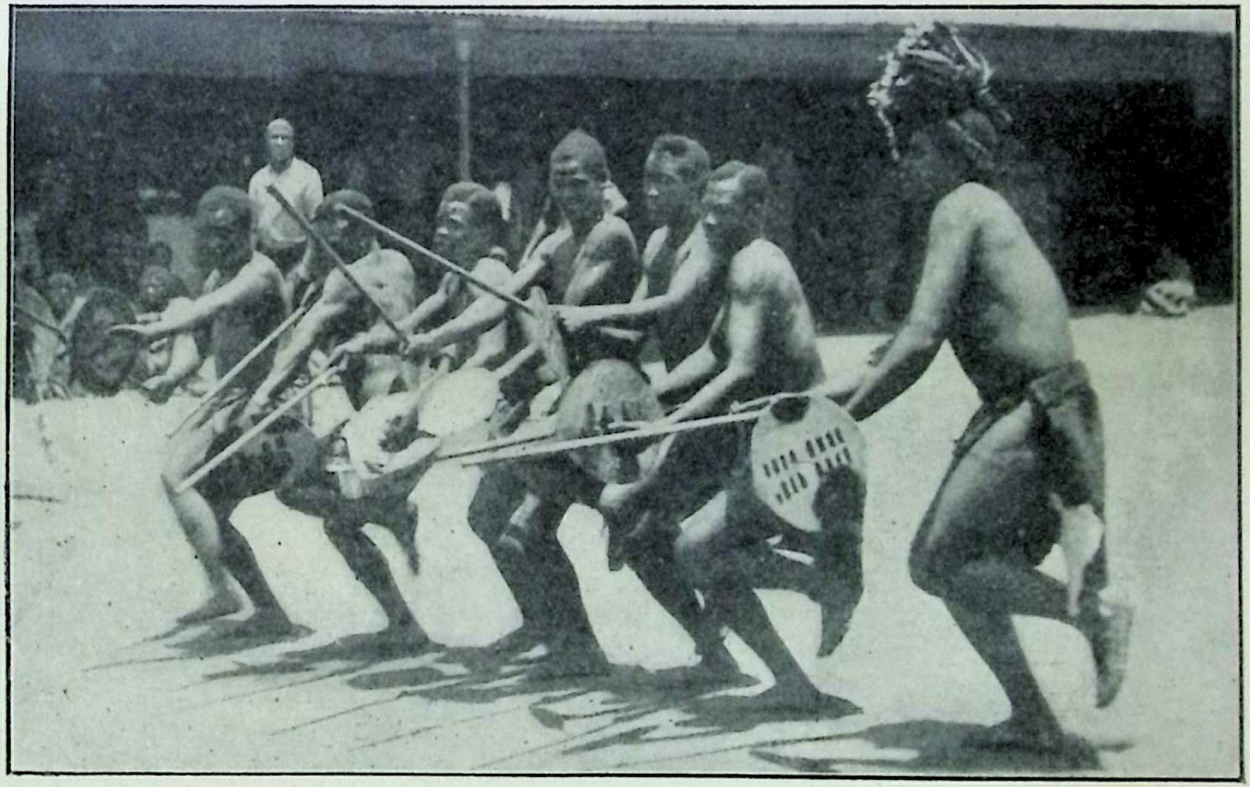

WAS AFRICA THE HOME OF THE CHARLESTON? STRIKING ACTION PICTURE OF RAW NATIVES DANCING IT IN A MINE COMPOUND NEAR JOHANNESBURG.

[Photo by permission of the "Rand Daily Mail."

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stamped the dust into clouds as they approached the dancing space. Time and step were kept with almost military precision.

They were the Shangaans of the Nourse Mines, a great property some miles east of Johannesburg.

A little man led them, bursting with importance. The impi was followed by a "baboon-man" on a chain. He mimicked the gait of a baboon, staggered and crawled on all fours, and turned somersaults until the perspiration almost melted the thick dark blue paint daubed all over his ebony head.

So they tramped into position. Facing now the big stand, the diminutive leader blew his whistle. The purple line shouted and leaped, while the cows' tails flashed in the rising brown dust. The dancers chanted in unison, and their queer gyrations were splendidly timed. Again the little man blew his whistle and waved his staff. Instantly the dancers stopped. A madly excited fellow somersaulted out of the ranks, and, steadying himself, yelled and shook his fist at the heavens, after which he went head-over-heels back into position again.

What were they chanting? Nobody seemed to know. Yet the gestures referred clearly to war, to that old, old method of arbitrament which, in spite of all the blood and tears, the homilies, and the untold tons of printers' ink, ranks still as proof and gauge of manhood with the greater part of the world. . . .

And now another team is seen on the march. A proud figure struts before his M'Chopis, waving shield and spear. On his red tunic one presently descries the words "City Deep" in white letters. A green sash escapes negligently from the tunic, and the lower limbs are bedecked with the inevitable cows' tails.

A dazzling throng, this! The rank and file wear robes with lateral red and white markings. The leader marches them into position, his face reflecting expressions of pomp and ecstasy. They halt and confront the main stand dramatically.

On their right the supporting native orchestra is drawn

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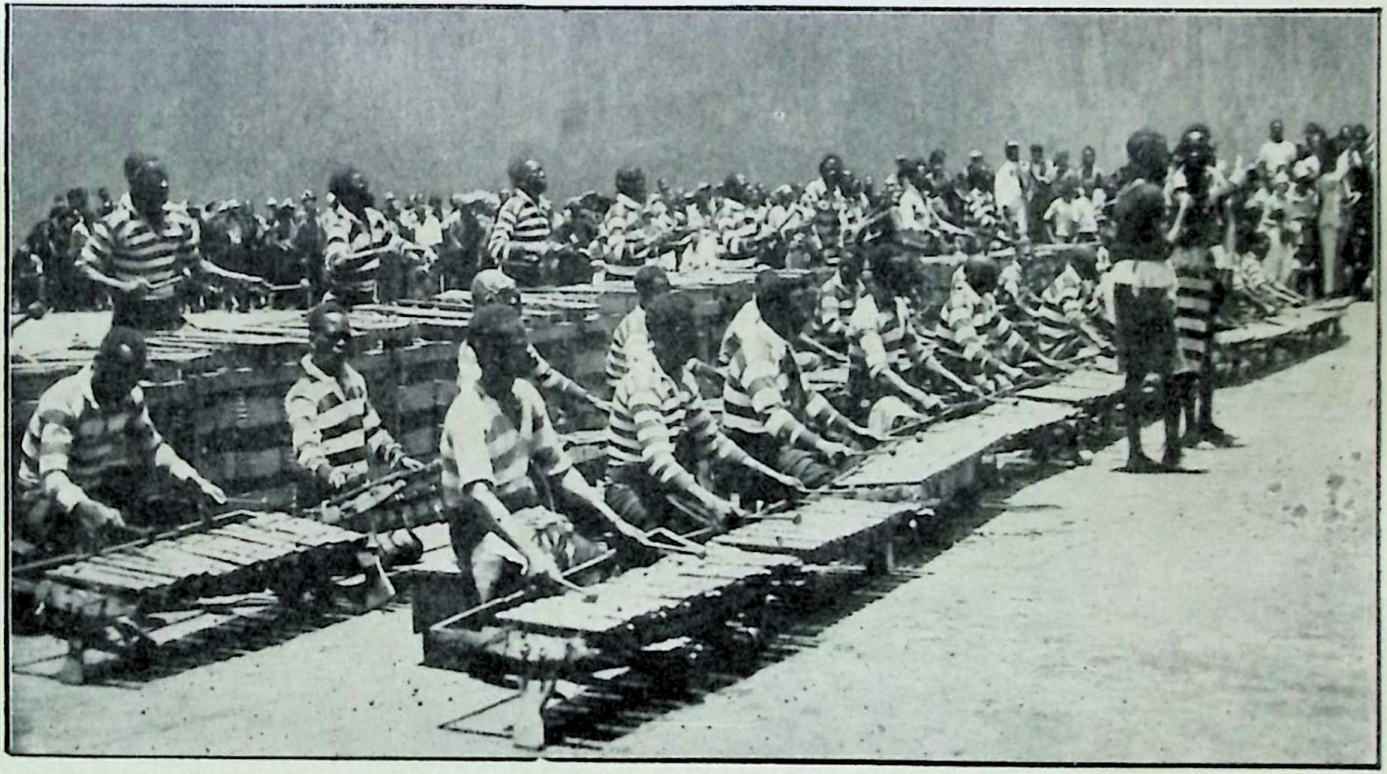

THE NATIVE IN DANCE, WAR, AND SONG. THE VERY HEART OF JAZZ! NATIVE "PIANO ORCHESTRA" PLAYING FOR BIG TRIBAL DANCE IN THE COMPOUND OF A RAND GOLD MINE.

[Photo by permission of the "Rand Daily Mail."

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up in lines—multitudinous kaffir pianos with skilled performers to each. All are ready to play up for their men. Presently the dance begins. The orchestra thumps out of the long lateral slabs of wood a weird, dirge-like theme, which twines itself curiously about the sombre melody sung by the dancers who meanwhile thrust their spears rhythmically this way and that with a singleness of movement indicative of long training.

The "pianos" have wooden slabs for keys and sound-boxes made out of tins, which vary in size according to the depth of the note. The players ply the rubber-covered "strikers" with exhilarating rhythm, speed, and dexterity, and even with a sense of the value of crescendo and diminuendo.

During this event the leader jumps and gesticulates. His men crash their shields on the ground. The whistle blows, the dancers stride off, and their rivals enter the arena.

These also are M'Chopis. They wear scarlet tunics striped vertically and carry battle-axes. With them are a couple of almost naked jesters. Their faces are masked, one like a baboon, and the other in a manner to defy description. One of the jesters opens a writing pad, and commences to write. He gives this up presently as being beyond his powers, and after hitting one of the pianos gently with a striker, sits on the ground and nurses a puppet of some kind. His semi-nude companion prances about in his fierce mask before the dancers meanwhile, and the latter whirl their battle-axes in a manner to bode death and destruction. The New Kleinfontein team (for that is its name) presently terminates its activities and goes away.

III,

Such dances have become a vivid feature of compound life. They are wise aids to contentment. The dancer expends harmlessly his superfluous energy—his compatriots applaud him. They rejoice to see again, too, those old familiars of village life, the witch doctors, baboon men, jesters, and generals, who remove them in spirit to their far-off homes For the black man is not wholly material;

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Façade of Union Building, Pretoria.

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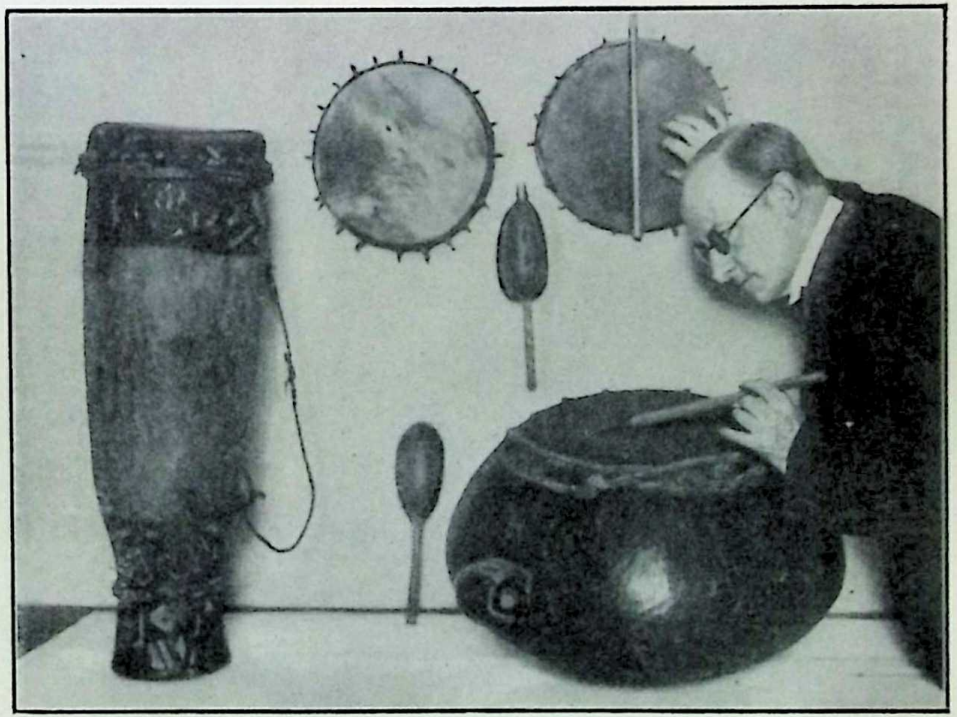

DID JAZZ ORIGINATE IN THE AFRICAN FOREST? AFRICAN WAR DRUMS OBTAINED BY PROFESSOR P. R. KIRBY, WITWATERSRAND UNIVERSITY. ON LEFT, NYASALAND WAR DRUM, HOLLOWED FROM A TREE TRUNK. ON RIGHT, OLD RHODESIAN DRUM PEGGED WITH SKINS. ABOVE: TRANSVAAL TAMBOURINE DRUMS, "SHAKERS" FILLED WITH SEEDS.

[Photo by permission of the "Rand Daily Mail."

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home has for him its ties and its sentiment. The smell of the soot in the kraals, the shapely *intombis* who poise the milk-gourds on their heads, the beer-drinks, and the dances, all are memories every whit as vital as the detail which links the white man to his more civilized home. The dances, therefore, are wise.

But why are the Zulus—great lovers of the warlike dance—never seen at them? Why is the ground not vibrant as of old with the thunder of their tread? Chiefly because the Zulu is not a miner. His women have no special admiration for the miner. The women of the Inyambanes, M'Chopis, and Shangaans, on the other hand, look favourably upon him.

"Thou, O Umgamashi, art no man," a girl of the Shangaans was overheard to say; "thou hast not broken gold from the rock that is hidden in the earth."

The Zulus, nevertheless, dance in Zululand. They dance every year at such places as hilly Umsinga, near the Natal-Zululand border, twenty-five miles south of Rorkes Drift, at the Feast of the First Fruits. From all sides the warriors pour in. The chief selects a black bull. The young men are commanded to strangle it. Sometimes the infuriated beast gores them, and many a one has thus lost his life. Then the beast is dressed and cooked. A gigantic pot is filled with pumpkin leaves, cabbages, and other green stuff. The warriors dance. There is merriment and excitement. And this old custom began in the days of Senzangakona, and was practised in the reign of his son, Tshaka. Zulus there were still some years ago who would tell wide eyed of the great dance-feasts held in Tshaka's time, not only on occasions of war, but also on those of marriage and rejoicing. Few, if any, are alive to-day—even in this land of centenarians—who recall the monster who drenched Southern Africa with blood.

But beautiful Zululand—now a land of cotton field and sugar farm, though only annexed to Natal in 1897—is still eloquent of the desperate battles of the past. The memorable site is known where Zwide fought to the death with Tshaka; that, too, of the burial-grounds of the old warrior kings and

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THIS JOLLY DWARF, 29 INCHES HIGH, IS WATCHING A NATIVE MINE DANCE. HE IS HELD IN SOME AWE BY OTHER NATIVES BECAUSE OF HIS SUPPOSED OCCULT POWERS.

[*Photo by permission of the "Rand Daily Mail."*

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the fields of Isandhlwana, Rorkes Drift, and Ulundi, and later the ground over which the British fired until their rifles were red hot, and avenged the disaster of Isandhlwana, breaking for ever the Zulu power

Yet somehow fancy lingers much with brave old Zwide's fight with Tshaka more than a century ago, a fight in which the unnumbered dead were left unburied where they fell. How many passing at dusk along the hilly road between Eshowe and Nkandhla—the former 120 miles by rail north-east of Durban, the latter a place of cave and forest used by Cetywayo when hiding from the British troops in 1879—realize that here was fought one of the most sanguinary battles in Zulu history. Down in the deep valley the hosts of Zwide—once conqueror of Dingiswayo, great chief of the Ndwandwe, overlord indeed of all the Zulu tribes—met Tshaka leading his own great army. It was virtually a battle for the kingship. There have been few conflicts quite like this, where the combatants were so valiantly resolved to win or to die; and where each general had a reputation for invincibility. It was about the banks of the Mvuzani, where the river unites with the Mhlatuzi, that Zwide made his last stand. On the day when the final phase of the battle began, the streams of the Mvuzani and the Mhlatuzi were red with blood, and were literally bridged by the bodies of the slain. The attacking forces passed across the dead and contended hand to hand with assegai and shield. Again and again the Zulus were beaten back. When, in turn, Zwide's men sprang to the assault they were repulsed by the Zulus still led by the gigantic Tshaka, and by heroes such as Ndhlela Ka Sompisi of the Mbele tribe. In the end Tshaka overwhelmed Zwide and slew him. And to this day the bones of the thousands who lost their lives lie lightly down there in the soil, nameless relics of tribal devotion to chief and king.

IV.

There is one spot in Zululand which the Zulus call "Makosini" ("The Place of the Great Chiefs"), and which they regard with awe. It is the burial-ground of the kings—Zulu himself, the first of them, and the seven who succeeded

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him: Ntombela, Nkosinkulu, Mageba, Punga, Ndaba, Jama, and Senzangakona—father of Tshaka, of Dingaan, and of Mpande. The natives believe that the spirits of these great potentates haunt the spot, spectres invisible but ever menacing; and the natives, of course, propitiate ancestral spirits as scrupulously almost as do the Chinese. Even after an ordinary death a kraal must mourn for a year, a black ox will be slaughtered and kaffir beer brewed, while the witch doctor will burn his herbs mixed with the entrails of the ox, casting the residue afterwards with picturesque gesture to the spirits and praying for help in times of trouble. There is beer-drinking and dancing throughout the night, and the country will echo far and wide to the sombre banging of the ox-hide drums.

If, then, such ceremonies attend an ordinary death, it can well be imagined with what awe the Zulus regard the graves of their kings; and Tshaka's tomb particularly. To this day that grim name is associated with many beetling cliffs called "Tshaka's Rock," one-time places of execution, over which Tshaka compelled the condemned to leap to their doom.

How well the far-flung vistas of Zululand recall the lines of Stevenson:—

We travelled in the print of olden wars;
Yet all the land was green;
And love we found, and peace,
Where fire and war had been.
They pass and smile—the children of the sword—
No more the sword they wield;
And O, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield!

A writer in the *Zululand Times* pointed out in January, 1927, that close to the graves of the kings stands the monument erected to the memory of Piet Retief and his party who were murdered by Dingaan. Though not actually built upon the site of the massacre—which was at Kwa-Matiwane, a little stony kopje the other side of the stream from the old Umgungunhlovu kraal—the column is sufficiently near to mark the place of the tragedy. Some day

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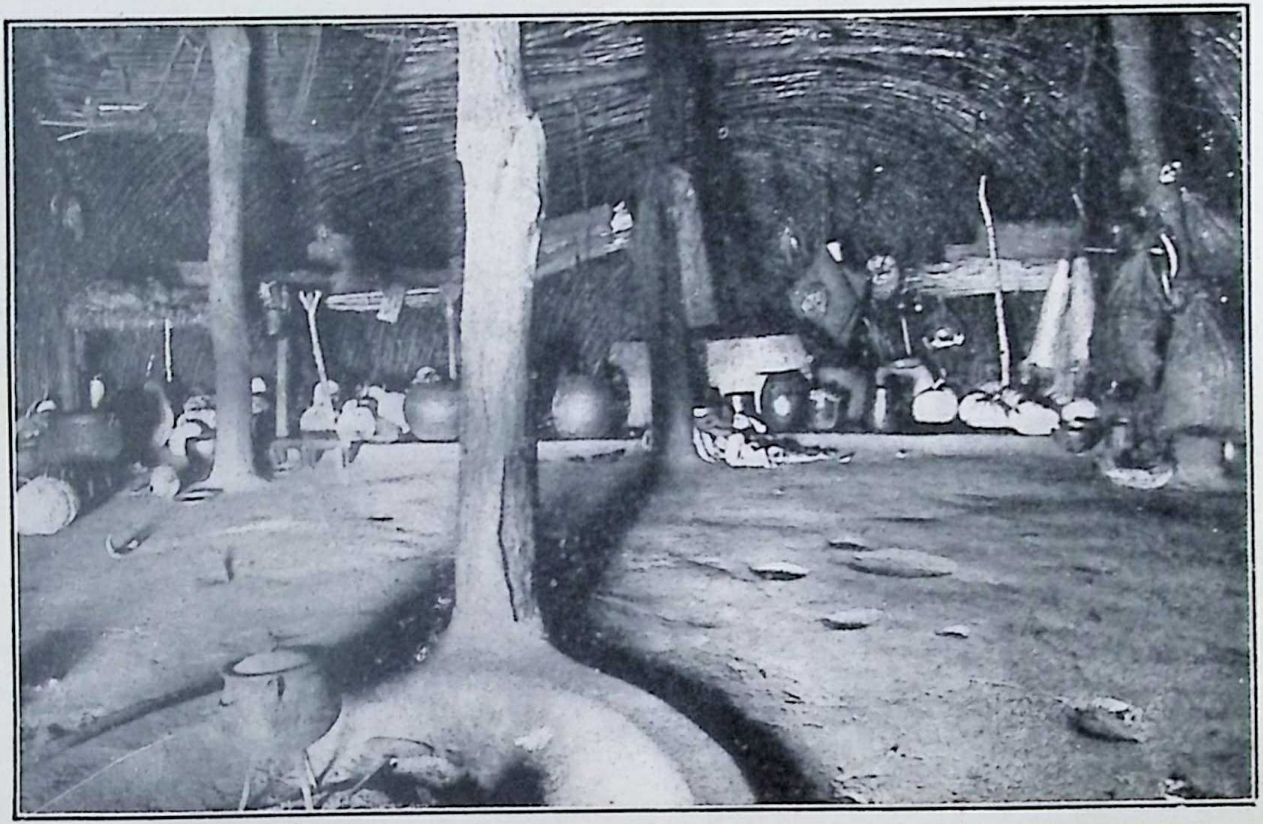

INSIDE A ZULU KRAAL: A SURVIVAL OF THE PASTORAL PATRIARCHAL LIFE OF BIBLICAL TIMES.

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the ground may be purchased by the Government and left to serve as a reminder to future generations of the stirring times through which this part of the Union passed in its upward growth to a settled civilization.

South of this is the site of Tshaka's "great kraal," the "Bulawayo," which stood about twenty miles from Eshowe on the main road from that town to Empangeni. Situated about one mile from the road, at a spot known as "Kwa-Ndhlanguba," that kraal was the scene of much bloodshed and suffering. There took place the famous "Weeping for Unandi," the mother of Tshaka, when, for days after her death, the whole nation assembled and wept. Those whose tears were not sufficiently copious to satisfy Tshaka were stabbed or knocked on the head by the soldiers. How many unfortunates perished can never be known. But the whole land suffered to assuage the blood-lust of the monster. Here, too, took place the "smelling-out," when the dreaded witch doctors went through their obscene rites in order to mark for instant death those whom their uncanny instinct told them were disliked by the king. It was a place of blood and tears. No wonder that even Tshaka sickened of its polluted atmosphere after a time and crossed the Tugela to build himself another place at Stanger. And it was there—at KwaDukuza—that he himself paid the last penalty of his blood-stained career, dying at the hands of his brothers, Dingaan and Umthlangana.

V.

The great southerly trek of the black man probably took place in the fifteenth century. He went sweeping in various waves across the Zambesi, murdering the aboriginal Bushmen and the Hottentots, and pillaging and capturing the women, The first and most important of these waves was that of the Bechuana, named probably after the Bak-wena, "the folk who venerate the crocodile." They filtered into Bechuanaland. It was perhaps better watered then than to-day. Thence they moved to other parts of Southern Africa. South and east they went in all directions. These tribes wandering in the wilderness became widely separated. They halted in the following groups and districts :—

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(1) The Bechuana, who established themselves on the high tablelands on the western side of Africa.

(2) The Zulu-Xosa, whose tribes occupied the East African coast from the Sabie River in the Transvaal southwards to the eastern Cape Colony.

(3) The Damara and Ovambo, who went to South-Western Africa between the Kalahari and the Atlantic Ocean.

To say that any of these folk "settled down" would be an exaggeration, for they spent themselves so wholeheartedly in unsettling others. One tribe would pounce upon a weaker one and massacre it. The remnants would flee in terror, slaying all who crossed their path. Their movements suggest the ripples made by the casting of stones in smooth waters, ripples impinging in every direction until all break up in confusion. In recent history the Matabele, escaping from Tshaka and the Boers, halted near Bulawayo and terrorized the Mashona; the Awemba, descending from what is now the Belgian Congo into north-eastern Rhodesia, slew all in their path except women and girls. They became the savage overlords of the land from the River Luapula almost to Lake Nyasa, and from Tanganyika to south of Lake Bangweolo. They established contact with the Angoni, a tribe of Zulu-Matabele which, in moving north, had enriched itself with other folk's cattle. In the end the rivals seem to have checked each other's progress. Then, again, the Basutos, trekking across the desert to escape the Zulus, remained in Barotseland, north-west of the Zambesi and the Victoria Falls, and, under the name "The Makololo," dealt severely with the Barotse, Batoka, and Baila tribes. Their day of retribution came when the Barotse, exasperated by their cruelties, revolted and destroyed them. And so it went on—a grim game of butchery. It had two very noticeable results, however; men became scarce, women comparatively numerous. Polygamy grew popular and expedient. Cecil Rhodes once told the House of Assembly in Capetown that he had come across an intelligent old native in the Transkei with six wives. The native complained that the Government would only recognize the first and that the missionaries had told him to put away all

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wives except the first, and had urged him to read his Bible. The old man declared that he had read his Bible and had found that all the respectable people in the Old Testament had from one to a hundred wives. The story recalls that of Paul Kruger, who attempted to argue monogamy with Moshesh, the Basuto King, and found himself crushingly defeated by way of the example of Solomon and his seven hundred wives.

The terror and uncertainty of life brought sundry great native leaders to the fore, men who became prominent because they were big in body, brain, and morale. There was Khama, King of the Bechuanas, a masterful, liberal-minded man who fought as keenly against drink as against the annexation of his country. There was Moshesh, King of the Basutos. While Tshaka was making his name widely feared, Moshesh was consolidating all the tribes that had taken refuge in the mountainous wilds of Basutoland, and was welding them into one. This remarkable man, of beautiful physique and fine mental endowment, realized only too well the folly of endless war. His own grandfather incidentally had been attacked, killed, and eaten by cannibals. He had witnessed deplorable loss of life and property. He knew that the armies of Tshaka and Moselikatze were hovering about his borders; and so he worked for peace. On one occasion he sent two hundred cattle a considerable distance to pay for the services of a missionary, because he believed—although never a Christian himself—that these missionaries might champion his cause peacefully against those who were, he felt, taking unlawful possession of his domains. It was his fate, nevertheless, to be almost constantly at war. But his Basutos claim to-day that they have never been conquered.

A third great leader, but who lived up north—Lewanika—also realized that peace would offer the tribes of Northern Rhodesia new hopes of prosperity and advancement. He was chief of the Barotse, the ruling tribe of the territory. He sought British protection in the later years of the last century. Northern Rhodesia was everywhere anxious for peace and was accordingly taken over largely at his instigation by the British South Africa Company. The vogue of

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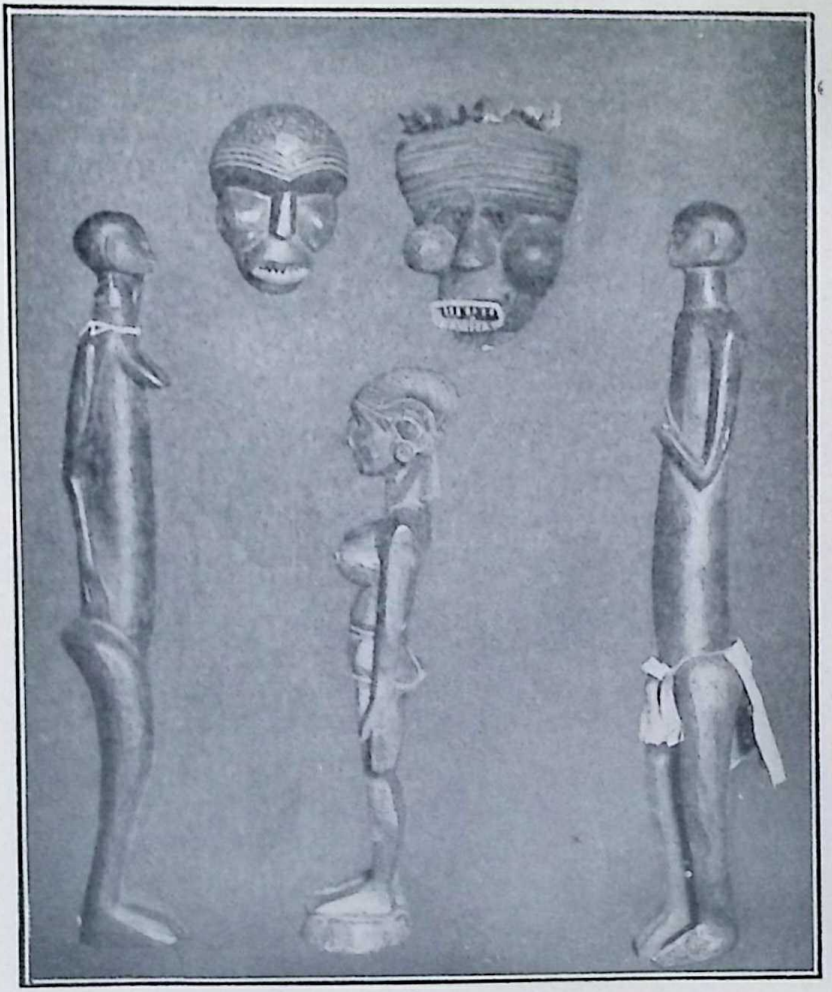

[Photographed by permission of the owner of the carvings, Mr. P. D. Eprile, of Johannesburg.

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THESE PICTURES OF AFRICAN CURIOS ARE OF CONSIDERABLE INTEREST, FOR THEY SHOW HOW THE INFLUENCE OF EGYPT OFTEN KEEPS NATIVE ART ON A COMPARATIVELY HIGH LEVEL IN THE TERRITORIES A LITTLE TO THE SOUTH OF THAT COUNTRY AND THE SUDAN. THEY ALSO SHOW THAT FARTHER SOUTH STILL AND BEYOND THE INFLUENCE OF EGYPTIAN CULTURE, NATIVE ART BECOMES MUCH CRUDER. THIS IS SUGGESTED BY EVEN A CURSORY STUDY OF THE FIGURES OPPOSITE. OBSERVE THE SUPERIOR SKILL WITH WHICH THE LOWER MIDDLE FIGURE HAS BEEN MADE. IT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE COME FROM SOME REGION A LITTLE BELOW EGYPT, FOR THE HEAD IS DRESSED IN EGYPTIAN STYLE, WHILE THE PERFORATED NOSTRILS INDICATE INDIAN OR AFRICAN ORIGIN. AT ANY RATE, INDIANS DWELT ALONG THE EAST AFRICAN COAST LONG BEFORE THE WHITE MAN. HAVING STUDIED THIS FIGURE, LOOK NEXT AT THOSE ON EITHER SIDE OF IT, AT THE MAN AND WOMAN. THESE COME FROM A TERRITORY A THOUSAND MILES SOUTH, FROM THE LAND OF THE BALUBAS IN NORTHERN RHODESIA. THEY ARE CRUDELY CARVED. THEY TELL THEIR OWN STORY OF UNTUTORED CRAFTMANSHIP. INCIDENTALLY THE ROUGHLY-SHAPED MASKS ABOVE THEM ARE PART OF A RHODESIAN WITCH-DOCTOR'S PARAPHERNALIA

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murder, cruelty, and pillage passed. Disputes were gradually settled in the courts. Lewanika himself tried native cases in his own district, although no cases of witchcraft and murder were allowed to come before him.

Lewanika, of course, has passed away, leaving a great legacy of peace, the peace sought also by Khama and Moshesh. His sister, the stately old Queen of the Barotse, is still alive (1928), and though ninety-four years of age, remembers clearly hearing Livingstone preach on his first visit to the tribe in 1856. One of her proudest possessions is a dress of white brocade presented to her by King Edward VII.

To-day there is inter-tribal peace. The old, old customs and beliefs still persist, but the natives of the Rhodesias are multiplying, adding rapidly to the reserves of labour, which will, one day, develop these splendid territories to an extent perhaps not now foreseen.

VI.

There are more than four natives to every white man in South Africa, and there are nearly half as many Asiatic and mixed folk as there are whites. In 1926 there was an estimated population of 7,000,000 natives in all South African territories (including South-West Africa, but not Southern Rhodesia), and the census for that year indicated that 1,676,660 whites were in the country, with a few thousand more scattered about the native territories. So that the native and coloured problems are vastly more pressing in Southern Africa than in the United States of America. In the former, colour is greatly preponderant; in the latter, just the reverse. The "native problem," as it is called, remains, therefore, very pressing; but the Union of South Africa is facing it courageously. In Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland, which are under British Crown control, Resident Commissioners govern under the direction of the High Commissioner for South Africa; in Natal and Zululand, which are part of the Union of South Africa, the natives are under an enacted code of Native Law and there is a chief native commissioner and magistrates. In the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, where the natives are well dispersed

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among the Europeans, native law is tolerated, but is quite in the background, except in centres of native population in the Transvaal, where native commissioners and magistrates carry on administration under the Department of Native Affairs. In the Cape Province, magistrates are given wide powers in adjudicating on disputes in the reserves under native law. So that the principle directing the Government of the natives is obviously to guide them naturally into the paths of peace and industry by permitting them to retain their laws and customs as far as they may wish to do so, and as far as those wishes may be consistent with humanity.

Civilization has affected the native strangely. It seems either to make a much worse man of him or a much better. The gulf between his extremes is enormous. At the one end of it there were, until recently, types such as the members of that once notorious criminal organization, " The Ninevites," now broken up by the prolonged and courageous work of the police. At the other end there are native graduates in Arts and medical men whose enlightened lives and studentship at the South African Native College at Fort Hare, in the Cape Province (eighty-eight miles from East London, on the Tyumi River), and also at Lovedale, are a vindication of the policy of liberal opportunity for the black man. Between the two is the great body of workers, honest, law-abiding folk, with all the old passions held well in check. A few words about each of these types should prove interesting.

The Ninevites, as an expression of the native at his worst, were established by a certain Jan Note, a sinister figure who named his gangs with vague reference to the Biblical allusion to Nineveh, " Arise, go to Nineveh, . . . Their wickedness is come up before Me." The Ninevites were organized on military lines. They had their officers and other ranks; they boasted a far-flung membership, for their appeal was clearly to those who still felt the old " pull " of the raiding regiment. The Ninevites established their headquarters at Klipriviersberg, a few miles out of Johannesburg. From there they sallied forth in " regiments," and waylaid, robbed, and murdered all who encountered them. Jan Note's great bulk, resolute expression, and implacable

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character won him many adherents who fared forth on much the same missions and in precisely the same spirit as did the men of Tshaka a hundred years before.

From the first the police, appreciating the menace, attacked the problem resolutely. The prisons soon held many of the Order of Nineveh, but their evil influence and work still went on inside the gaols, and leaders who were in prison issued orders through intermediaries to those outside. When Jan Note himself was caught, the superstitious rumour spread that even his chains were not powerful enough to hold him. Moreover, it soon became clear that he also was directing operations through some free agent. The Director of Prisons himself at that time made a radical effort to reclaim him. Jan Note was appointed to a prison warder-ship at the Cinderella Gaol, Boksburg. But the plan proved abortive. Meanwhile dissatisfaction with the leadership led to the formation of a rival military organization called "The Scotlands," and there were frequent collisions between the Ninevites and Scotlands. Police action told, however, and this division of the warriors into two hostile camps completed the disruption of the movement, so that it has now virtually died out. But it is profitable to remember that these Ninevites reflected perfectly the two great Bantu instincts of worship and war; worship in the choice of their Biblical title, and war in the misdeeds of the gangsters.

Before closing the topic, one might mention another remarkable Ninevite, Charlie M'Siza, whose skull was so deformed that his followers called him "the great baboon man." His lieutenants, who were tried with him for murder at the Rand Criminal Sessions, acknowledged gravely such titles as "The Judge," "The Secretary," and "The Magistrate." When the ape-like M'Siza heard that he was to die, he remarked in a mocking falsetto voice, "That means the last of Charlie."

Curious examples these of the repercussions of white civilization on certain native types—those unable to evolve out of the warrior stage.

In all directions now the native is leaving his barbarisms behind. He is undoubtedly anxious for education. Numerous

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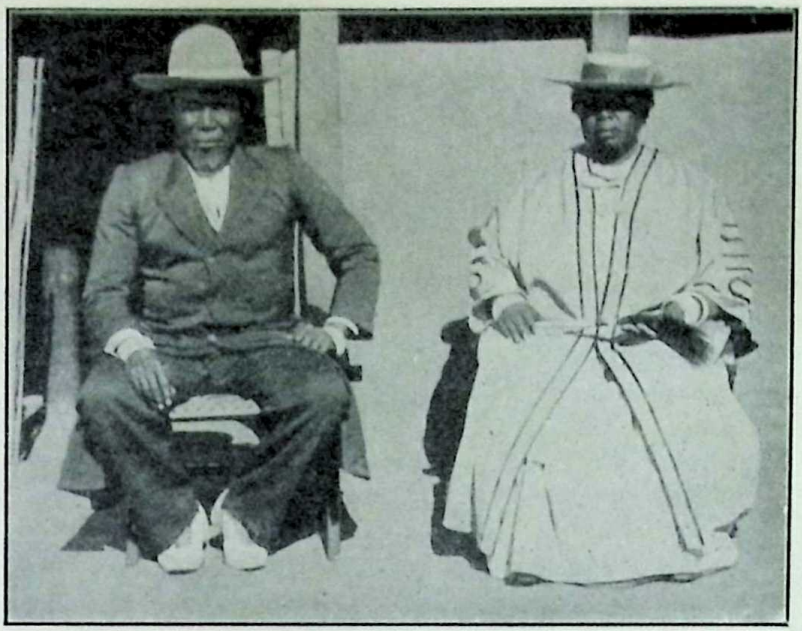

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE KING LEWANIKA, WHO INVOKED WHITE RULE TO PUT AN END TO NATIVE STRIFE IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA. THE FIGURE ON HIS LEFT IS HIS SISTER, THE QUEEN OF THE BAROTSE, WHO WAS 94 YEARS OF AGE IN 1928 AND WHO REMEMBERS HEARING LIVINGSTONE PREACH. *[By courtesy, Miss N. Venning.*

schools are supplying his needs, and it is clear that his advance, culturally, morally, and socially, cannot be stayed. As a manual craftsman, his ubiquitous work—some delightful specimens of which can be seen at the Trappist Monastery, Mariannhill, a few miles from Durban, and his leather work at Tiger Kloof, Bechuanaland, near Vryburg, and elsewhere—is remarkable; and he has shown that in some of the skilled professions he has distinct ability. Joint councils of Europeans and natives have been set up unofficially at many important centres to consider difficulties arising as between black and white, and these are doing great work in making the races acquainted with each other's difficulties.

The change in the outlook of the black man has been remarkable of late years, but it is as nothing to what must inevitably take place in the decades immediately ahead.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Call of the Great "South-West."

I.

WHENCE came the Hottentots of South-West Africa, that rich dry land in the lower corner of the great continent? Can it be that they are the descendants of the Chinese who landed in Africa centuries ago looking for gold—a fact suggested by the discovery of old Nankin porcelain in the Zimbabwe ruins in Rhodesia—and who, if there is aught in the paintings in the caves, made off with the aboriginal women? Or are they merely a very old cross between the Bantu Negro and the little Bushman?

Probably the latter. For we have already seen in the previous chapter how the black man swooped down from the Congo some five or six hundred years ago, and how the first hordes concentrated around Bechuanaland, and then spread in three broad divisions over Southern Africa. One of these probably found its way into South-West Africa, and by intermingling with the Bushmen there produced the provincial Hottentots, the "Khoi-Khoin," or "Men of Men," as some of them called themselves. The same process of cross-breeding had gone on elsewhere, however; so that long ago the Hottentots with the high cheek bones and yellow triangular faces must have seemed almost ubiquitous. They shot their arrows, hurled their assegais, drank milk and abstained from the flesh of swine, and sang and danced every first quarter of the moon pretty well throughout Southern Africa. They made every event in life an occasion for a feast and a song.

These strange people stoned the murderers of their tribes to death; they burned all women taken in adultery. They

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Arrival of the " 1820 " Settlers at Algoa Bay.

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followed their big chiefs and their small captains; they believed in a good God or Great Captain, "Tik-guoa," and a black spirit of evil whom they called "Gauna." They were staunch defenders of their territories. They fought with the blacks of South-West Africa, the Hereros and others—and the early history of the territory is one of war, carnage, and murder. Land was the victors' prize, and death and starvation the penalty of defeat.

South-West Africa is bounded on the north to-day by Angola and the territory of the Chartered Company, by the vast stretches of the Kalahari Desert on the east, the Atlantic on the west, the Orange River and the Cape Province on the south. Its area is 322,400 square miles, that is, a trifle more than double the area of Southern Rhodesia, and slightly larger than Northern Rhodesia with its 291,000 square miles.

Diamonds are scattered about its great tracts from the coast inland. Only the surface has been scratched; nor can any man to-day, especially after the remarkable revelations of Dr. P. A. Wagner and Dr. Hans Merensky regarding its diamondiferous Atlantic storm-beaches, venture upon even a rough estimate of the diamond wealth of the country. In the course of a lecture to the Geological Society of South Africa delivered on Saturday, 27th August, 1927, Dr. Wagner evoked intense interest by his descriptions of these beaches. He said: "Difficult of approach, presenting a forbidding aspect from the sea, and mostly enshrouded in dense fog, what it is proposed to call 'the diamond coast of South Africa' had received little attention until 1908, when diamonds were discovered near Luderitzbucht. Since then, diamonds have been proved to occur along the coast at intervals for nearly 600 miles, and it is thus entitled to be regarded as one of the most remarkable stretches of coast-line in the world."

"In the raised shingle beaches," Dr. Wagner went on to say, "the diamonds were associated with shells of strange elongated oysters and sharks' teeth. Whence had these diamonds originated? Had they been brought down from afar, from some unknown and fabulously rich diamond pipe near the higher reaches of the Orange River?"

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Dr. Wagner pointed out that some of the big yellowish stones found at Alexander Bay along this littoral were, allowing for the wear they had suffered, identical with those of the Dutoitspan Mine, Kimberley. As they had clearly been brought down by the Orange River, and were accompanied by pebbles of rocks occurring only in Griqualand West, Cape Province, there was thus strong presumptive evidence in favour of the derivation of the diamonds from the kimberlite pipes of Griqualand West and the Orange Free State.

Against this was the composition of the parcels, which was unique, and would, on the above hypothesis, necessarily imply that a big proportion of the inferior stones and cleavage had been completely destroyed or swept out to sea. That placed a considerable tax upon the imagination, and one had thus seriously to consider the alternative view—namely, that there was an as yet undiscovered primary source of diamonds in the basin of the Orange River that produced stones identical with those found in some of the known pipes.

There was also the question of the distribution of the diamonds along the coast. Were they all brought down by the Orange River, and distributed along the littoral at a time when the coast stood much lower, by a southward current much stronger than that now flowing? Or had the Orange, Kamma, Buffels, and Groen Rivers each brought down diamonds from unknown sources in Namaqualand (South-West Africa)?

Finally, Dr. Wagner said: "There is a possibility that a portion of the stones was derived from a source now lying submerged off the coast. The whole problem thus bristled with difficulties. All that could be said was that, except for those found in certain occurrences at the mouth of the Orange River, the diamonds of those remarkable deposits were cast up by the sea when the coast stood considerably lower (relatively) to the sea than at present."

II.

The problem, therefore, of the riches hidden in the storm beaches of the "South-West" would alone vitiate any

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attempt to estimate the mineral wealth of the Province. But the land most certainly contains some of the richest tin deposits in the world. The growth of such towns as Omaruru (179 miles inland and north-east of Walvis Bay near the Okombahe Tin Mines), of Tsumeb and Otavi (important copper mining centres, the latter 320 miles north-east of Walvis Bay), and of others, tells a significant story: the earth has, as suggested, merely been scratched. What may not underlie the little-known haunts of the Bushman and the Ovambo away up in the north towards the Portuguese border? What treasure chests of diamonds and gold may not yet be hidden in the wondrous bosom of mother earth?

Sheer speculation of course, and yet somehow fascinating. It was across these parts that parties of Trek-boers with 100 ox-wagons attempted to move in the seventies. They had been turned back at Rietfontein in the eastern Cape border to the north of Gobabis by the combined opposition of Hottentots and Hereros. The majority broke through north, however. Half-starved and harassed by fever and Bushmen, the remnants reached the northern Kaokoveld (the north-western portion of South-West Africa) between the Etosha Pan or Lake and the mouth of the River Cunene. A relief expedition eventually sailed north to rescue them. Goods were landed at Walvis Bay, and it was learned from one of their emissaries who had come down to fetch these goods that the emigrants had been living on kudu and zebra meat, but that in spite of their tribulations many still wished to push across the Cunene into Portuguese Angola. They did so; and some of their descendants are there to this day.*

* In September, 1927, it was stated in the *Rand Daily Mail* that many of these Angola-Dutch were congregating on the banks of the Cunene River, the boundary between South-West Africa and Angola, and that they had made application both to the Administration of South-West Africa and the Union Government, for permission to recross the river and to settle in a large area south of it and extending to the Atlantic Ocean. They were dissatisfied with their landless position in Angola, and were concerned at the decision of the Government of Angola to prohibit the further shooting of big game, most of which they had wiped out within reach of their settlements in Angola. They began, therefore, in August, 1928, to cross into South-West Africa.

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III.

It was of this northern demesne that Mr. A. J. Werth, Administrator of South-West Africa, said in February, 1927: "We make no attempt to civilize the Bushmen. They are untameable. They are the savages who shot Magistrate Van Ryneveld with poisoned arrows a few years ago. They attack parties of natives from Ovamboland on their way to work in the mines. I have had to send two punitive expeditions against them this year, and more by good luck than good management, we captured some of them and punished them severely. The territory is so large and the Bushmen so cunning that an army might seek them in vain. But it is all fine country, splendid for sheep and cattle farming; and it is only because there is so much unoccupied space in the inhabited areas that we are not contemplating any large settlement in the north at present."

In this area a startled hunter has described how he penetrated to a point close to the mouth of the River Cunene and beheld what he thought was a goods train going over a rise. It proved to be a herd of elephant moving rapidly along in single file. The hunter next came upon a herd of rhino—feared and hated by the natives—creatures which charge fiercely without the slightest provocation. Between Ovamboland and the police outposts is a game reserve, teeming with game. "I have looked across the veld and seen thousands of animals," said one enthusiast, "wildebeeste, zebra, gemsbok, springbok, koodoo, hartebeeste, and eland. Among the dangerous animals there I have spotted lions, cheetahs, leopards, wolves, and hyenas."

The great Ovamba tribe up in the north numbers 200,000. Half are in South-West territory and the remainder across the Cunene River in Portuguese Angola. Their origin is an ethnological mystery. There is, of course, the more or less accepted theory that they came down from the Congo: but Professor Schwarz, who had always been profoundly interested in these regions, suggested that they and the Hereros, who live farther south, are descended from the Vandals who came originally from Eastern Prussia. It is perhaps a fanciful theory: but it demands attention as

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having emanated from a bold and original thinker. The Hereros have constantly suffered the vicissitudes of war. They have even been in bondage to the Hottentots. They have risen and overthrown their masters (in 1864); but their numbers have dwindled from 100,000 to 40,000 or less in the constant wars with the Germans after the German annexation of 1884. These two tribes, however, still supply the bulk of the labour for the South-West territory. But there are other smaller tribes numbering 40,000; and there are Hottentots and Berg Damaras 40,000; and 4,000 Bushmen (who are rapidly dying out), making perhaps with other coloured folk, 200,000 of non-European extraction: these and 20,000 Europeans constitute the population of the country.

IV.

The story of a young girl's plucky drive in 1894 through Damaraland to rescue her father, an elephant hunter, prospector, and pioneer, who had been mauled by a leopard on the Damaraland-Bechuanaland border, throws many a light on the dark places of history. It affords a vivid impression of the country, of its little yellow Bushmen, Ovambos, Hereros, and Hottentots; it reveals Rhodes, too, avid for territory and concessions, ready always to support the pioneer and to finance the spirit of adventure.

This hunter, then, known to every Bushman and native in South-West Africa fifty years ago as "Ka Robbie," lay dying in his wagon. He had in his possession certain documents drawn up by Rhodes. These were to clinch concessionary rights at Rietfontein, a corner of the eastern border of Damaraland. He had arrived in that country in 1853 when seventeen years old, that is to say, before the diamonds, copper, and other interests of the country were known as they are to-day. He gradually won the confidence of the Hereros. He often represented them in their external affairs; he even began to cherish the hope of helping to make their country a British possession: and although these aspirations were not realized, he secured important personal concessions from Kamaherero, the Paramount Chief—concessions consisting of mineral and railway rights,

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and others of a most valuable character. Unfortunately for him powerful rivals were in the field. The Germans, who were not unnaturally resolved to obtain a fair share of African territory, for the great African land scramble was at its height just then, began steadily to strengthen their hold over South-West Africa. They became rival concessionaires. Matters were brought to a head at a meeting held at Okahandja, the Herero capital which lies on the railway 208 miles from Walvis Bay and forty-five miles to the north of Windhoek, when Lewis, who had been out of the country for some time, made a dramatic reappearance, summoned the whole council of the Herero nation, and in the presence of the representatives of Germany asked the Hereros to adjudge the validity of their rival claims. But although the tribesmen sided with Lewis, the fact did not avail him. England presently gave up all territorial pretensions in South-West Africa, and after a vain appeal to Lord Salisbury, Lewis sold certain admitted concessions and was compelled to relinquish others.

It was at this time that Lewis accepted a commission from Rhodes to found and colonize the Rietfontein tract on the border of British Bechuanaland and the German Protectorate; and there it was, at this lonely spot among the little yellow men of the plains, that he went angrily one day into the long grass after a leopard that had killed his donkey foal, and the beast coming upon him suddenly lacerated him so that eventually he died.

V.

Meanwhile as he lay there the news travelled westward across the solitudes with that strange baffling speed which would almost suggest that it had been cried from hill to hill; until it reached the ears of the hunter's wife on a trading expedition to Walvis Bay. She had left the hut where they lived at Schaaprivier to go to the coast for supplies (for she ran a little trading store), and at sundown, when they outspanned and the fires were lit, a native came to her and gave her the news. He said he had heard some Bushmen talking of it.

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One hot sunny morning in February, 1894, oxen were inspanned outside the little hut at Schaaprivier, and the half-caste driver and others saw to it that the water-bags were full and were duly and properly attached. The hunter's seventeen-year-old daughter, Ennie Lewis, had promised her mother to make the 300-mile journey across hostile country—for there was war then between the Germans and the natives—in order to succour her father. With her was her grandfather, a one-armed man of seventy-five.

The track was ill-defined. In some places it became a little yellow thread seamed with brittle tufts of brownish grass. In others it was intersected by dry gullies, but the ground absorbing the scorching heat radiated it again until the air became stifling and the oxen aweary. They at length came upon the tumbled ruins of the old German mission station at Gobabis (125 miles almost due east of Windhoek near the Kalahari Desert); and they found that the fig and orange trees in its grass-grown gardens had become wild and yet looked very beautiful as their snakish branches wrought a thousand curves in the hot shimmering plain. There were a few white soldiers here resting. Their officer conversed with the girl about the dangers of her undertaking.

After eating some of the wild figs and taking in a fresh water supply, the travellers departed again to the east, the country growing wilder and, if anything, hotter as they advanced. Sometimes they ceased to travel in the night and slept under their wagons, and once the girl was awakened by sounds as of violent altercations in the darkness, of many voices jabbering in the queer clicking language of the little people of the plains. These Bushmen, discussing the white strangers with childish excitement, meant no harm and did none. On another occasion the girl, looking about, was pondering the immensity and the loneliness of the endlesss paces tinted as they were with a thousand subtle colours and shadows, when from behind a stunted bush there presently appeared an almost naked apparition, puzzled and doubtful. And then another stood up and another until it seemed that the whole plain was full of them. They gathered courage and converged on the wagon. They were like a multitude of yellow children, thin, yet

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"KA ROBBIE," A SOUTH-WEST AFRICAN HUNTER.

MISS ENNIE LEWIS, DAUGHTER OF "KA ROBBIE."

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with swollen bellies as if they had feasted to repletion after prolonged abstinence. Some tobacco was thrown them. They scrambled after it, clicking and twittering like grasshoppers: then one by one they vanished into the plains, the wide and apparently empty stretches of which persisted uninterruptedly as before. And in like manner, alas, are they melting to-day before civilization until they have become just a picturesque memory of older Africa, the shadowy age of stone.

Once a swarm of ragged Hottentots and Hereros surrounded them, but the resourcefulness of the girl and the fact that she was the daughter of "Ka Robbie" enabled them to pass on. During the remaining leagues of the journey they saw many Bushmen. These always made the same silent statuesque appearance some distance away and would come up diffidently to the wagon. They knew all about the stricken hunter apparently. They knew the spot where the donkey foal had been killed and where the leopard had attacked in the grass, and how many trees could be seen as a man approached the place and whether the ground rose or fell.

At last, one Monday they came to the end of their trek. But, alas, the white man's wagon had gone. Not a soul was in sight. Daughter and grandfather dismounted and looked about. Soon the ghostly little Bushmen stood about them. There was one a trifle taller than the rest who proved willing to talk.

"Ka Robbie," explained this wizened fellow, "died in his dwelling. The sun went down twice before he died. He is buried over there," pointing to a slight eminence in the ground, "and the Hereros pulled his house away back to the white man's great place."

Bareheaded, then, they stood before this nameless grave in the wilderness. They put a little cross over it and slept there for two nights, after which they returned on their tracks and reached Schaaprivier three weeks later. They had covered in six weeks 600 miles at a rate which varied between fifteen and twenty miles a day, in achieving what was admittedly a wonderful feat for a seventeen-year-old

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girl and an aged one-armed man: one which deserves to live with some of the better-known achievements in African history.

VI.

Walvis Bay, which has a population of 600 whites and 1,500 coloured folk, takes virtually all the port traffic of the territory. It lies some 800 miles north by west of Capetown; and will inevitably play an important part in the development of Southern Africa. Indeed the ambition of the port is avowedly to become the entrepôt of the whole hinterland, including the Transvaal and Rhodesia. As its Administrator remarked on 3rd August, 1927, when His Excellency the Governor-General opened the new harbour works, he looked forward to the building of the Windhoek-Mafeking railway, and to the day when Walvis Bay with its natural harbour would be the pride of the Atlantic. The new harbour has one wharf which will accommodate three liners.

The outstanding building is that of the Imperial Cold Storage Company, which is capable of handling the territory's export trade of many thousands of tons of frozen beef each month. The Governor-General was told that during the past year the South-West had exported 48,000 cattle, 174,000 sheep, and 860 tons of butter-fat.

The cost of dredging the two-mile channel to the wharf-side of the turning basin, and the building of the wharf, was £480,000. The Government has spent many thousands more on the dockyard equipment, railway tracks, and sheds.

Six hundred natives and 120 white men had been at work for three years constructing the new harbour. The wharf is built of 3,000 concrete piles and the dockyard on the firm sand of Walvis Bay beach.

Picturesque little Windhoek, which lies in the hills 253 miles east of Walvis Bay, is the headquarters of the South-West Africa Administration. It is peaceful enough in these days, but is not without memories of massacre. It was here that the explorer, Galton, tried a successful game of political bluff with the powerful chief, Jonker Afrikander, who, when Galton arrived in 1850 with a mandate from the

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Governor in Capetown to pacify the country, had just completed a campaign of murder and robbery against the Hereros. Galton introduced himself to Jonker at Windhoek as the official Ambassador of the Cape Government and threatened a military invasion of the country. Jonker then yielded, compensated the missionaries, summoned other Hottentot chiefs from the south and the interior to a general peace conference at Windhoek, and even persuaded Galton to draft for him a penal code on looting. For a whole year he remained peaceful. Then (as Professor Griess has remarked) "when eventually Galton stole silently away and the threatened invasion from the Cape turned out to be a swindle, then this mightiest of native chieftains made up for lost time in a swift and bloody manner."

Windhoek was taken by the Union forces during the Great War, on 12th May, 1915. Omaruru fell on 21st June, Otavi on 1st July, and Tsumeb on 8th July; and the following day the Germans surrendered unconditionally, the country then being taken over by the Union of South Africa which established a military régime. It is administered to-day under a mandate.

Luderitz is an efficient little harbour some 250 miles south of Walvis Bay and is the terminus of a line which runs to Keetmanshoop, where are railway shops and magnificent sheep grazing lands. Keetmanshoop, by the way, is 576 miles south-east of Walvis Bay.

The two intrepid American astronomers, Messrs. F. Greeley and W. Hoover (of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington), began what was truly an extraordinary experiment in 1925 on the lonely Mount Beersheba, sixty miles north-west of Keetmanshoop in Great Namaqualand. They have been attempting to predict the weather conditions of the world from a study of the variation of the sun's radiation. The knowledge that they may yet help to confer vast benefit on mankind has reconciled them, it would seem, to the hardships of their lot. Their station was only selected after examination of rival sites in Algeria, Egypt, and Baluchistan. It will operate in conjunction with two similar solar observatories in Chile and California. Dr. C. C. Abbott, Director

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of the Smithsonian Institute, travelled 30,000 miles in reconnoitering suitable sites, examined the peak of Djbei Mekter near the French Fort of Ain Sefra, rising 7,000 feet from a dry desert plain, inspected also a mountain near the Sudan boundary to which water would have had to be transported some 200 miles, and even went on to British Baluchistan, where the reputation of the savage hillmen determined him to eliminate that spot from his list. He did all this before selecting a site in South-West Africa, which, it is now admitted, remains as a tribute to his judgment. The Provincial authorities have shown themselves in sympathy with his work by placing a telephone line at the disposal of the observers, and in improving the road communication.

Little towns are pushing ahead nowadays all over the territory. Progress has been rapid since that able diplomatist, W. Coates Palgrave, went from Capetown in 1876 to ascertain if the war-weary chiefs would come under the peaceful control of the Cape Colony. The advance has been general. The conviction is growing that underlying many tracts regarded hitherto as unpromising for the settler are vast underground reservoirs—artesian sources of water supply—which, as one writer has hazarded, may even extend eastward beyond the Bechuanaland border and under the Kalahari Desert.

The signs are clearly written everywhere of progress actual and potential: and the future looks a thousandfold brighter than the politically chequered past.

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CHAPTER XIX.

The Story of the Railways in Southern Africa.

I.

IN 1925 there was celebrated in England the centenary of the opening of the first steam railway. It is hardly necessary to mention that it ran from Stockton to Darlington, in the County of Durham. The world's Press published pictures of George Stephenson and James Watt, of "The Rocket," with its quaint downward-thrusting cylinders and lugubrious funnel. Antiquated wood-cuts were reproduced of top-hatted passengers standing in open carriages, the more opulent sitting in what were really road coaches on wheels, while the iron horse snorted, clanged, and otherwise announced its presence to a gaping countryside.

At the Darlington centenary celebrations there took place one of the most remarkable processions ever seen in England—a procession illustrating one hundred years of railway progress. It took an hour to pass. Leading the parade was a man riding a horse and ringing a bell vigorously. Then came the puffing, panting locomotive built by George Stephenson in 1820. Next followed some of the lumbering coaches of the past. In striking contrast there glided along the "Flying Scotsman," and after it clattered a replica of the first steam-driven train, hauled by the first engine, "Locomotive Number 1."

From forgetful dust the circumstance was retrieved that the Duke of Wellington—the Iron Duke and victor of Waterloo—disliked the iron horse, and that in letters written in the last three years of his life, 1850–52, to Mary, Marchioness of Salisbury, he deplored the growing tendency to travel by train. "We have the Rail Roads," he wrote

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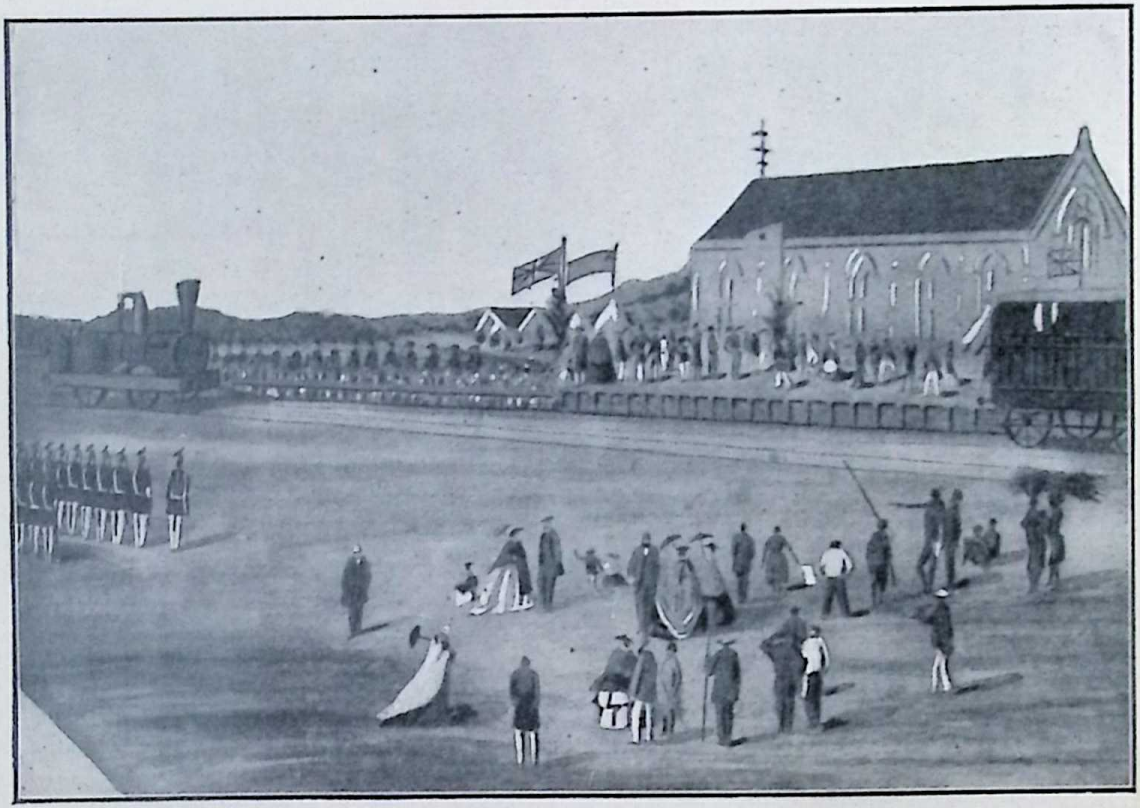

THE POINT TO DURBAN RAILWAY, THE FIRST LINE IN AFRICA, OPENED 23RD JUNE, 1860.
[Reproduced by permission of Mr. Graham Mackeurtan from a water-colour drawing by R. B. Tatham.

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scornfully on 24th September, 1850, "and we must do the best we can with them. We shall never shake off this mode of travelling! We may get rid of the stage-coach system, but . . . England did not require Rail Roads."

In the days when such grand old inns as "The Mitre" at Oxford and "The Cups" at Colchester, and many historical London taverns immortalized by Dickens, were thronged by drivers, ostlers, and turnpike men, disturbed at the increasing popularity of train travel—and with what garrulous excitement those red-faced fellows talked over their tankards of the iniquities of the "Rail Roads!"—in those days half England agreed with the "Iron Duke."

Nevertheless, the other half did not; and in Europe, out in the British dominions, and elsewhere they did not. So much so, that railway building began on the Continent in 1828, the United States made a start the following year, but not until 1859 did the Cape, and almost simultaneously Natal, lay the first of the criss-cross of lines some 13,000 miles long which seam South Africa to-day, and which employ 90,000 railwaymen in that dominion alone—to say nothing of the statistics of the tracks laid in the Rhodesias, the Congo, and throughout the rest of Africa. They were humble beginnings. The Cape line made a tardy advance towards Wellington, forty-five miles away, but the Natal line from Point to Durban, with only two miles of track, was the first to be completed: in fact, the first on the whole Continent of Africa. It was taken ultimately on to the Umgeni River, its six miles being completed in seven years.

Railways, however, do not, as some people seem to imagine, spring up wholesale as the result of political sentiment; they are usually hard business propositions, costing—in Southern Africa at all events—an average of £7,000 per mile to build; and as a rule they link one industrial point with another, rather than one political point with another. Rhodes envisaged an all-red Cape–Cairo route north, a colossal political project which deservedly captured the imagination of all peoples, but the discovery of big mineral deposits around Katanga to the west of the route drew the line away from it into the Belgian Congo, and

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Rhodes's dream has not yet materialized. Similarly, the discovery of diamonds in the sixties and seventies at Hopetown and Kimberley pulled all lines upon that point; and when in 1886 gold was discovered to the far north-east of Kimberley, the coaches and wagons which were driven from there towards the Witwatersrand gave way in a few years to trains. The railway from Capetown to Kimberley (647 miles long) was opened in 1885, and that to the Witwatersrand (956 miles, via Kimberley) in 1892. As Kimberley and Johannesburg are both well inland and the ports wanted their rich traffic, they rushed connecting lines through. From all ports, therefore—Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, and Lourenco Marques—new competitive tracks were pushed inland; and since then there has been interaction and reaction as between Johannesburg, Kimberley, the inland areas and the ports, and the rate position has become ever more interesting and complicated.

II.

In the sixties, then, in the days when diamond discoveries were forcing the railways towards the interior, a young lad was dreaming his dreams in London. Night after night he would sit over his brazier fire on Lambeth Hill keeping watch in a yard bounded by gloomy hoardings. Buildings were being demolished to make way for the track of the Metropolitan District railway. The "yard" over which the youthful night watchman kept vigil had once been a graveyard, and he confessed afterwards that "there were times when I felt a bit creepy at the possible prospect of being interviewed by ghosts in the dead of night. . . . My one diversion consisted in listening to the clock of St Paul's striking the hours and the quarters all through those very long nights of the early winter of 1869–70."

The lad was the late George Pauling, who was destined to be one of the big personalities in railway contracting in South Africa. He has related that when he arrived in Capetown at the end of 1875 only about one hundred miles of railway had been built in the whole of South Africa; but that, nevertheless, prospects for railwaymen were good, for "railways were projected towards the interior from

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Capetown, Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban." Young Pauling lost no time in getting some of this work. He had obtained, meanwhile, valuable experience of contracting in England with Joseph Firbank, that remarkable ex-miner who at the age of twenty-two had secured an important contract on the Stockton and Darlington railway. Young Pauling had worked with Firbank on many tunnels in London and elsewhere. And so, with plenty of confidence in himself and his strength — he had a little trick of carrying a 480-pound Basuto pony about on his shoulders, until in attempting to carry it upstairs one day he fell and had a narrow escape from being kicked to death—Pauling completed successfully a contract at the Waai Nek tunnel near Grahamstown. Other jobs followed, notably to build a line from Sterkstroom to Aliwal North, a ninety-mile stretch, part of which, at least, thrusts towards Kimberley. Meanwhile, the Cape Government wanted the railway pushed rapidly ahead to Kimberley from the Orange River, and Pauling built that line and handed it over for traffic in November, 1885. The contract, however, made him bankrupt. With that humour which rarely deserted him, he has declared that he would " never forget the day on which Mr. Moses Cornwall, the High Sheriff at Kimberley and a very good friend of mine, came to me and said, ' Pauling, you will have to keep indoors from sunrise to sunset or I shall have to arrest you as I have a judgment against you.' " But Pauling was not to be beaten. He was soon on his feet again, and when the Rand goldfields, that sixty-mile chain of mines running east and west in the Transvaal, developed to a point where railways were necessary to link their extremities, he collaborated with Mr. James Butler in completing the job. President Kruger, who remembered that one of the Paulings had once befriended him when lost in the darkness at a place called Krankuil, gave orders that Pauling was to have certain railway contracts at his disposal.

With such eminent contractors as Butler and Lawley, he built the line from Beira to Umtali, linking Portuguese East Africa with Rhodesia in the late nineties. It was then lion-infested, fever country. On one occasion an engine and trucks bearing the massive contractor came upon thirty

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lions around the permanent way. As the locomotive blew its whistle, snorted, and puffed slowly along, the animals all bolted except one stately old lioness, which stood her ground and snarled.

A friend of Rhodes, Beit, and Kruger, the late George Pauling certainly played a great part in the opening up of South Africa and of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, and his firm has been concerned with the construction of a railway from Lobito Bay in Portuguese West Africa the ultimate object of which will be to develop the Province of Angola and the huge mineral resources of the Belgian Congo.

III.

Those accustomed nowadays to the comfort of South African train travel—beds at three shillings a night, spotless sheets and pillows, and an admirable cuisine at eight and sixpence a day—are apt to take it all for granted and to forget that our long-distance trains are equal to almost any in the world. It is only when a journey is taken overseas, say, from Vancouver to Winnipeg, or on the average American and Canadian long-distance runs, that the South African traveller begins to wonder, when called upon to pay six times as much for by no means superior sleeping accommodation and three times as much for meals. It is a fact that the cheapness of these things in South Africa is always astonishing to visitors from abroad. Moreover, the African baggage system could not well be bettered. Instead of harassed travellers watching piles of baggage as in railway stations overseas—the late Mr. Frith, R.A., made many a canvas out of the subject—the practice in South Africa is to entrust all heavy baggage to the authorities, who collect and deliver it at the other end. There are few accidents when the vastness of the system is considered—it serves 800,000 square miles and a population of over seven millions. The capital expenditure has been only £134,000,000, an exceedingly small outlay. Under careful management the "S.A.R." has expanded and prospered, until it has become a powerful engine for the welfare of a Dominion upon which, of a truth, the sun is always shining.

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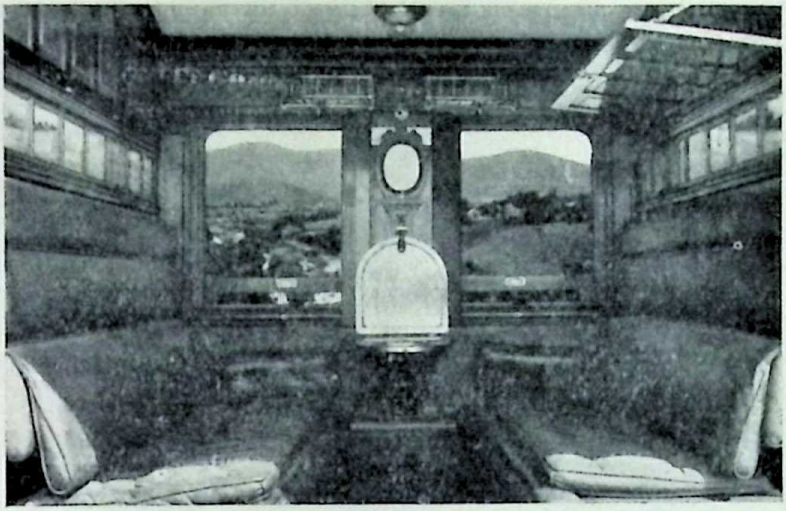
"The Union Limited" is the most noted of African expresses. It does the nine-hundred-and-fifty-six-mile journey from Capetown to Johannesburg in a trifle over twenty-eight hours; a creditable speed when the mountainous character of the country is considered. "I have travelled in all the long-distance trains in the British Dominions," said a traveller awhile ago, "and not one of them is equal to this train of yours. I feel less fatigued now than after a run from London to Glasgow."



S.A.R. 1ST CLASS COMPARTMENT.

The Zambesi express, the Cape-Victoria Falls train, is famous. So that transportation has clearly made incomparable strides since the old Zeederberg mail coach rumbled about the African roads and got held up and robbed by desperadoes, as in Tasmania and Queensland many a decade ago.

IV.

But the romance of railway building seems somehow to have been intensified north of the Zambesi. The way has been paved with adventure. Such was the hurry of the railway builders to lay the track north of the Zambesi in

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1904 that they did not wait for the completion of the famous steel arch bridge over the falls, so that their material might be run the more easily across. They constructed instead an electric cableway over the gorge. In this fashion thousands of tons of material went forward. Even locomotives were taken to pieces on the south side of the Zambesi and were reassembled on the northern bank. The pioneers who staked out the railway route north of the river had to employ numerous black carriers, some of whom belonged to a cannibal tribe, and George Pauling has related in his own whimsical way how Sir Charles Metcalfe, the eminent engineer (of the firm of Sir Douglas Fox and Partners), to whom had been entrusted the supervision of all Rhodesian railway development, found that even his own man-servant, one Jim, "a very intelligent boy," was a cannibal. In fact, one night it was discovered that Jim had stolen a baby from a neighbouring kraal. When taxed with the theft he naively confessed that he proposed to cook it that very night. He was severely reprimanded and the baby returned to its kraal.

Construction went ahead swiftly, however, to the Rhodesia-Congo border. Railhead reached Elizabethville, the capital of Katanga, in Belgian territory in 1910, the mileage to the spot being 946 miles from Bulawayo and 2,305 from Capetown. Kambove was touched in 1913, the line being "pulled" thither by the great copper riches of the district.

Nowadays the railway reaches Port Franqui, at the junction of the Congo and Kasai Rivers. It has switched further to the left from Bukama, that is to say, in a north-westerly direction to Ilebo-Kwamouth, and the track after that will probably follow the sweep of the great river down to Stanley Pool, and so on to the estuary of the Congo. Thus by a combined rail and river journey of several thousand miles it is now possible to short circuit the curve of the Congo and to travel from Capetown to Boma at the mouth of the great river.

Instead of the Rhodes all-red line north to Cairo, therefore, the track will follow a course rather resembling a stick with a crook. The stick itself is the northward pointer through

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the Union and Rhodesian territory; the crook, which is turned to the left, is the continuation of the permanent way through the Belgian dominion to the mouth of the Congo.

It is not possible to record all the detail of Congo railway development around the equatorial regions. Yet the facts may be briefly mentioned that one northern route to Cairo may still go by way of Congo territory. It is possible that it may cross into the Egyptian Sudan near the Uganda border and proceed thence to Cairo, but it will, nevertheless, not realize the dream of Rhodes.* Eastwards from the Congo there is a route which crosses Lake Tanganyika and reaches the sea at Dar-es-Salaam. There is another (and very devious) route which reaches Beira to the south-east. But railways in these vast territories, the land of the pygmy and the gorilla and the boundless forest, are everywhere at their beginning. So far they are converging on Katanga, a great focal point of Central African industry. Yet who can say in what direction new discoveries will impel fresh lines of railway? Will they be driven towards mines as yet unknown in the heart of the Congo forest, and thus scare off the little coal-black dwarfs who still hunt elephant with their poisoned arrows?

V.

Kenya has a great story to tell of intrepid railway building. It had long been felt that the best method of combating the slave trade was to build a railway, that such a railway would encourage industry and would check the movement of great slave caravans from the central territories to the coast, and that it would do this more effectively than by the establishment of chains of military posts and costly cruiser patrols.

And so in 1891–92 Captain Pringle and Lieutenants Twining and Austin went on a tour of 4,000 miles through

* Future lines of railway north from Northern Rhodesia may, of course, be affected by the momentous closer-union proposals now before Central and East Africa (see Chapter XXVI). Great developments are foreshadowed in Uganda, Kenya, and Tanganyika on the East, and Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, to the south-west of them. These developments may yet lead to the realization of Rhodes' ideal of a Cape to Cairo railway.

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long stretches of mountain and forest between Mombasa (Kilindini) and Lake Victoria Nyanza and surveyed 2,724 miles; and ultimately, and after long delays, a line was built from Mombasa to Kisumu on Lake Victoria. The late Sir Christian Felling, General Manager of the Kenya and Uganda Railway, whose death in August, 1928, was widely deplored, once explained that the line was constructed under appalling difficulties. It was made through an almost unknown country. All staff, food, and material for housing had to be imported, and a landing-place found on the beach. Derelict Arab dhows were utilized as lighters. Water had to be obtained by distillation from the sea. Moreover, as the region inland was infested for many miles with the tsetse fly, traction engines and mules imported from Cyprus had to be exploited for the supply of labourers on earthworks beyond the railhead. Platelaying was commenced in June, 1896, and in spite of some opposition from the warlike Wa Nandi and Wa Lumbwa tribes, Lake Victoria was reached on 20th December, 1901, thus completing, as Sir Christian remarked, "a line of rail that, in the annals of railway construction, stands out as an example of pioneering work executed under unprecedented conditions." Nowadays it is possible, in the course of a night's journey along this line from Mombasa, to reach the middle highlands 5,000 feet above sea-level, and thus to get to Nairobi, the capital of Kenya Colony, and then snow-capped Mount Kenya, 17,040 feet high, the Uasin Gishu plateau with its commanding peak, Mount Elgon and its caves and cave-dwellers, and the Mau Escarpment, or the great lakes.

In pushing the line through this virgin territory, the Indians and others engaged on construction were constantly carried off by man-eating lions. Such was the terror inspired by two gigantic and insatiable monsters, believed by the coolies to be the vengeful spirits of departed chiefs, impervious to bullets, and angered at the building of a railway through their country—that when the line had reached Tsavo, about 140 miles inland, in December, 1898, many deserted and stopped a coast-going train by throwing themselves on the rails before the engine. Lord Salisbury mentioned, in a speech in the House of Lords, the manner

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in which these lions had held up railroad construction. It is to Colonel Patterson, the construction engineer, however, that the world owes the detail of the hold-up, the story of the stampeding coolies swarming on the trucks, bundling in their possessions, and fleeing thus from the accursed spot. He has told it all brilliantly in "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo."

VI.

The reign of terror created by these fearsome brutes, which broke through the workers' dense protective hedges of thorn in the dead of night, and raided their tents and carried off man after man, devouring them in the deep darkness of the near-by jungle, is still remembered by old railwaymen. The man-eaters set the devices of pursuers at naught by rarely attacking the same camp twice in succession. They were utterly contemptuous of man, and even of rifle fire. Their attacks were marked by many terrible episodes, one of which is graphically related in the following terms by Col. Patterson himself:—

"I was roused one morning about daybreak and told that one of my *jemadars*, a fine powerful Sikh named Ungan Singh, had been seized in his tent during the night, and dragged off and eaten. Naturally I lost no time in making an examination of the place, and was soon convinced that the man had indeed been carried off by a lion, as its "pug" marks were plainly visible in the sand, while the furrows made by the heels of the victim showed the direction in which he had been carried away. Moreover, the *jemadar* shared his tent with half a dozen other workmen, and one of his bedfellows had actually witnessed the occurrence. He graphically described how, at midnight, the lion suddenly put its head in at the open tent door and seized Ungan Singh, who happened to be nearest the opening, by the throat. The unfortunate fellow cried 'Choro' ('Let go') and threw his arms up round the lion's neck. The next moment he was gone, and his panic-stricken companions lay helpless, forced to listen to the terrible struggle which took place outside. Poor Ungan Singh must have died hard, but what chance had he, as a coolie gravely remarked? Was he not fighting a lion?"

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The Colonel promptly attempted to track the animal that morning and followed a bloody trail which led to the spot where the body had been devoured. The ground all round this place was covered with blood and morsels of flesh and bone, but "the unfortunate *jemadar's* head had been left intact save for the little holes made by the lion's tusks on seizing him, and lay a short distance away from the other remains, the eyes staring with a startled horrified look. . . . We collected the remains as well as we could and heaped stones on them, the head with its fixed terrified stare seeming to watch us all the time, for it we did not bury, but took back to camp for identification before the Medical Officer."

Col. Patterson shot these ghastly raiders ultimately, and nearly lost his life in stalking them. His experiences, however, illustrate the ferocity of the East African man-eating lion. Another man-eater once lacerated his paws in trying to tear down the corrugated iron roofing of the railway station at Kimaa, some 250 miles from Mombasa, an occurrence which caused the frightened Indian telegraphist below to despatch the following message: "Lion fighting with station. Send urgent succour."

The same formidable beast jumped into a railway carriage occupied by a poor fellow named Ryall, the Superintendent of Police, on the night of 6th June, 1900, and sprang out of it with the officer in his mouth, shattering in his powerful leap the woodwork and some portion of the side of the carriage. The remains of poor Ryall were found in the bush next morning a quarter of a mile away. The lion, fortunately for many another human, perhaps, was cleverly trapped awhile later by a member of the railway staff, was caged for a few days, and then shot.

These dramas of railway pioneering disclose a few of the terrors which haunted those who some thirty years ago linked the coast with Lake Victoria.

VII.

This railway has, it seems, achieved its purpose in bringing a thousand blessings in its train. The old slave caravans,

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RHINO WHICH CHARGED A TRAIN IN JULY, 1915, ON THE ATHI PLAINS, KENYA.
THE FOREFEET WERE CUT OFF AND THE BODY LACERATED.
[*Photo: Mrs. Josephine Henocksberg, M.B.E.*

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the native wars, the murderous customs of the tribesmen have virtually passed, or are passing, away as trade and civilization continue to push boldly north and south of the line. And this thought is inevitable as the modern traveller in Great Britain's youngest Colony speeds along over the Kikuyu Escarpment, across the Great Rift Valley, over the Mau Escarpment to the shores of Lake Victoria. For he will notice how varying altitudes and soils are being studied and studded, how the eastern face of the Kikuyu Escarpment permits a variety of produce, how the Limuru district (the first section of the Colony to be settled) is similar to Nyeri in its maize, wheat, coffee, sugar and fruit, and stock potentialities, and that the floor of the valley in the region of Lakes Naivasha and Elmenteita favours live stock. The foot of the Mau beyond Lake Nakuru is particularly suited to maize production, while the upper slopes and summit at altitudes varying from 8,000 to 10,000 feet favour sheep, cattle, and maize. On the descent to the lake one notes coffee, sisal, sugar, and maize. Equally interesting is the game reserve along which the train passes from early morning to mid-day on its journey from the coast, which offers amusing instances sometimes of the contempt displayed by antelope, giraffe, ostrich, and other game for the iron horse and the ways of civilization.

Further down south in Tanganyika another remarkable line links the coast with the inland lakes, that is to say, Dar-es-Salaam with Kigoma and Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika. Thus is Africa being seamed with railways. Commerce, production, progress are replacing savagery and superstition. The spirit of Livingsone's "fear God and work hard" is reflected in all this abundance of new settlements and vast interests. And yet the intangible soul of the Primitive still haunts the fascinating corridors of Africa, and will continue so to do for many long decades. And those who (with the spirit of adventure in them) may seek to know more about it all can do so readily enough by taking these journeys to the great lakes, crossing Tanganyika into the Congo at Albertville, and so on to Kabalo down the line of the Lualaba (about which Livingstone spoke in his dying

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GIRAFFE IN KENYA.
[*Photo, M. Maxwell.*

moments), and thus on to Bukama and the Union of South Africa.

All are great journeys—hallowed by the ghosts of great men.

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CHAPTER XX.

The Story of the Griqua Trek, the Great Falls of Aughrabies, and the Orange Free State.

I.

THE story of the Orange Free State and of East and West Griqualand is not a whit less fascinating than the brilliant life-cameos associated with all the other Provinces of South Africa. It would be difficult to better the story of the queer nomadic half-castes, who, under the leadership of coloured captains, trekked north-east towards the Free State from South-West Africa nearly two centuries ago. Their treks were protracted. There was no machine-like advance. Almost naked, they hunted (and were hunted) through the wilderness. Their leaders were members, for the most part, of the remarkable Kok family, who, like their hybrid followers, had originated through the contact of black and white in the Cape. Contact had occurred in several ways: not only through white sailors and others visiting the lodges of the female slaves in Capetown, but also through intercourse between the farmers of the outpost settlements, and the Hottentots. And there began two somewhat differentiated types, the "Basters" in whom white blood predominated, and who spoke Dutch, and went under the chief Berend Berends; and the Griquas who were largely Hottentots and who migrated northwards under their first "Kapteyn" Adam Kok—originally the slave of a farmer in the Western Province.

This, however, is the tale of the Griqua trek.

Old Adam Kok, who was born in 1710, and lived to be ninety, was certainly a remarkable fellow, who, by good

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conduct and efficiency had earned his master's favour, and was presented at length with stock and eventually offered his freedom. He was permitted by the Government to settle at Piquetberg to the north of Capetown, across the Great Berg River and among the mountains which lie near St. Helena Bay. Behind that yellow brow of his, and small ferrety eyes, what a mixture of strange instincts was there! His Hottentot ancestor was, if there be aught in the theory of Hottentot origins, probably a Bushman-negro half-caste with a strain of the Oriental in him; so that the instincts of the hunting Bushman had become merged in the pastoral instincts of the black and yellow man. Adam's white blood, too, had given him a certain ascendancy and breadth of outlook. So sharp a conflict of ancestry has often resulted in a degenerate race, incapable of effort and doomed to extinction, but there was little degeneracy in him. The best and not the worst of the races was represented in him. He developed into a leader, a hunter, and a keeper of flocks—a patriarchal father of his people, like Abraham of old.

As the years passed these Griquas (and Basters) trekked steadily north and east under pressure from the white farmers and from brigands and marauders, until they lined the Orange River. At the end of the eighteenth century 5,000 of the Baster population were spread along that great stream on a frontage of 600 miles. Then they crossed the river to such places as Griquatown and Campbell, and went over the present Orange Free State border into Philippolis, and elsewhere in that territory.

Improvidence and drink, however, soon led them to part with their lands. The heroic old *Voortrekkers*, driving their stout ox-wagons north in a search for new farms, were quickly in contact with them—and, needless to say, soon in the ascendant. There was fighting and turmoil. But it could only end in one way. And it ended in that way. There accordingly followed another great trek from Philippolis in 1861, when 2,000 coloured folk, 20,000 head of cattle, and 300 vehicles set out over no man's land to the east. They traversed the southern areas of the Orange Free State, to Kokstad near the Cape–Natal border, and not far from the Indian Ocean. In less than a century and a half these

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FOUR GENERATIONS OF CAPE BUSH FOLK. THE OLD WOMAN IN THE CENTRE IS A PURE-BLOODED CAPE-BUSHWOMAN. THE OTHERS SHOW INTERMINGLING WITH WHITE STOCK.

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coloured peoples had thus practically wandered over South Africa from west to east, on the rough line of the Orange River.

II.

Singular folk they certainly were! They elected at Kokstad a Volksraad or People's Council of Twelve, with Charles Brisley, a young Englishman, as secretary. It has been said of them that their available assets were four-footed: sheep, goats, cattle, and horses. These had a singular knack of straying away and of never straying back again. Their cash-box was the pasturage of the Treasurer's farm. The banker was a kaffir herd boy. The decisions of the "Volksraad" were sent up to the "Privy Council," and were often discussed in a free and easy manner on the stoep of the chief's house, while the "councillors" were drinking coffee amid clouds of tobacco smoke. . . . The Volksraad was a "wonderful anachronism." There was voluminous talk, but it led nowhere, and, in the end (as the Rev. W. Dower, a former Kokstad missionary, has stated) all that was commonly known was that "de praat wat was gepraat door de mensche die het de praat gepraat" ("the talk that was talked by the people who talked the talk")—that entirely sufficed. The missionary added that the deputies were entertained hospitably at Government expense during the session. The length of the session depended on the size of the animal slaughtered. When the beef gave out, the House arose. No beef, no business, was the unwritten but standing rule of this assembly. It was a simpler and more effective extinguisher to Parliamentary oratory than our modern closure. The cooking operations . . . were carried on close to the "House of Parliament," and the big pot was so placed that the members would know the progress of the operations while in session and inhale grateful odours as an earnest of the coming feast.

These strange, unreal, hybrid peoples still persist in scattered settlements in the various territories! There is a coloured community in South-West Africa known as the Rehoboths; cattlemen, hunters of leopards and the wild, and sellers of skins—with their own humble little Parliament

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House where for years they have sat like Quakers at prayer, and have talked grandiosely of Republicanism, and their rights under the League of Nations. The traditional inability of mixed races like these to hold their lands has now been met by a provision whereby the Rehoboths, the people who never laugh, have had their lands guaranteed them under the law ; and so, no doubt, unless they elect deliberately to go on trek, they will cease to be landless wanderers over the face of the earth ; and will remain in their territory about 170 miles to the east of Walvis Bay, far to the north of the Orange River, and some miles south of Windhoek—a proud and strangely original community incorporating in themselves many of the vicissitudes of their history.

III.

The wild and almost inaccessible region around the Great Falls of Aughrabies on the Orange River, eighty miles from the town of Upington, and some distance due west of the Orange Free State, was long associated with Hottentots and Basters. One fierce robber chieftain, Jager Afrikaner, had his stronghold on an island in the river ; indeed it was he whose campaigns of murder and theft contributed to the original eastward trek of the coloured races under Adam Kok towards West Griqualand and the Orange Free State. On one occasion a commando of angry white farmers attempted to reach his retreat, but failed ; yet this terrible marauder yielded eventually to missionary influence and became a Christian. He was even received by the Governor of the Cape and dismissed with presents.

Cornelis Kok, son of old Adam Kok, would often travel to Bitter Dacha, where he had an outstation near the falls. He became a noted hunter and the trusted leader of the much harried Griquas. There were communities, too, of coloured landowners in the Upington–Aughrabies District, to within comparatively recent years ; and the Hottentot chiefs, Klaas and Pofadder, occupied much of the land from the Aughrabies Falls, Upington, and Kheis, northward to the Kalahari Desert, in the late 'sixties.

Those privileged to see this tremendous spectacle, the Great Falls of Aughrabies, and who know something of history,

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The Port of Natal—Durban.

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will perhaps discover the ghosts of requiem in the roar of the waters—a lament for the coloured nomads who once lent so picturesque a savagery to the solitudes.

The Orange River is just a mile wide above the main fall, and is split up by boulder-strewn islets of granite, so that one is reminded as one looks at them of Jager Afrikaner and his bloodthirsty vagabonds who selected some such places for their river stronghold. The mighty flood converges until barely sixty feet wide, and at this point—the lip of the main fall—it plunges into a fearsome abyss 400 feet deep. Then it races for miles through a gloomy cañon the walls of which loom up to a height of 500 feet. On all sides cascades drop laterally into the vast and desolate gorge.

The first man to see the falls was a soldier deserter from the East India Company, Hendrik Wikar, who came upon them in 1778. Impressed possibly by the forbidding scenery, he sent back messages imploring pardon, and this was at last granted. It was George Thompson who in 1824, and after being four days without food, tightened his famine girdle and came upon the falls at sunset. "As I gazed on this stupendous scene," he wrote in his diary, "I felt as if in a dream . . . I named this scene 'King George's Cataract' in honour of our gracious sovereign."

Their name on the map to-day, however, is that given them by the Hottentots, "Aughrabies," which means "Roaring Waters."

IV.

But these incidents may also serve to remind us that the wanderings of these Griquas and Basters are perpetuated in the names of the two Cape Provinces, Griqualand West and Griqualand East; the former a portion of the northern plateau of the Cape Province, and enclosing Kimberley and a great part of the diamond areas; the latter, on the eastern border of Basutoland, and below Natal. Its principal town is the Kokstad already mentioned, 156 miles south-west of Maritzburg and the centre of a large sheep farming community.

The discovery of diamonds at Hopetown on the Orange

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KING GEORGE (AUGHRABIES) FALLS, ORANGE RIVER

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River in the 'sixties, and northward to Kimberley and the River Diggings, that is to say, in the district lying along the west of the Orange Free State border, intensified trouble with the Griquas. Andries Waterboer, the coloured chief, claimed some portions of it—though many of his pretensions were extravagant—and it was claimed also by British and Dutch; but the Keate award determined Griqualand West as part of the Cape Colony, with new boundaries so quaintly arbitrary that one of them actually ran through the dining room of a farm house, the proprietor becoming a Free State burgher on one side of the room, and a Cape colonist as he moved to the other.

The Orange Free State received its Dutch settlement in 1828. Afterwards came many *Voortrekker* immigrants from the Cape upon the slavery abolition decree in 1834. The resentment of the Griquas at the ever accelerating arrivals of the farmers became acute; and to maintain order the British took over the country in 1848. But it was restored to the Dutch in 1854. Gradually the Griquas alienated their lands until, as we have seen, many of them trekked away east from Philippolis in 1861 towards Kokstad in Griqualand East; and all are to-day gradually losing their identity as distinctive members of the Union of South Africa.

V.

Those who pass through the Orange Free State, which lies between the Transvaal, Natal, Basutoland, and the Cape Colony, and which is the smallest but one of the four provinces of the Union, will certainly be struck by the mysterious flat-topped mountains which everywhere meet the eye. They suggest great ranges shorn through as by some colossal knife, and all brought to a common level from horizon to horizon.

What has caused this curious levelling of the bergen? Has the soul of democracy got abroad among the mountains? Or is the explanation to be sought in something less fantastic?

The theory generally accepted is not difficult to follow. In the long ago when molten rock poured through volcanic vents in the earth and filled in depressions and crevices over wide areas and then hardened into an impervious surface,

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there remained considerable spaces which became, as it were, armoured by these coatings. The rains and other denudatory agents subsequently attacked the earth. They washed everything away—except these armoured levels. Deeper and deeper was the surrounding earth worn down and excoriated until the old levels look to-day, as indeed they are, mountains with flat tops—table mountains.

As the train speeds through the Orange Free State it is fascinating to reflect that those who may climb to these surfaces are perhaps upon some of the oldest ground in the world, ground which has withstood the weathering of the ages; which remains monumentally up there in the blue, unaltered after time-lapses so vast as to be almost beyond human comprehension.

VI.

The Orange Free State teemed with wild life in the middle of the last century. There was the blue crane, the wild green turkey with its long red bill; there were lions and leopards—a lion said to be fourteen feet long was reported to the Government as having killed a man named William Holder near the Natal border. Then again hyenas often came down and attacked the foals. The farmers would tie tinkling bells and white sticks to their necks because it was found that this somehow often saved them from attack. So savage and cowardly were these wolves, however, that they would often tear their victims to pieces on the spot, always selecting the smallest and youngest as being the most easily overcome. It seems strange nowadays to reflect that at this period when Bloemfontein was but a few years old, the transport of mails to the south had to be arranged at certain hours to minimise the risk of attack by lions!

Bloemfontein, the chief city of the Orange Free State, is still an old-world place in spite of its University, its Colleges, Courthouses, Raadsaal, and Government offices, wide streets, and parks; for it preserves many evidences of early homes—many links with the still recent past, with the *Voortrekkers*. To the south of the town, flanked as it is by low hills, there still exists the small fort erected by the British Govern-

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ment early in the 'forties, and close to it is a monument to the memory of those who fell in the Basuto Wars of 1865–68.

What terrible wars those were! On the one side the Dutch farmers, on the other a border enemy whose barbarities were almost incredible. An old Free State farmer used to relate how once he saw a Basuto impi cut off a member of his own commando near the mountains, strip him instantly, and literally slice him to pieces. In 1854 the remains of two white farmers were found on a mountain side. The men had been mutilated alive and in one case the skin had actually been torn from the face.

Was it to be wondered at that the burghers—fiercely resentful of such barbarities—hunted the Basutos into the caves in a stony valley at Kora Kora in 1865, hauled them out and killed 300 of them, capturing 11,000 sheep and 150 wagons?

Bloemfontein thus grew up in an atmosphere of strife. The burghers of the Free State were not on the best of terms with the burghers of the Transvaal; nor were they living in accord with either the Griquas or the Government of the Cape. It seems strange to learn that these valiant old farmers—whose fight for land and liberty will never cease to inspire all South Africans—should have fought against each other. Yet so they did. In 1857 the burghers of the Transvaal under General M. W. Pretorius, son of General A. W. J. Pretorius, the victor of Blood River, threatened an invasion of the Free State. One of the followers of Pretorius was a certain Carel Seere, a farmer, of Kroonstad "who looked like an Italian brigand" (and acted like one), and who esconced himself in a stronghold on the Vaal River, and with a band of followers, not only defied the Free Staters, but also endeavoured to bring down the Basuto hordes upon them. He was captured in a kraal. He was tried as a rebel and sentenced to death. Upon his making representations, however, to General Pretorius that he got himself into trouble through him, and that he (the General) ought to get him out of it, the death sentence was commuted to a small fine.

In the previous year the Free State had had to deal with its first big murder case, and the little community had been

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gravely concerned as to whether in the eyes of God and man it really had the right to sentence a fellow-being to death. The prisoner had killed his wife and two children. The crime had been committed on a farm two miles outside Bloemfontein, but such were the doubts engendered, that more than one trial was necessary before the prisoner was convicted and hanged. This occurrence in 1856 shook the community to its foundations.

Better days were, however, in store. The Griquas, as we have seen, made their great trek eastward in 1861. The truculent Adam Kok, a descendant of the original captain, and whom Sir Harry Smith had once threatened at a conference to tie up to a beam unless he became more reasonable, ceased to be a firebrand, and thus, in a new atmosphere of comparative peace, industry and growth became possible. It was a gradual process. It was interrupted by wars. But Bloemfontein to-day—750 miles north-east of Capetown and 260 miles south-west of Johannesburg—offers in itself the best proof of progress. It boasts a white population of nearly 23,000, and a coloured population of 23,500. In 1910 it was made the Judicial Capital of the Union. The Court of Appeal was located there. Moreover, it has developed into a great educational centre with 4,000 students and 250 teachers.

VII.

In the centre of the Cape Colony and bearing north-east towards the Orange Free State are those great plains known widely as "the Karoo." Their total area is probably 100,000 square miles. Their climate is as dry and as healthy as any in the world.

There is no corner of the earth, indeed, where star-rise and star-shine can be seen so clearly as on the plateaux of the African Karoo and on the plains of the Orange Free State; for when the sun has set there and the night breezes have blown away, when the birds are calling softly across the stillness, and kopje and crag stain the skies with impenetrable blackness, then the stars glow with a wondrous new sheen, so that the whole vault of Heaven seems ablaze.

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Some years ago there was an old astronomer who made a yearly pilgrimage across the Karoo. He went in a hooded wagon. He always carried a gun and a telescope, a cooking pot, a copy of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and a heart overflowing with a love of nature. As he jogged along, his thin white beard peeping out of the hood, his hairy hands gripping the mule team's reins, the smoke of his pipe canting vaguely about him, he looked like some eerie old farmer numbering his dry acres and seeking to solve the riddle of the rains.

When the sun sank he would tether his mules near some kopje. He always contrived to halt near a kopje. And soon above his camp fire the steam would be rising, and his clasp knife would be plied in thoughtful silence; and then as the night crept up the sky, he would fetch his telescope, climb up the kopje and remain there staring at the stars until dawn blew them all out, so to speak, when he would return with a look not often seen on the faces of men—that is to say, the faces of men who live in cities.

The southern skies of Africa, with their mighty and exclusive secrets, had long since taught him that his own little griefs were as nothing in the scheme of things; and that was why, and in spite of many troubles, he actually had none.

Old P——, therefore, had reason to feel that the foundations of his philosophy had been well and truly laid—with his telescope. He would direct it lovingly on those exclusive marvels of the southern skies—the Magellanic Clouds, for instance—and from some lonely summit he would say to himself, "Away up north in the great cities, they cannot see these things. I don't believe they can see them anywhere as in these parts." And he was right: for even the stars, wonderful to relate, can be seen to rise over the Karoo.

From all parts American astronomers have since been drawn to the Orange Free State. The Ann Arbor Observatory under Professor Rossiter at Bloemfontein is investigating southern hemisphere double stars, a branch of astronomy in which the late Professor Hussey had already made a great name at Detroit in respect of the northern skies His lens

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at Bloemfontein is a 27-inch refractor, and is the largest by a fraction in South Africa.

Harvard University has also transferred its Observatory from Arequipa in Peru to Bloemfontein.

VIII.

The Orange Free State is to-day fenced off with numberless splendid farms. Progress is typified by the Government Agricultural College opened in 1919 at Glen, fourteen miles from Bloemfontein, on the Modder River, at a cost of over £50,000. The Bloemfontein Irrigation Settlements all around the College will, it is hoped, provide 100,000 acres of land for settlers. There will be four great dams costing £1,000,000, and there are others under contemplation. Bloemfontein opened a new power station costing £180,000 in 1927.

There is little Winburg, the first political capital of the Free State, and Kroonstad, 128 miles north-west of Bloemfontein, and about half way between that town and Johannesburg. It is a great farming centre nowadays, and is becoming the principal educational centre for the northern Free State.

Westminster, 61 miles east of Bloemfontein, is the flourishing corn and stock district established by the Duke of Westminster.

Vereeniging, seventy-six miles farther on towards the Rand goldfields, a Transvaal town on the Vaal River at the Transvaal-Free State border, is notable for its mighty barrage, said to be the largest of its kind in the southern hemisphere. It cost £1,320,000, irrigates a wide area, and guarantees the water supply of South Africa's biggest city, Johannesburg, forty-nine miles farther on to the north-west.

One ought not perhaps to leave the Free State without a reference to pretty little Parys, with its charming Vaal River, and irrigation scenes and schemes. It is only thirty miles from Potchefstroom, one of the first towns to be established by the *Voortrekkers* across the Orange River.

Can it be denied, then, that within the few vital years of its existence, the Orange Free State has not only made much fascinating history, but has also a remarkable record of industrial progress?

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CHAPTER XXI.

Great Zimbabwe and the Beginnings of Rhodesia.

I.

A LITTLE over four hundred miles north of the Witwatersrand, the largest goldfield of the modern world, are the ruins of Great Zimbabwe, the mysterious and fascinating centre of the most extensive goldfields of the ancient world. They lie in Mashonaland, Southern Rhodesia.

Upon their majestic walls the sun has turned its lamp for 3,000 years or more. That, at any rate, is the view—admittedly disputed nowadays—of one school of theorists. Another holds that they are but a few hundred years old. But whether ancient or merely mediaeval, time had certainly festooned the mortarless stones of these temple forts with jungle trees and monkey ropes, and the mantle of mystery had hidden them darkly when Phillips rediscovered them in 1867, and Renders, the ivory trader, came upon them in 1868.

As we pass through the dreamy Rhodesian valley of dead things in which they lie, the drowsing insects and the lizards darting around the sunny stones somehow inspire curious thoughts. Here and there the blue lotus flashes from the pools, the tree trunks glow with sporadic orchids, the pink-blossomed Zimbabwe creeper, the yellow blooms, the red sealing-wax flower, the mimosa, acacias, wistarias, palms, and tree-ferns, all these bedeck this valley, so that if one has any of the true spirit of veneration, one is inevitably awed by the mute appeal of it all.

There is a profound solemnity in the thought that perhaps when King Solomon was dispensing wisdom from his great throne of white ivory overlaid with peacock feathers and

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gold, drinking from vessels made from the same metal, and boasting of his 300 great shields of beaten gold, that at that time a dark-skinned race of engineers, worshipping strange gods, may have been mining ore hereabouts. The secret of their identity has not yet been disclosed ; it is for subsequent generations to determine it. So that there is still the stimulus of the Unknown behind the fact that these mysterious miners of antiquity took over £150,000,000 of gold from the goldfields of Southern Rhodesia and sent it somewhere out of Africa. Their caravans probably took the gold eastward to the port of Sofala. They removed it thence to an unknown destination.

It seems clear that they worked in constant fear of attack, and that because of this they constructed elaborate temple fortresses and built walls at almost impregnable spots. All the indications are that those who worked the reefs had a sound knowledge of engineering, that they probably practised phallic rites just as did the early worshippers of Baal, and that they had customs similar in many respects to those practised in Arabia 3,000 years ago. One school of thinkers holds that there is a reasonable presumptive case for identifying them with the Sabaeans of Southern Arabia, or their cousins, the Phoenicians, whose stone worship was practically identical with theirs ; but the case admittedly has not yet been established. On the other hand there is a powerful school which dates them from some centuries after Christ.

That they were driven forth by some hostile irruption from the north is certain, and that this occurred some nine centuries after Christ is a belief widely held. The invaders may have been the wild Zindj tribes, who, as El Masoudi, the Herodotus of the Arabs, has declared, came down irresistibly from the north. At the ruins and in the mines there were, and still are, evidences everywhere of hurried departure. Little exquisitely wrought things of gold which must have been prized by their owners were found smashed in the débris. Shapely bowls of soapstone were discovered wilfully broken. The abandonment of piles of valuable ore and the existence of other uncompleted work testified to this long-forgotten debacle. How many of the ancient

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miners escaped, if indeed any escaped at all, is a speculation which yields to the certainty that the caravans ceased to trail away thereafter to Sofala at the coast, that the long, spidery camels no longer raised the yellow dust about the old trade routes in the hot winds of the summer's afternoon. The up-country gold settlements were, in fact, abandoned, and the ruthless invaders, like the Hyksos, the Shepherd Kings who overran the Egypt of long ago, trampled many treasures into the reddened earth.

II.

The Great Zimbabwe ruins are remarkable for three prominent features: Firstly, there is the large elliptical temple in the valley with its towers and its evidences of ancient nature worship; secondly, there is the mass of brown ruins below it; and thirdly, the remarkable fortress on the great granite hill of Zimbabwe which is called the Acropolis of the ancient city. Other ruins are scattered throughout Rhodesia.

The elliptical temple in the valley is a place of altogether exceptional interest. About it have already whirled great scientific controversies, some of them not free from bitterness. This ruin, which is often erroneously called "circular," proved, when cleared of its tropical vegetation by natives under the direction of J. Theodore Bent in 1891, to be very much akin to the form of temple found at Marib, the ancient Saba and capital of the Sabaean kingdom in Arabia. It resembles, also, the structure of Nakab at Hajar in Arabia. Constructed entirely of unmorticed blocks broken from large, flat and shallow slabs, some of which had to be trimmed with metal tools and even with hammers of diorite, the stones strike one at once as having been laid with a skill infinitely superior to anything achieved (at any rate within recent times) by the Bantu, or purely native race. There has been nothing quite like it in Southern Africa. The walls vary from fifteen to thirty-five feet in height and their wide bases taper towards the summit, being about five feet wide at their narrowest. There are three entrances to this temple: the north or main entrance, the north-west, and the western entrance.

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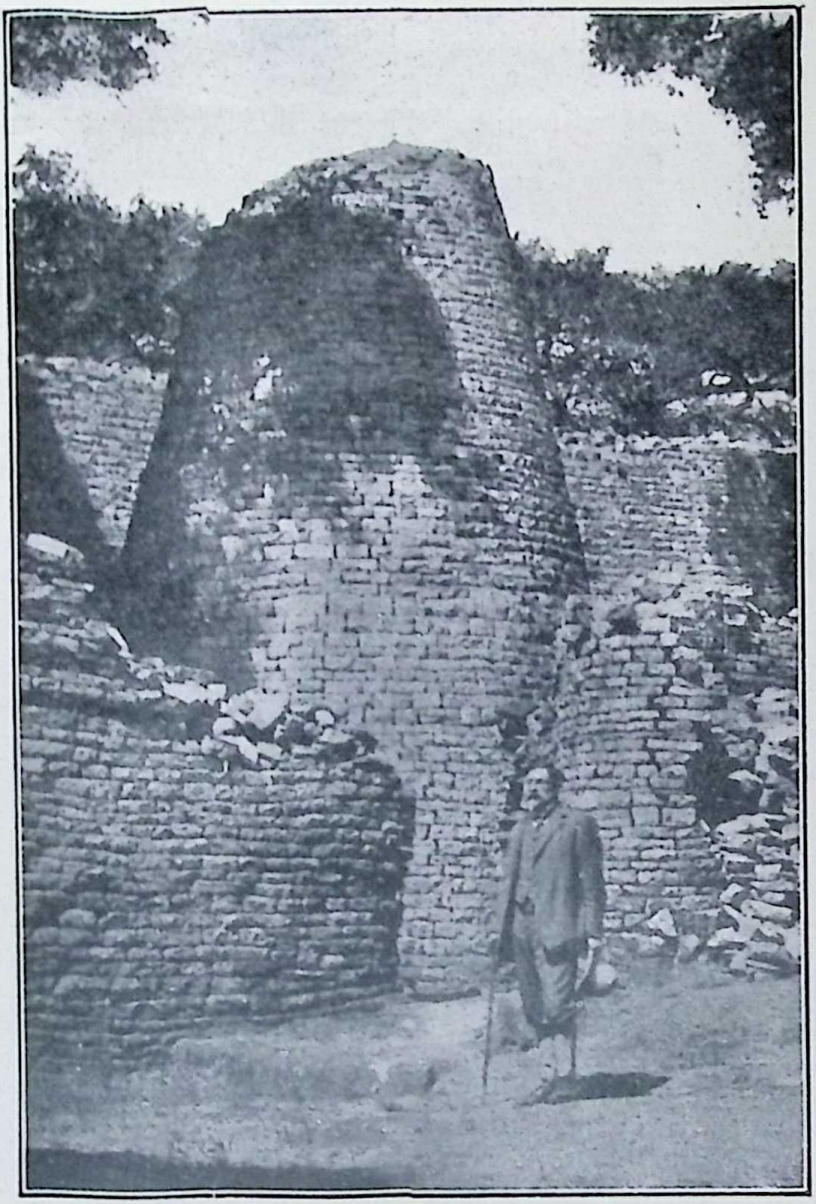

RIDER HAGGARD, WHOSE FAMOUS NOVEL "SHE" WAS BASED ON ZIMBABWE, AND WHO DERIVED THE ATMOSPHERE OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES" FROM OTHER RELICS OF A BYGONE RHODESIA, RECITING ANDREW LANG'S POEM, "ZIMBABWE," IN 1914 TO THE MEMBERS OF THE DOMINIONS ROYAL COMMISSION.

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The magnificent narrow passage of the main entrance debouches upon a great and probably phallic tower thirty-two feet high, and built with glorious skill. Next to it is a smaller ruined tower. That these structures have survived the attacks of time as well as they have is chiefly due to the excellence of the building. Inside the great enclosure are the further remains of a raised platform close to the conical towers, an altar, and flooring which has covered a great quantity of remarkable evidence bearing on the form of worship once conducted there. The discovery in the débris of birds on soapstone pedestals which formerly adorned the walls of the temple would appear to strengthen the arguments of those who, like Theodore Bent, identify them with old nature worship and even ascribe them to the worship of the Assyrian Astarte or Venus, the female element in creation.

These birds have been carved with delicate chisels. One is so well preserved as to be recognisable as a vulture They are of considerable size, the tallest being some five feet four inches high, the smallest four feet ten inches. The feathers are realistically fashioned. It is certainly not without significance that the Phoenicians and Sabaeans held similar birds sacred and placed them on their shrines.

It is, therefore, difficult to avoid the conclusion not only from this, but also from other accumulated evidence, that here in this temple protected by these mighty walls a rough form of nature worship was once practised by the men of the Zimbabwe goldfields, and that the conical towers, viewed in the light of the fact that many phalli carved with anatomical accuracy have been found in this vicinity, probably represented the male organ of generation, that is, of course, the organ of reproduction of life, while the birds on soapstone pedestals were also associated with the female element in creation.

III.

So much then for the elliptical temple. There remain the ruins in the valley and the Acropolis on the hill. The Valley of Ruins is a strangely beautiful place, its beauty perhaps lying rather in the ghostly impressions it seems

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able to create. In the Posselt Ruins in this valley there is also a small conical tower and a large circular platform, and a conical tower is again noticeable peeping out from another group of walls known as the Phillips Ruins. Is it not remarkable that here, close to this latter phallic tower, was found in 1903 a tall beam of soapstone with a bird carved on its summit and a crocodile climbing its front face? Was this the bird of Ashtaroth? Who knows?

What now of the Acropolis which rises some 250 feet above the valley on Zimbabwe Hill? The massive walls on the heights seem to challenge the skies. They seem like some curious conception of Doré's, dealing with the realm of the unreal. Behind the walls of this towering rock-pile lived Rider Haggard's vivid creation, "She-who-must-be-obeyed"; the heroine of the romance which that master of fiction wrote in the white heat of an inspiration born of the mystery enveloping the Acropolis. "As one passes," writes Mr. Thekla Hall, "through the shoulder-wide, deep, and shadowy passages when daylight is fading, one might expect at every corner to come face to face with the veiled figure of 'She-who-must-be-obeyed.'"

At the summit one enters this almost impregnable place: to happen there upon the remains of altars, gold furnaces, traverses, and labyrinths. Bent, whose party cleared some of the approaches of dense jungle growths in 1891, "consisting of nettles of extraordinary pricking powers and other obnoxious plants," describes the sight which met their astonished eyes. "The labyrinthine nature of the buildings now before us baffles description. Walls of huge size shut off separate chambers. In all directions everything is tortuous; every inch of ground is protected with buttresses and traverses. Here, too, as in the large circular building in the valley below, all the entrances are rounded off, and I imagine that here we have quite the oldest portion of the ruins, built at a time when defence was the main object. When they were able to do so (defend themselves) with safety, they next constructed the circular temple below, and as time went on they erected the more carelessly put together buildings around." In other words, the now ruined buildings in the valley.

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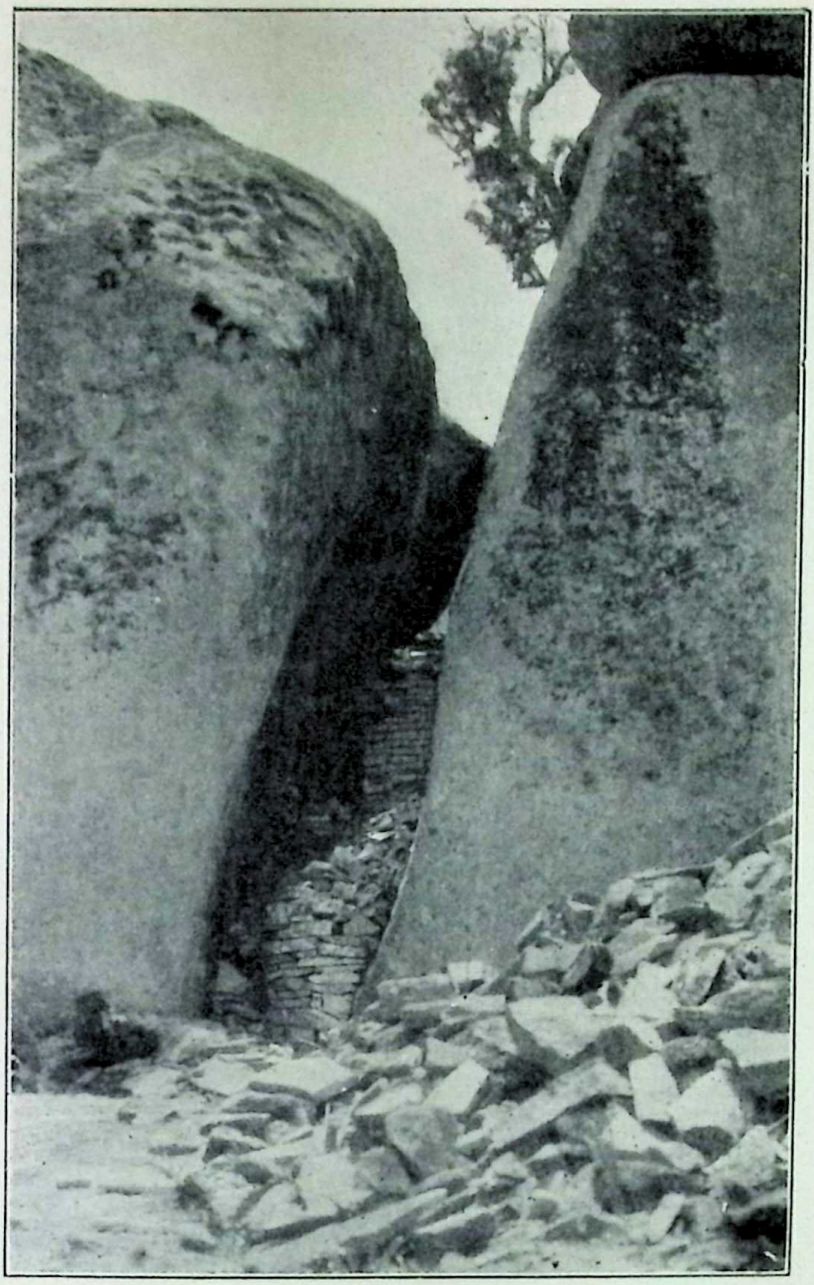

BUTTRESS PASSAGE IN THE ACROPOLIS AT ZIMBABWE.

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IV.

Professor Dart, who has described Dr. Randall MacIver's judgment that the Zimbabwe ruins are mediaeval as "preposterous," has drawn attention to a new source of indirect evidence, namely, the paintings of the Bushmen. One of these paintings is indeed extraordinary. It was copied by Brother Otto, a Trappist monk of the Mariannhill Monastery in Natal, and was found in a cave at Ntshintshi near the confluence of the Ngolosa and Kei Rivers in the Cape Province. When the incrustation which covered the painting was removed, there was a picture in deep red monochrome of two naked Bushmen and two gigantic foreigners in Asiatic tunics and headgear. One of these appears to dominate the picture, and in the eyes of the artist is evidently the big fellow in the incident. He is wearing a Babylonian cap, and it is difficult to infer any other form of headgear. The other clothed figure is wearing what may be a Phrygian cap. Another has evidently bound the Bushgirl in the interest of the burly Babylonian in the foreground. The girl is being defended, it may be, by a Bushman. Is it not a matter of considerable significance, then, that here, apparently, is pictorial evidence of the presence in Africa of the men of Babylon, that is, of Biblical Arabia, as far south as the Cape Province? Brother Otto, who had acquired some skill reproducing mediaeval works of art in the cathedral of Cologne and elsewhere, has collected many other significant pictures; the priest Schweizer found a remarkable picture in which an Egyptian figure fully clothed was depicted in the act of striding along, bowmen in peaked Chinese hats have been copied from ancient pictures in caves in the same area showing, of course, that Chinese sailors came to Africa, and the Phrygian cap recurs in a cave painting near Rusapi, Rhodesia. In the *Scientific American* for 1915, page 191, a wonderful drawing is reproduced in which men in long cloaks, whitish faces and Phrygian caps—clothed Asiatics of the Babylonian–Phoenician periods—are in contact in Natal with Bushmen. The picture suggests a cattle raid.

V.

With what object did burly Phoenicians, Sabaeans, Phrygians, or Babylonians of the Bushman pictures sail

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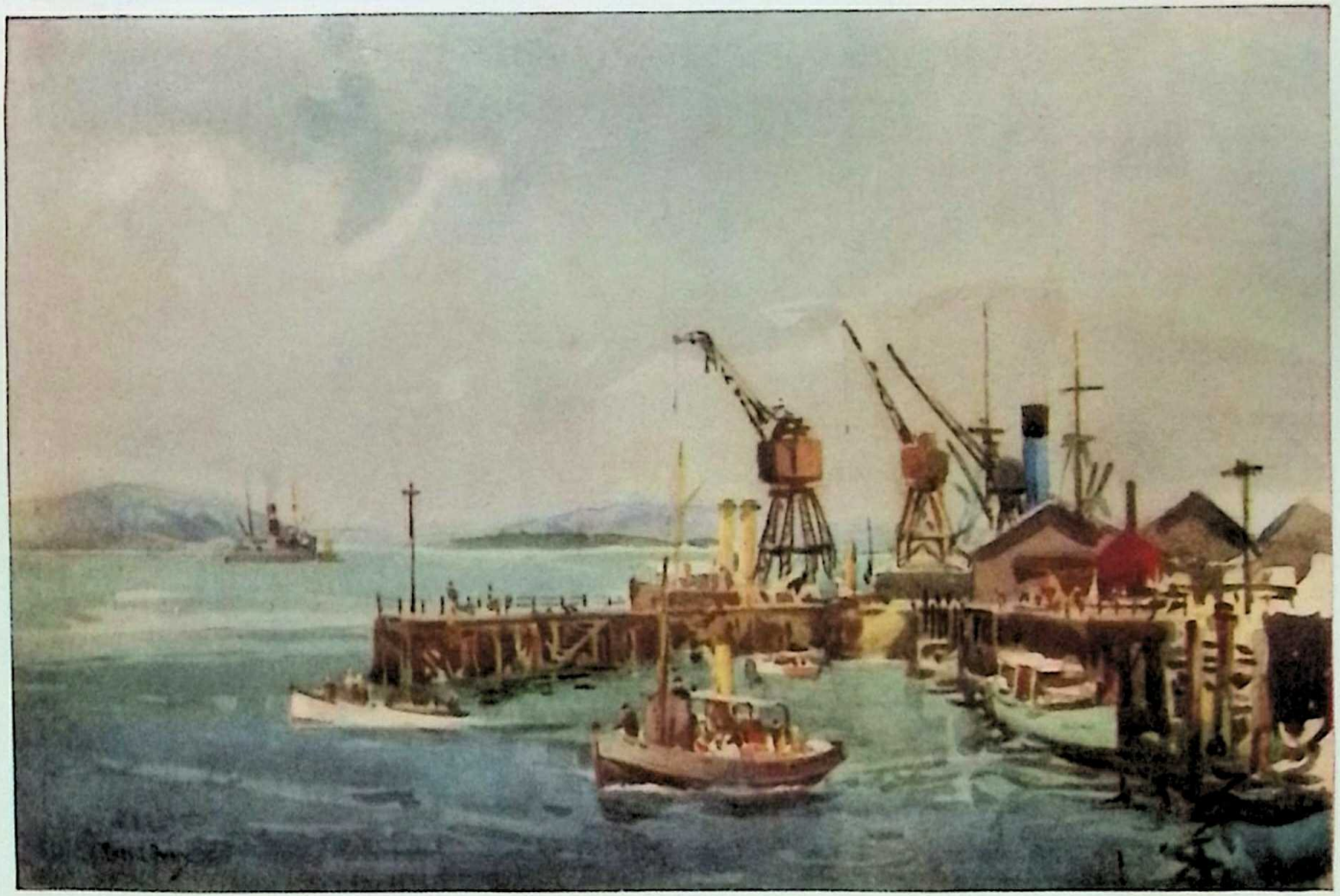

A Jetty in Durban Harbour.

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down these East African coasts? Were they travelling for reasons of health or merely to collect rare plants for the hanging gardens of Babylon, or, perchance, to observe the peculiar constellations of the far southern skies? With what intent, it might also be asked, did the Phoenician sailors go ashore in the ancient galley discovered in the nineties during the laying out of the Maitland cemetery on the Woltemade flats near Capetown? The boat was 180 feet long and was buried to a depth of six feet at a distance of three miles from the present coast-line. Were these lonely mariners bent on purely academic quests or were they challenging the perils of the unknown with other and more material ends in view?

The question hardly requires a serious answer. The almost irresistible conclusion emerges that they were reconnoitring for the gold, copper, tin, ochre, iron, and diamonds and pearls which have been sought by them as by men of all nations from the remotest times. The miners of antiquity recovered no less than two to three thousand tons of tin from the Transvaal in the Rooiberg–Weynek–Leeuwpoort area; and 2,000 tons of tin expressed as bronze amounts to the formidable figure of 30,000 tons. That bronze is no longer in the country. Then where is it? Professor Dart has suggested that the discovery of a piece of bronze on a hill close to where the ore was smelted makes it clear that these traffickers not only made bronze, but a bronze containing nickel such as was in common use in Mesopotamia and Egypt long ago, and also that in order to manufacture this bronze they had, in this case, to transport copper some distance to Rooiberg since it does not occur locally as a mineral.

The Messina area of the Transvaal has been extensively mined for copper by the ancients, and tens of thousands of tons of it have been removed from the district. Southern Africa contains other ancient copper workings; those notably in the Palabora River area, north of the junction of the Selati and Oliphants Rivers, throughout Rhodesia, in the Kalahari, at Katanga, and in certain districts of Zambesia. So that there is nothing extravagant in the surmise that Great Zimbabwe was probably the central area, or the distributing centre for a vast mining enterprise which did not consist

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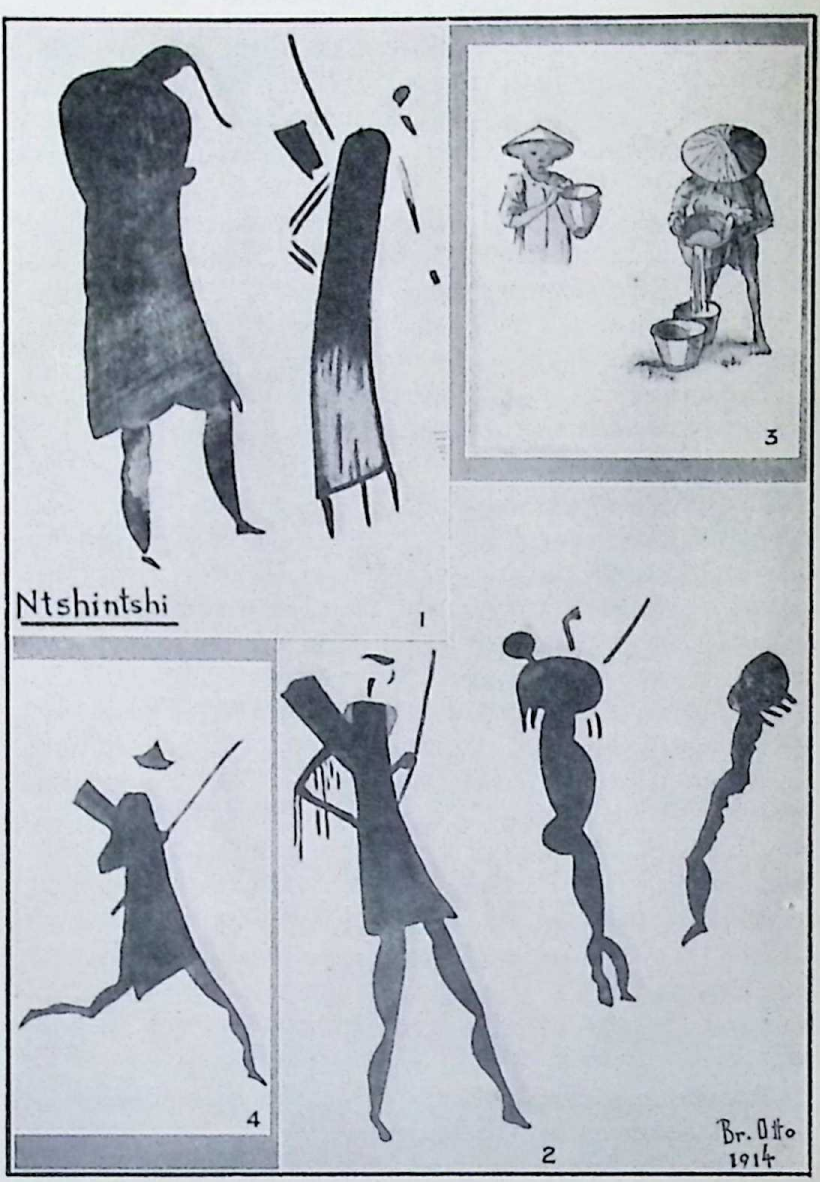

BUSHMAN PAINTINGS FROM DRAWINGS BY BROTHER F. OTTO, MARIANNHILL MONASTERY, NATAL. THE TOP LEFT-HAND PICTURE IS THOUGHT TO ILLUSTRATE THE BABYLONIC CAP, SEEN ON THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS; THE LOWER LEFT-HAND PICTURE SUGGESTS THE CHINESE PEAKED CAP, AND MAY THUS ALLUDE TO THE EARLY CHINESE MINERS WHOSE PORCELAIN HAS BEEN FOUND AT ZIMBABWE. TOP RIGHT IS A MODERN COUNTERPART OF THE CHINESE CAP. THE PICTURE IN THE BOTTOM RIGHT-HAND CORNER MAY BE AN ANCIENT REPRESENTATION OF THE CAPTURE OF A BUSHMAN GIRL.

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of gold alone, although that probably was the most important field of all, but also of copper, tin, and, as might be proved if space permitted, of iron and ochre.

VI.

But the great Zimbabwe Valley not only teems with evidence of the drama associated with a bygone race of Asiatic miners swept away by hordes of blacks; it also has its memories of recent drama. There were the trivial incidents, for example, which precipitated the Matabele War of 1893—incidents associated with Victoria a few miles off. There were echoes also of the northward passage of the Rhodesia pioneer force which marched that way and eastward of the kraals of the Matabele, when spying out Rhodesia for Rhodes and the British Empire in 1890. It was on that expedition that there was established the line of Forts—Tuli near the Bechuanaland-Rhodesia border, Victoria (twelve miles from Zimbabwe), Charters, and Salisbury. With doubt the pioneers came upon the magnificent Providential pass up the steep Godobwe, but got through it to the plains beyond where Victoria now stands, the present railhead of the Bulawayo-Gwelo-Victoria line.

The Matabele war of 1893 was caused by certain Mashonas —natives who had long been under the heel of the Matabele—cutting the telegraph wires near Victoria to get wire, probably for their armlets. They were caught, tried, and fined; but they paid their fines in cattle stolen from the Matabele to the west of them. Retribution followed. Lobengula, the son of Moselikatze, who was one of the most powerful potentates in Native Africa, ordered his regiments to attack them, with the result that they swept down in force on the Mashonas and stabbed several to death within sight of the dwellings of Europeans at Victoria. So many years had elapsed since the Matabele of Moselikatze had fled north from the *Voortrekkers* into Southern Rhodesia to escape the magic of the white man's iron "tubes" that the grandsons of these warriors knew little of the power of the modern rifle and machine gun. They were spoiling for a fight. When, therefore, Dr. Jameson came down hurriedly from Salisbury and ordered them peremptorily to recross the

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border, they refused and war broke out. Two white columns marched west to Bulawayo. The place was some 160 miles distant and was the King's Great Place. The warriors attacked the column fiercely, but once again the rifle and the laagered wagon proved too strong. The Matabele were utterly routed. Lobengula set fire to his kraal and fled, a broken-hearted monarch. In pursuing him Major Alan Wilson and his party were cut off and surrounded at the Shangani River and killed to a man. Lobengula eventually surrendered, but died shortly after.

About three miles from the site of the one-time kraal of Lobengula lies the present town of Bulawayo, a name which means "the place of the killing," just as the name "Moselikatze," the general who had crossed into Matabeleland from the Transvaal in 1837–38, means the "pathway of blood." Government House at Bulawayo was built on the actual site of the king's kraal. The Indaba Tree under which the Matabele kings passed judgment and issued decrees is still standing. How many savage hearts must have beaten in anguish under its shade!

Bulawayo to-day is the most important railway centre of Southern Rhodesia, the headquarters of the Rhodesia Railways and the Beira and Mashonaland Railways. It has a white population of 7,650, and is a town of wide streets and notable public buildings. Inside the municipal buildings is Allan Stewart's fine canvas of Alan Wilson's last stand at the Shangani River. At the junction of its Main Street and Eighth Avenue is a huge statue of Rhodes, and in the vicinity is a monument surmounted by a Gatling gun used in the 1896 rebellion "in memory of the 257 pioneers of civilization who lost their lives in the Matabele rebellion, A.D. 1896."

Around that rebellion was made the most romantic gesture in all the romantic life of Rhodes, the founder and the inspiration of Rhodesia.

VII.

The story of Rhodes's capture in 1888 of important concessions from Lobengula is really that of the foundation of Rhodesia and of the birth of the British South Africa

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Company, better known as the Chartered Company. But there is one magnificent deed, that of the manner in which he in person and at the risk of his life ended the Matabele war and saved the Chartered Company from disaster by riding unarmed into the stronghold of the Matabele and bringing about peace, which has the flavour of immortality.

The Matabele, who always remained indomitable fighters, had again revolted in 1896 against the rule of the Chartered Company, and this revolt was followed by a series of isolated and apparently unconnected murders of settlers. The settlers' columns, supported later by Imperial forces, drove the ferocious tribesmen towards the Matopo Range and in those impregnable fastnesses they remained. There was every indication of a protracted campaign, and this was not to be thought of. It would have proved exceedingly costly ; it might conceivably have ruined the Chartered Company, the funds of which were already depleted, for the Company was financing the campaign. Rhodes resolved, therefore, to ride unarmed into the stronghold of the tribesmen and to urge them to seek peace. The Matabele were in a rocky amphitheatre with granite cliffs rising high into the blue. Rhodes with three white men rode into it and found the surrounding cliffs dotted with the black forms of the tribesmen. To have faltered would have meant death. Presently the leading chiefs advanced in single file. They surrounded the whites, sitting about them in a circle and awaiting with an ominous calm the speech that, as it proved, was to end the war.

It was a long " indaba," but the power and personality of Rhodes gradually overcame their arguments ; and when with blazing eyes he turned at last on the " indunas " and attacked them for the massacres they had committed, his victory was complete.

An old " induna " rose, and with a stick raised over his head said : " See, this is my rifle. I cast it at thy feet."

And that ended the war and saved the Chartered Company and Rhodesia.

Rhodesia, spreading far beyond the Zambesi to the borders of Tanganyika and the Congo, perpetuates the name of this

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Colossus as he lives in the memory of men to-day. He lies at rest in the giant Matopos at World's View, twenty-seven miles out of Bulawayo. Close by is the grave of Sir Starr Jameson, his distinguished friend, and not far away is the granite monument under which lie the remains of Major Alan Wilson and the heroes of the Shangani Patrol. In a cave on a neighbouring kopje is the grave, too, of that old tiger chief, Moselikatze.

Identified thus in these granite mountains (which cover an area of over a thousand miles), with all that is lofty and inspiring, lies that Rhodes whose spirit, the natives say, will live for ever in the rising and setting of the moon over the cliffs and valleys of his lonely hills.*

* Rhodes' life was a series of momentous moves, each one greater than its predecessor. These may be traced as from the days when he was a scrubby-headed, dreamy English boy who, on learning that he was to go to Africa, rushed to his room in a state of wild excitement and spent half the night studying the map. He became a cotton planter in the Umkomaas Valley, Natal, in 1871, trekked across wild country to the diamond fields at Colesberg Kop in 1872, became the leading figure at Kimberley, founded the policy of single control of diamond output which enabled the price of diamonds to be maintained, and made a vast fortune. This fortune he applied with passionate zeal to the realization of his dream of an Imperial British tract from the Cape to Cairo. He kept open the "corridor" to the north through Bechuanaland. This corridor was blocked at one time by the westerly expansion of the Transvaal Republic, which established settlements there (Stellaland and Goshen) in the early eighties—that is to say, in the days of Paul Kruger. The "corridor" was also threatened by the probability of Germany penetrating from Angra Pequena, on the south-west coast of Africa, inland and across Bechuanaland. Rhodes overcame these difficulties. Utilizing the corridor to the north through Bechuanaland, he sent his emissaries to Lobengula, King of the Matabele, and after many set-backs won Rhodesia for the Empire. In this brilliant achievement he owed much to the co-operation of Dr. Jameson. Rhodes reconnoitred, through his lieutenants, portions of what is now the Southern Belgian Congo, Portuguese East Africa, and Tanganyika. His influence strengthened the hold of Britain on Egypt (against any abandonment of which he protested in 1892), on Uganda (which he offered to take over, also in 1892), and on other territory; and at the time of his death on 26th March, 1902, at Muizenberg in the Cape, his political visions were far in advance of those of any man of his time. He was forty-nine years old when he died. His conception of Empire was that of a confederation of free nations linked by ties of kinship and mutual interest with Great Britain. He believed in a United Southern Africa, in steadily expanding opportunity for the black races, and in commercial reciprocity as between Southern Africa and the territories towards the North.

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Cave of the Rhodesian Umlimo.

I.

THERE is a darksome cave in the lonely Matopos on the edge of Mount Injelele, "the Hill of Slippery Sides," which has long exercised a potent influence on the collective Matabele–Mashona mind. The cave has been known for the past three and a half centuries to the Bantu of Southern Rhodesia. It lies some sixty miles to the south of Bulawayo; and will always be remembered as the home of the powerful superstition which enabled the priests of the Umlimo to play on the credulity of the blacks of Rhodesia often with disastrous effect.

It is called the cave of the Umlimo. To this day no native will enter it. For he regards it as the abode of a spirit capable of meting out life or death to nations or to men, success or failure in battle, or in the raising of crops. The voice which speaks to him from the depths of the cave can, it is whispered, bark like a dog, crow like a cock, or roar as a lion, and its message is always prophetic.

The situation of this cave on a rocky neck connecting the shoulder of Injelele with another line of hills is in keeping with its sinister reputation. It is difficult of approach, and few venture there. Those who do so are, it is said, invariably impressed with its eerie atmosphere and feel a natural reluctance to challenge its mysteries.

It is best approached, however, by way of a steep winding ravine. In front of it are two high rocks, the wardens, as it were, of its sanctity. All about broods a great solitude, interrupted occasionally perhaps by the bark of a baboon or the skyward cry of the vulture; and its silence is hardly

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less sepulchral by day than by night when the greenish-white glow of the Rhodesian moon invests it as with a sense of spectral isolation. Here of old, it is said, Moselikatze consulted the Umlimo Oracle Lobengula, too, often sought its guidance. Strange and, as it proved, deadly prophecies went forth to the natives in 1896 when the two Umlimo priests—Mkwati and Kagubi—declared that all the plagues, and notably the rinderpest which had then stricken the land, were due to the white men who had recently occupied it. There were rumours of coming disaster to the settlers. An eclipse of the moon was interpreted to mean that the white man's blood was about to be spilt. Lobengula was not dead, it was said, but was marching back with a great host from the north, while two other armies were coming to his aid from east and west ; and the king was destined, said the prophets, to return to the place of his great kraal at Bulawayo.

" Watch the coming moon," the Umlimo had said, " and be ready."

The storm was not long in breaking. White settlers were suddenly and brutally murdered. At the outlying stores and farms, men, women, and children were massacred. And when the tide turned and the settlers assumed the upper hand, war had exacted a ghastly toll of death ; even the fair name of the intrepid Rhodesians had not escaped the calumnies and misrepresentations of some sections of the Press, notably of Mr. Labouchere's widely read *Truth*. However, the war which began in these fantastic circumstances was brought to an end by the dramatic appearance of Rhodes among the blood-thirsty tribesmen in the mountains. It was the epic overture to a great peace.

So much, then, for the far-reaching events inspired by the Umlimo priests. What of the cave itself ?

Its entrance is barred by a high fence of tall, thin poles. In this fence there is a little creep-hole. It leads to an open space spread with the horns of animals evidently of considerable age. The cave opens on to this space, but once again its entrance is barred by a fence also with a creep-hole. A European who once entered it has described the low, dark

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interior, dank, silent, and impressive. Around the sides of it are (or were) various earthern-ware pots and gourds arranged upside down. From one chamber, narrow fissures led to others. Daylight penetrates some of them.

The consultant formerly stood between the two barriers, and all consultations took place there. The authors of the official book on Rhodesia (1924) state that :

" The M'Rimo (Umlimo) was a spirit, probably an ancestral shade. It dates from 1560, and even earlier. It was, and is still, held to have the power of causing death, illness, personal harm, and failure of crops. Fear of evil consequences alone induced the natives to consult its oracle. No chief would be elected, no war or raid entered upon, no crops sown or harvested, unless the M'Rimo priest had first assured the people that the proposed act or policy would not bring evil upon them. The men who acted as intermediaries between the people and the M'Rimo were of good family, well versed in native traditions, and of exceptionally high intelligence. They were drawn only from certain members of a certain family. They had secret agents in all parts of the country, and knew almost everything that was happening ; no one could approach the cave without their first being advised as to the condition of the suppliant and everything concerning him. . . . ."

" The priest and his family lived in a village just below the ravine, but the kraal has been abandoned for over ten years. The cave still exercises a potent influence on the native mind and imagination, and votive offerings are even now brought to the shrine."

II.

It is not surprising that Rhodes loved these fascinating regions of ravine and cave, and that he incorporated these words into his will : " I admire the grandeur and loneliness of the Matopos in Rhodesia, and therefore I desire to be buried in the Matopos on the hill which I used to visit and which I called ' The View of the World,' in a square to be cut in the rock on the top of the hill, covered with a plain brass plate with these words hereon, ' Here lie the remains

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of Cecil John Rhodes ' " To reach the grave of the Colossus one passes through the Rhodes Estate which covers an area of 115,000 acres. Hereabouts may be seen the Rhodes Matopo Park, entered by the fine iron gates presented by the late Mr. Alfred Beit, and set out in the natural glories of mountain scenery, within which are fenced giraffe, eland, water-buck and sable. The park lies below " The View of the World."

On the way to the tomb myriads of little withered grey-brown plants meet the eye. They are known as " Resurrection Plant." Utterly dead they seem, yet, when broken off and placed in water, they revive immediately ; tiny green leaves and shoots sprout forth, symbolically, as it might seem, of the eternal spirit of the Colossus who sleeps in the lonely hills.

From these magnetic demesnes, south of Bulawayo, up to the north and east of that town, on to Gwelo and beyond are gold belts. These, somehow, are in harmony with the abiding mystery of Rhodesia, still the land of the Great Unknown. Not far from Bulawayo is the Lonely Mine, which, at 3,500 feet, is the deepest in Rhodesia. The Selukwe Fields, too, are connected by rail with Gwelo, that thriving little mining town 113 miles north-east of Bulawayo on the direct rail route to Salisbury.

In fact, the age-long search for gold is everywhere chronicled in the stones of the Matopo–Bulawayo–Gwelo territory. The mining machinery of to-day rises around the mining sites of the past. There are the Khami ruins about fourteen miles outside the scattered environs of Bulawayo, mostly unexplored, yet bespeaking the ore hunters of long ago, the builders who imitated there in increasingly decadent fashion the fine architectural achievements of the Asiatic masons of Great Zimbabwe. In this Khami district the builders were guarding against attack, and providing safe storage depots. And in this it may be assumed they had learned to imitate the defensive methods of the builders of that Great Zimbabwe which lies nearly a week's caravan journey over to the east. One hundred and forty miles across country from Zimbabwe lies the border town, Umtali,

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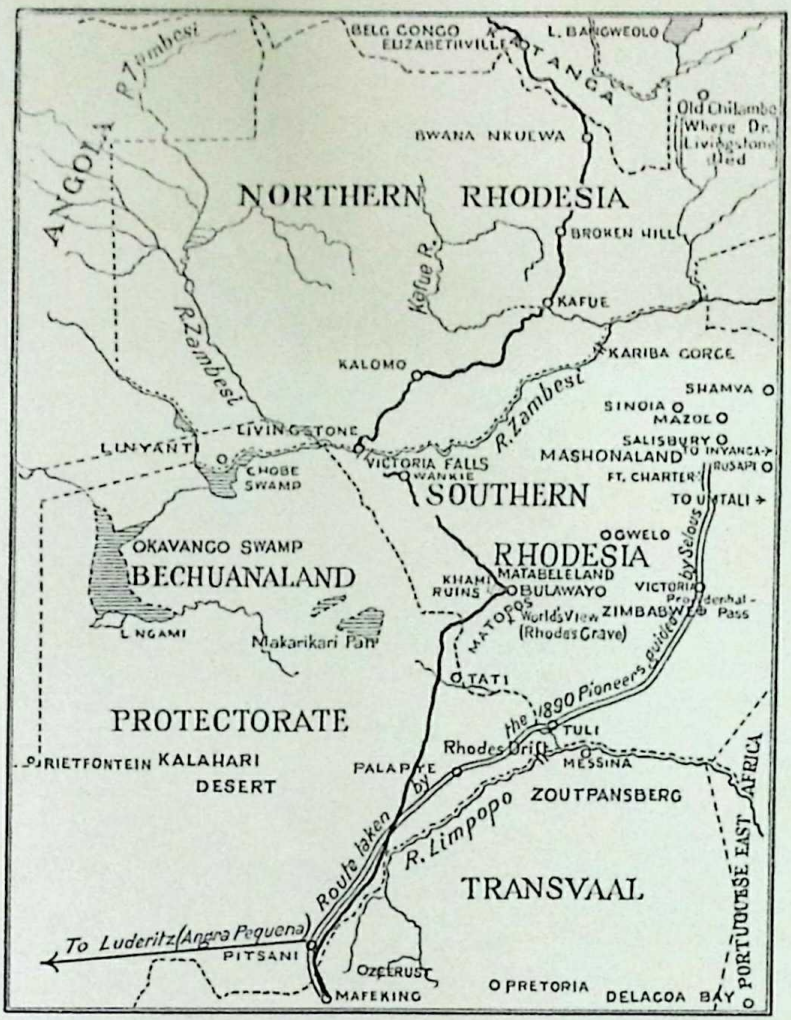

MAP OF THE TWO RHODESIAS AND THE BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE. THE LOWER EDGE OF THE MAP CORRESPONDS ROUGHLY TO A LINE JOINING LUDERITZ-BUCHT (ANGRA PEQUENA) ON THE COAST OF SOUTH WEST AFRICA, WITH DELAGOA BAY (MOZAMBIQUE) ON THE EAST. THIS WAS APPROXIMATELY THE LINE ALONG WHICH RHODES SUSPECTED, IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES, THAT GERMAN POLITICAL PENETRATION MIGHT BAR EXPANSION NORTHWARD VIA BECHUANALAND INTO RHODESIAN TERRITORY AND BEYOND. RHODES REGARDED BECHUANALAND AS "THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE INTERIOR." IT WILL BE NOTED THAT THE TRANS-TERRITORIAL CAPE-VICTORIA FALLS RAIL ROUTE MOVES, AFTER BROKEN HILL, TOWARDS THE CONGO, INSTEAD OF TO THE RIGHT AND ON TOWARDS CAIRO.

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now the distributing centre to the goldfields of British Manicaland and the eastern gateway of the territory of the Chartered Company. The town may have been on the line of one of the old-time caravan routes to Sofala, for near the township are various ancient remains—aqueducts—one of which is two miles long, and terraced hills with retaining walls. As one writer has said, there are "stone-lined pits sunk into the earth, stone forts on adjoining summits, several old mines on the lower ground and a roadway with retaining walls on either side." Umtali is to-day, as stated, an important mining district. Through it runs the Manica gold-belt, the name of which, some say, is an abbreviation of "Inya-Kwa-Nika," the title of a chieftainess meaning "The Place of Giving."

III.

The whole country, in fact, is one great archaeological field. Sixty miles north of Umtali are the astonishing Inyanga terraces with their ancient, ruined aqueducts running from mountain dams and moving by way of carefully inclined gradients, but it is both interesting and significant that many of the trees and plants found in this area are not indigenous to Rhodesia, notably the vines, cotton, figs, and lemon, which are of Oriental origin; so that the inference is obvious that the workers who formerly swarmed hereabouts were Asiatics. To-day the Rhodes Inyanga Estate (now the property of the Government) is being developed near-hand as a cattle and sheep ranch, and there is timber and apple culture. There is also a Dutch settlement to the north of Inyanga, that impressive area of lofty mountains rising here and there to 10,000 feet.

Salisbury, founded in 1890, is 300 miles north-east of Bulawayo, and 1,661 miles north of Capetown. It is the capital and seat of Government of Southern Rhodesia, a fine town with a white population of 6,500 and many public buildings. The original Salisbury Fort was built in 1890 at the foot of a kopje near the site of the railway station; and the present young town affords eloquent evidence of the promising rate of Rhodesia's progress. The town also is the centre of a number of goldfields, and is within easy distance

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of the Jesuit Industrial Mission farm at Chishawasha, the Mazoe Valley, and the Enterprise Mine.

Southern Rhodesia, like the Witwatersrand, is advancing by virtue of the success of its mining and agriculture. It has been pointed out that the only industries of any importance there that are quite independent of mining are tobacco growing, ranching, and maize, and (increasingly) the trade with tourists. On the other hand, the farmers depend very largely on the mines for their markets, and as Mr. George Johnson (President of the Association of Chambers of Commerce, 1923), has stated, "The future of the farmer is largely bound up with the progress of mining. The natives employed by the mining companies have to be fed,and there are large demands for beef, maize, maize meal, pumpkin, monkey-nuts, and other produce."

Southern Rhodesia was granted responsible Government in 1923. Northern Rhodesia is under the direct control of the Crown, the Chartered Company (the British South Africa Company) retaining large interests in both territories.

However much modern industry may set its seal on the vast territories of this young dominion, Rhodesia will ever remain a land magnetic by reason of its pre-historic associations, its ruins, its old gold workings, and the mysterious peoples who, at Great Zimbabwe, Khami, Inyanga, and in a thousand other places, left relics of their sturdy endeavours to find gold for the kings and courts of other times.

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CHAPTER XXIII

The Story of the Victoria Falls.

I.

THE story is told of two men who, anxious to see the Victoria Falls in Southern Rhodesia to the best advantage, proceeded to explore some remote spots in the gorge. One of them found himself marooned on a rocky ledge and passed the night there drenched with the spray ; the other, it is said, was subsequently found hanging upside down from a tree ; and it has been generally conceded that he had seen the falls from most points.

How might one best compare these tumbling torrents of the Zambesi with those of Niagara ? The question is so constantly asked that a considered reply should prove interesting.

The wild grandeur of the African spectacle, virtually unaltered since Livingstone first beheld it spellbound in 1855, is totally different from impressive Niagara in its now somewhat commercialized setting. The one is stupendous, the other imposing ; the one nature unadorned, the other nature in harness, a source of electrical supply. Or to draw upon music for a simile—which is by no means extravagant—the African falls suggest the Bohemian brilliance of Liszt, the American falls the more subdued splendours of Chopin. In fact, the difference is radical. Nor can one form a just appreciation of the one by envisaging it in terms of the other.

There are some interesting contrastive points worthy of mention, however. The Victoria Falls are on the border of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, so that the spray descends upon both territories. The Zambesi, moreover, is the natural geographic boundary between Southern and

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Central Africa. Similarly the Niagara Falls are on the border of Canada and the United States. Both falls therefore are important border spectacles.

The African waterfall is about 6,000 feet wide from bank to bank, and varies in height from 256 feet at the right bank to 420 in the centre. Niagara's two great falls have a total span of 2,580 feet and a height of from 158 to 167 feet And, incidentally, both the Victoria and Niagara Falls were discovered by missionaries.

Both as to height and span, then, the African falls are the greater; they are the greatest in the world, and those who make the 280-mile journey north of Bulawayo (1,360 miles north by east of Capetown) will become the richer for an experience of a glorious sheet of water a mile and a quarter wide toppling over dizzy cliffs, higher in parts than the dome of London's St. Pauls, into a turbulent chasm below, and then making a seething escape through a gorge on the other side of the cha. m into what is called the grand cañon.

The spirit of Dr. Livingstone, who discovered them, dwells in the eternal song of these falls. It is impossible to hear their resounding thunder without thinking of the gaunt explorer who, over seventy years ago, took canoe to Livingstone Island, and at a point close to the lip of the falls reverently watched the Zambesi plunge into the shrouded abyss. And such is the stormy fury of the cloud hurled into the air, sometimes to a height of 3,000 feet from the white cauldron below, that he could see little or nothing but mist. The waters, moving in a gleaming sweep of green over that sheer cliff, are shattered into mist before they reach the foaming base; in fact, in some places there are projections and gigantic masses of basalt split off from the overhanging rock-wall which disperse the descending torrent into a tempest of foam. Some of these protuberances cause the plunging waters to dart off like myriads of comets whose white tails scintillate in the sun. Indeed, it may be that, as Livingstone himself has pointed out, the Batoka chiefs, who offered up prayers and sacrifices to the Barimo, selected the very edge of the cataract for these ceremonies mainly because the prismatic glories of the spray, the great solar

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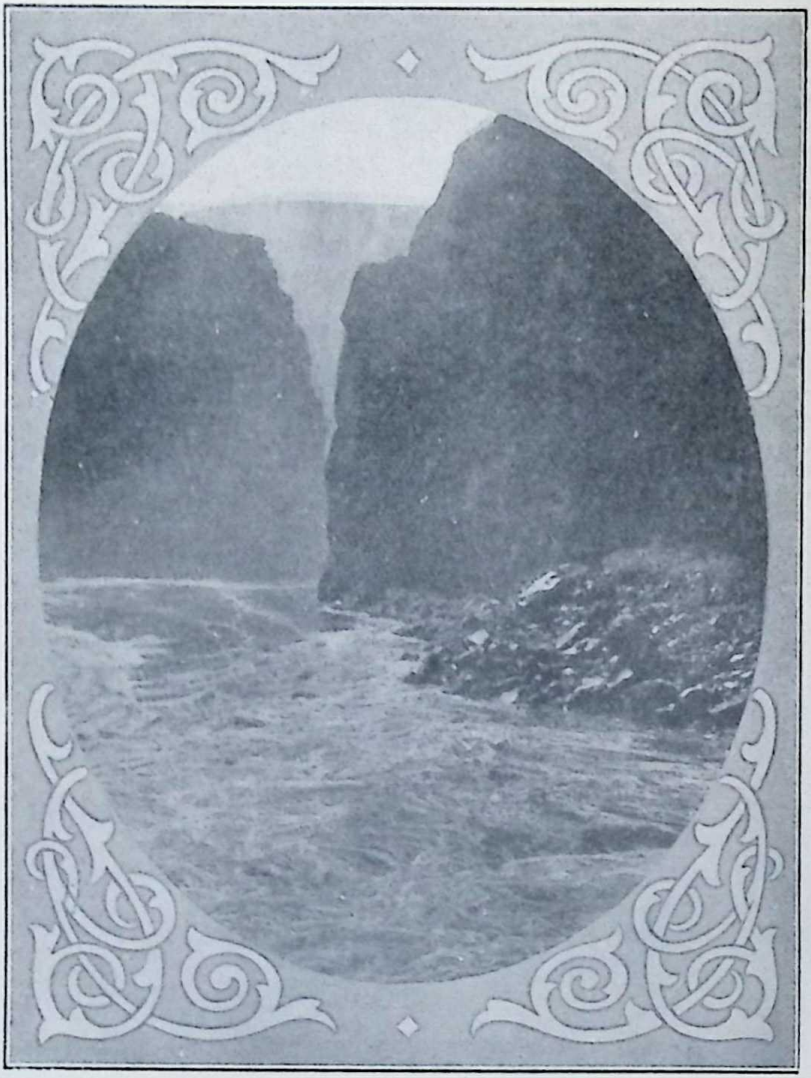

A GLIMPSE OF THE MILE-LONG VICTORIA FALLS THROUGH THE LOFTY CORRIDORS OF THE GORGE.

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and lunar rainbows, "may have led them to the idea that this was the abode of the Deity." The Makololo, at any rate, always called the rainbow "the pestle of the gods."

And so Livingstone feasted his eyes long on the beautiful sight and resolved to return next day to plant apricot stones and coffee seeds; and when the garden was prepared, he cut his initials on a tree with the date, 1855. The tree is living to-day, the date has gone, but the initials are faintly discernible. When the tropical sun glares down on the forest, when darkness descends on the river, the spirit of Livingstone seems inseparable from it all. The rich bird-life, its multitudinous notes, the "peek-pak-pok" that calls starkly from the jungle, the "weep-weep-weep" of the mokwareza, the "pumpuru-pumpuru" of the turtle-doves, the "chicken-chicken-chick-churr-churr" of the honey guide, all this symphonic eloquence of the forest has seemed to many as not altogether remote from the spirit of a requiem, as a chorale, it may be, for the great pioneer who sought to blaze the trail of Christianity across the trackless territories of the Zambesi and the Congo

II.

It is a common complaint that Niagara has been defaced by electric signs, by huge hotels, and by a passenger-carrying cable hung across the falls, all of which it is claimed detract from the aesthetic value of a spectacle never more impressive, probably, than when seen for the first time by the French priest who discovered it

There are no such defacements of the Victoria Falls. There is the bridge over the gorge of course—the highest in the world—but it is a charming little structure with aesthetic qualities of its own. Cecil Rhodes suggested it, resolved that the fathomless gorge below the falls should be spanned by it, and that his Cape-Cairo line should cross it at a point where the spray should fall across its track. It was the idea of a poet—an epic poet who never forgot the power of beauty to aid and even compel Imperial ideas.

Nevertheless, this bridge had its opponents. One of them was the Empire-maker's brother, Colonel Frank Rhodes

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"I dislike the idea of a bridge," he would say. "A bridge up there is a sacrilege." And yet, when completed he admitted that he liked it; for suspended in the vastitude its iron girders were dwarfed into so many fretted lines, and the delicate curve of its arch had a definite charm.

The plans for this bridge were drawn up with extreme care. But it was not easy to persuade contractors to compete, for they were quick to recognize that the task of building over a mighty chasm in a remote part of the world was extremely formidable, and that a thousand eventualities would have to be foreseen. Yet two British firms competed. The contract was secured by the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Company, of Darlington, with Dorman, Long & Company, of Middlesborough, as competitors.

It was, indeed, a terrific task. The contractors had to build out from the opposite cliffs. They affixed what looked like two great brackets high up on the opposite buttresses of the chasm, and then built the arch steadily on to them. In order that the brackets should be held fast, and not break away and collapse into the deep waters below—their depth has never been ascertained—they utilized strong steel cables which they fastened to the brackets and carried them back along the top of the cliffs, "pegging" them, so to say, in the solid rock behind. The late Mr. G. A. Hobson of the firm of Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, the engineers of the bridge, has described the process very lucidly in these words:—

"A bracket requires to be fixed to the wall, or whatever it may be that holds it. The strength of the attachment must be equal to the weight exerted by the projecting portions of the bracket. . . . In the present case the means of attachment were provided by a series of steel-wire ropes. These were secured to the top of each cantilever and carried to a point some distance in the rear, where they entered holes bored in the solid rock, and their looped ends were buried therein."

It all sounds easy enough, but little imagination is required to visualize the danger to workmen hammering and riveting over the chasm in spite of the swinging net spread to catch them below. The engineers, too, must have

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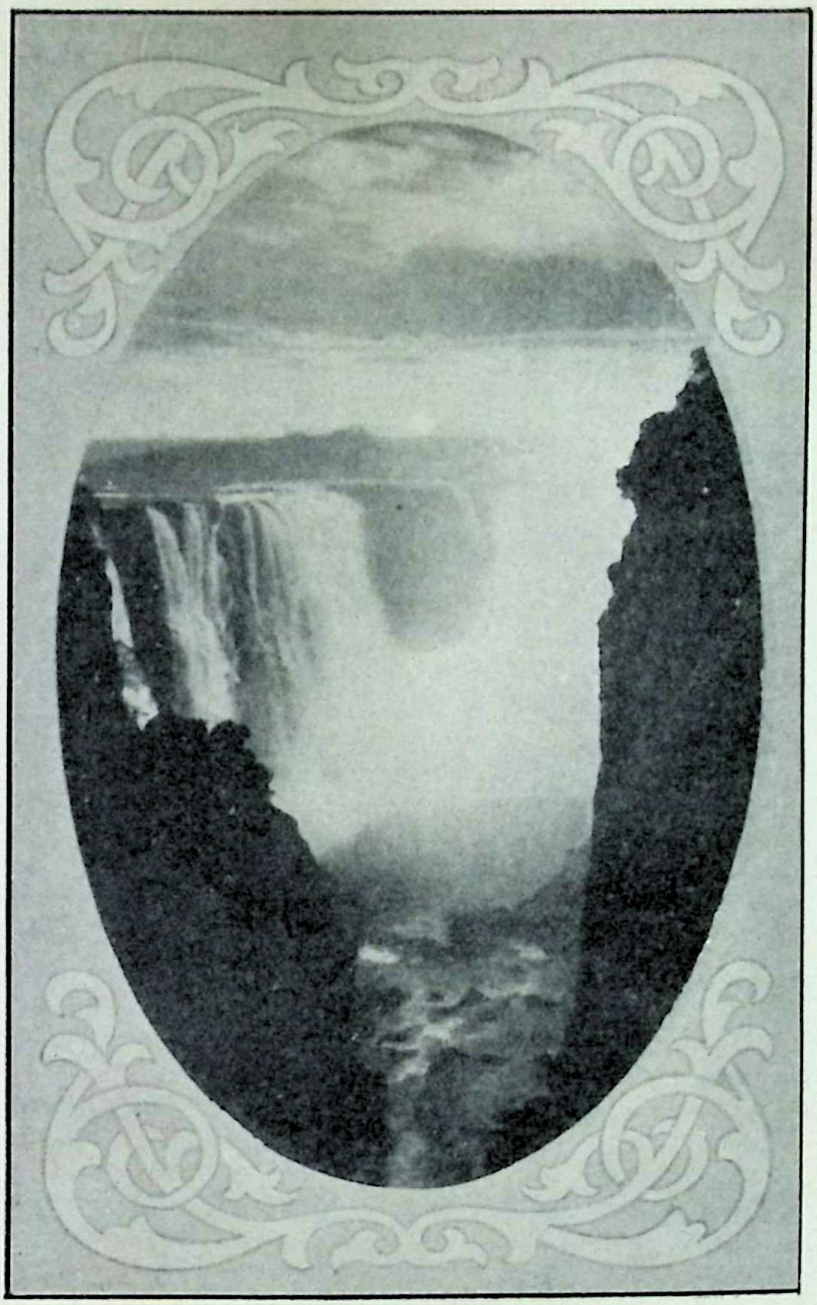

SUNRISE OVER THE VICTORIA FALLS.

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experienced some such qualms as did the architect, in the classical story by Antonia de Trueba, who discovered on the eve of the formal opening of the Tagus Bridge that he had miscalculated, and that the structure must fall. That the architect's wife who stole out in the night with a torch, fired the scaffolding and burned the bridge, thus saving the life of her husband who was preserved to build another, is a convenient interpellation of fiction, goes without saying. It does not happen in real life. Nor are such mistakes made.

At the time the Zambesi Bridge was built in 1905 no natives were living within sixty miles of it so great was the fear of the great spirit which haunted the falls. The white man's success in building his bridge put new courage into them, and the problem of keeping the metal well painted and free from the rust which would otherwise have eaten through it was thus solved.

III.

Close to the bridge is the Victoria Falls Hotel, a fine, white, effort of architecture, not unduly conspicuous, and thoroughly in tune with its surroundings. From here it is possible to study the four main features of the falls, namely, the Rain Forest, the Palm Grove below the gorge, the river and islands above it, and, of course, the falls themselves.

The Rain Forest is an entrancing spot where the ceaseless spray and the tropical sunshine have created a wild exuberance of glade, palm, orchid, fern, and rainbow. Here, as Cynthia Stockley once wrote: "It depends upon your temperament whether you scream like one wounded to the death or cry out gaily 'Mon Dieu! How delicious! How wonderful!' or burst into song, or sit wrapt in misty silence at the edge of the precipice with eyes that have a touch of madness in them and a half threat that for two pins you will go over and join the whirling madness of water below. In whichever case you be, there you stay at the end of the gorge, in the soaking lushy grass, and gaze and gaze. Your hair hangs down in streaks, your wet clothing hangs to you closer than a brother, but what do you care? For the first time in your life you are abandoning yourself to a great natural

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force; you forget to think of how you look, or about any of the little superficialities of life. Every one comes back from the Rain Forest feeling that they have done something."

The Palm Grove is another exquisite place at the bottom of which the waters of the "Whirlpool" and "Boiling Pot" swirl madly along. To slip into them would mean certain death.

The stately river above the falls flows between lovely islands, and on them one glimpses gnarled trunks, the queer tropical shape of the baobab, monkeys peering anxiously through foliage; and one feels the spaciousness and peace and the sense of endless sunny waters. Seven miles above the falls is the little township of Livingstone, and farther up is the enchanting Kandahar Island.

It is interesting to reflect that upon this splendid waterway Arnst and Barry, ignoring the broad backs of hippos and the moving forms of crocodiles, sculled for the championship of the world in 1910; and that Livingstone in his old naval cap, side whiskers, and with heavy walk tramped around it long before that at the head of his bearers, his eyes looking very straight and true and his face occasionally breaking into a rare smile. To judge by the number of those who have since made the pilgrimage to Chitambo, some sixty miles south of Lake Bangweolo, to the spot where his heart lies buried, the world is not disposed to forget the man who in 1865 went to England to urge the Government to put down the slave trade along the Zambesi-Shire Valley.

The old, old canoe song somehow epitomizes the eternal theme of his work and the mystery also of the giant river:—

The Lee Ambye! Ah, nobody knows
Whence it comes and whither it goes.

IV.

No chapter dealing with the Victoria Falls and the Zambesi would be complete without a reference to the scheme of "damming the Zambesi" by which the late Professor Schwarz, of Grahamstown, proposed to restore the lost lakes of the Kalahari. This great desert extends far

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to the south and west of the Victoria Falls. The belief exists that at one time the northern part of it was benefited by the presence of the Etosha, Ngami, and Makarikari Lakes as large and permanent bodies of water, but that the gradual deepening of the beds of the rivers which fed them—rivers associated with the Zambesi—has been draining this flat central region progressively. The rivers were the Cunene in the west, and the Linyante and the Zambesi itself in the east. Professor Schwarz believed that, if the lost lakes could be restored artificially by suitably placed diversion weirs across the Cunene and Linyante, the evaporation from the additionally impounded waters would, by rendering the atmosphere appreciably more humid, help to bring about the condensation of water vapour in the air and its precipitation, not only over their immediate neighbourhood, but ultimately over a vastly wider area: in fact, even over much of the Union hundreds of miles to the south. At the same time, he held that the overflow from the Okavango and Linyante Lakes could be led across the central Kalahari and utilized for irrigating that wide and semi-arid region, so that a huge area would thereupon become available for closer settlement.

The Professor thought that the Cunene River—which is for part of its course the boundary between Portuguese West Africa and South-West Africa—and the Zambesi itself are turning off to the sea vast quantities of priceless water which once flowed south through the Kalahari; and that the cleft which makes the Victoria Falls has helped to rob the former Kalahari lake system of all its feeders.

In this connection it is certainly significant that when Dr. Livingstone reached Lake Ngami in 1849 after risking death from thirst in a journey across the Kalahari, he came upon a sheet of water which looked like an inland sea. Lake Ngami is no longer so imposing a sight. It seems to be drying up.

A reconnaissance party which the Union Government with praiseworthy enterprise dispatched from Pretoria to analyse this scheme in 1925 was equipped with aeroplanes. It proceeded to Livingstone, but reported against the plan as

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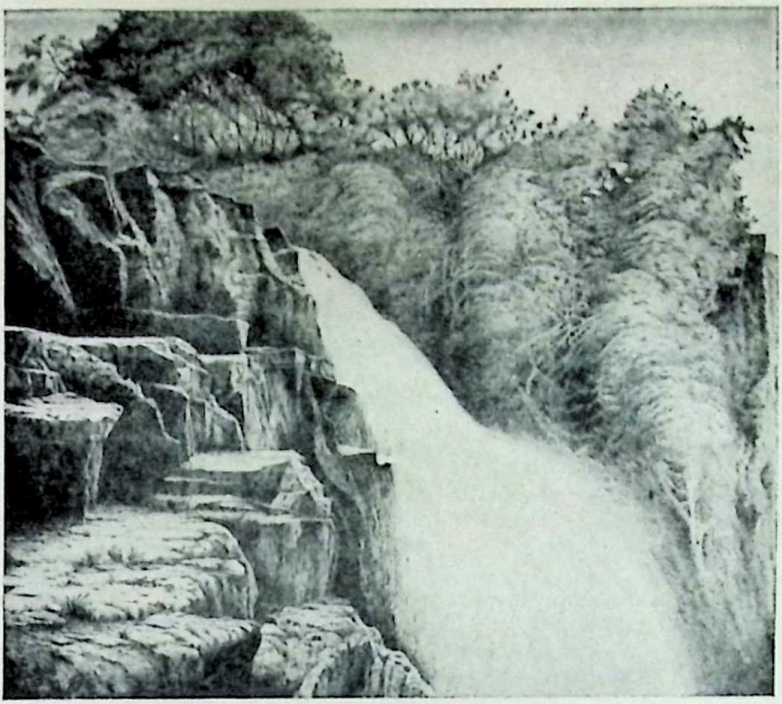

THE DEVILS CATARACT, VICTORIA FALLS.
[From a pen-and-ink drawing by Hedley A. Chilvers.

a whole. Public interest in it, however, has not abated; and from time to time suggestions are made that the scheme, for which so much is claimed, will one day be subjected to a more exhaustive scrutiny which will settle the question of its practicability once and for all.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Rhodesian Mystery Places and Some Others.

I.

THE swarthy story-tellers of the Lamba tribe in Northern Rhodesia have quaint ideas of God.

They tell of a man who climbed a cloud and found himself in Heaven. He walked on until he came to a hut, and in the hut he found the daughter of their god. He married her. And he found then that the god himself had as many wives as the stars—indeed, that the stars were the lights from the kraals of these wives and that the bright evening star itself was the gleam from the hut of his chief wife. When the stars twinkled, people were passing in front of the huts. One day the god's great spirit, Luchere, came down on earth and put the various tribes in their places on their lands as he moved from east to west. He told them that when they had reaped their crops they were to follow him to the west. Some did so. Others did not. Those who did, reaped great rewards. They reached the big waters (the sea) where they got wisdom and white skins. Those who did not remained black, ignorant, and poor.

In this way the tribesmen naively acknowledge the superiority of the white man. And this great spirit, Luchere, who bears some crude relationship to the figure of Christ, enables the missionaries working among these people to expound the life and character of Christ.

Dr. C. M. Doke, once a missionary among the Lamba and now Lecturer in Bantu Studies at the Witwatersrand University, estimates that there are thirty tribes, aggregating 1,000,000 natives, in Northern Rhodesia, and that there are three important groups of languages, which, though related,

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are often as much apart as Spanish and Italian. Yet nearly all these natives believe that in the long ago they came down from somewhere in the north. Indeed, one tribe tells a highly significant story of a hyena and a vulture which, being friendly and about to have young, decided to go together into the forest. In the forest the hyena bore her young and the vulture laid her eggs.

"Let us now drink," said the bird.

"Whither shall we go for water?" asked the hyena.

"To the Lualaba River."

So they set out. The vulture winged her way swiftly to the distant river; the hyena walked and walked, and grew weary, and died just as the vulture who had drunk her fill returned flying high overhead.

The interesting detail about this fable is the name "Lualaba." It had been handed down from generation to generation; and none of the Lamba of to-day seem to know its significance. But "Lualaba" is one of the native names for the Congo River away to the north, so that it is to be assumed that this tribe came down from the Congo in the long ago with the rest of those Bantu hordes who drove the Bushmen before them into the caves and the mountains of Southern Africa.

II.

No doubt a big study of comparative Bantu philology—a comparison of the roots of native words in different tribal languages—will throw plenty of light on this southward migration of the black races which expelled centuries ago the Asiatic miners from Great Zimbabwe.

But Northern Rhodesia was quite clearly the cradle of a much more ancient race—men of the Stone Age, makers of flints and axes of stone, the cave men of Africa; and if any proof were needed of the fact, there is the discovery of what is now known as the Broken Hill skull in 1921 at the place of that name in Northern Rhodesia, 655 miles north of Bulawayo. It was found in cave gravel and is similar to that of the Neanderthal man who existed in Europe perhaps 40,000 years ago. Moreover, in the remarkable Bone Cave,

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YOUNG NATIVE BELLE OF NORTHERN RHODESIA.
[*Photo by Dr. C. M. Doke.*

A WARNING TO EVIL DOERS! HYENA HEAD ON A POLE AT THE ENTRANCE TO A NORTHERN RHODESIA CATTLE KRAAL; PLACED AS AN EXAMPLE TO OTHER HYENAS.
[*Photo by Dr. C. M. Doke.*

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near the Broken Hill Mines, were found the bones of long extinct animals (such as an unknown species of rhinoceros), birds, and stone implements.

Yes, the Rhodesian caves, like the rest of those in Africa, have a story to tell. At Sinoia, for instance, which is eighty-two miles north-west of Salisbury and in the northern part of Southern Rhodesia, there are four caves, the crater-like walls of which reach a height of 150 feet, and at the bottom of which is an enormously deep pool of sapphire waters very like that of the blue fire waters of the Capri grottoes near Sorrento. There are stalactites of great beauty. Bones and ancient implements have been found in the débris of its floors. Here, too, animals have made their way in to drink, and have worn the limestone smooth which has fallen from the roof. Even now, as one writer put it in 1924, " the caves are the dormitories of hordes of baboons which have a curious orderly method of drinking from the pool. They form a a living chain reaching down to the steep shores of the underground lake. The baboon at the lower end of the chain drinks and moves up, and then the rest of the thirsty ones edge down one by one, so that each gets his drink in due and proper turn. Years ago iron gates were put up at the entrance to the caves to keep the creatures out, but in the night the indignant ones tore down the gates and cast them aside—a decided protest against their age-old right-of-way."

The pool was once sounded. It revealed, so it is said, a depth of 300 feet.

That this fantastic spot was once a real cave-man's home seems clear. Its tremendous walls may have echoed with his guttural shouts and sinister laughter. Who knows? As one dreams about it all, one may see frogs in the fringe of water-lilies at the margin of the pool and the movement of fish. In 1896 the Chief Chenoia occupied the place during the Matabele Rebellion. But it has few modern associations. Everything around and about seems ancient There are other caves in the limestone and old mysterious open-mine workings not far away, notably at M'topa, from which about 1,500,000 tons of ore were removed by the miners of pre-history. Did these men know of the caves of Sinoia?

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It is all very interesting and fascinating—part of Rhodesia's unopened mystery book, the rusted hasps of which have so far resisted all attempts to open them completely.

III.

Northern Rhodesia covers some 291,000 square miles; Southern Rhodesia, 148,570 square miles. The former extends to within a little over eight degrees of the Equator, and its southern border is largely on the line of the Zambesi. Years ago when the world was stirred by the story of Livingstone's death at Old Chitambo (500 miles as the crow flies north by east of the Victoria Falls), the place of his death was termed vaguely "Darkest Africa." It seems difficult to realize that Livingstone passed away at a spot 280 miles south of the northernmost strip of Rhodesian territory. But so it is. "Darkest" Africa is fast receding. It has now passed into the unexplored tracks of the Congo forests where dwell the pigmies, the man apes, and the wild game, much as they have probably done for a thousand years. But it was the story of the Northern Rhodesia as explored by Livingstone which really led to the opening up of Africa and to the inscription of some vital detail on the tablets of history. Livingstone, a Scottish factory child with an indomitable soul, went north from the Cape Colony because he was dissatisfied with missionary effort there. He crossed the Zambesi. Fired with excitement as the new and wonderful territories unfolded before him, he determined to go farther afield. His missionary employers disliked his "journeys," and finally told him that they could not support enterprises "only remotely concerned with the spread of the Gospel." Nevertheless, he persevered—rescued once by Stanley, a timely bearer of provisions and aid from the *New York Herald* in 1871, at Ujiji, Western Tanganyika—although carried fever-stricken by his bearers. And in that condition he was brought at the last into Old Chitambo, a little south of Lake Bangweolo, in 1873, a dying man.

His bearers went into his hut at four o'clock one morning in April. A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see him.

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Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct for some time and the body was almost cold—the great soul had passed.

He just missed the Nile, but he found the source of the Congo, the third great river of the world. The heart of this Christ-like man was cut out and buried under a tree at this little village of Northern Rhodesia, in the spirit of the sentiment in which he once wrote: "This is the sort of grave I should prefer; to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever to disturb my bones." His remains were carried to the coast by his natives, and to rest in Westminster Abbey on 18th April, 1874, by Oswell, Kirk, Young, Stanley, and others of his old friends, amid great crowds and the signs of a nation's mourning.

It was left to Stanley to complete this extraordinary story of the opening up of Africa by inscribing some further details on the stones of history. Livingstone had drawn the attention of the world to the great lakes and waterways of Northern Rhodesia, Tanganyika, Angola, and to sections of the eastern area of what is known to-day as the Belgian Congo. Stanley was still to penetrate north-west into the immensity of the magnificent Congo forests infested with pigmies (with their poisoned arrows) and cannibal tribes, to ascertain the part played by the Kagera in the Nile system, to calculate the areas of Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, and to announce the discovery of Lakes Albert and Edward and of Ruwenzori (the Mountains of the Moon).

IV.

Many years have elapsed since that old giant, Moselikatze, mounted to the summit of the long, flat-topped hill a few miles from Bulawayo in Southern Rhodesia, as a refugee from the *Voortrekkers* who had occupied the Transvaal, and solemnly apportioned the land to various sections of his Matabele. Some headmen who had disobeyed orders

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were afterwards executed on the hill top. And now it is called "Thabas Induna," "The Hill of the Chiefs."

But less than a century has passed since then. Meanwhile, the tenuous web of industry has been spun from the south almost to the far north of the two Rhodesias, and yet what has been done is as nothing to what will be done. A great task is in process of accomplishment—the opening up of the two territories. Here, indeed, is no record of idleness. In the south, cattle and ranching interests are growing. The Liebig Company has 1,250,000 acres around Tuli. The Company has brought with it vast cattle-breeding potentialities. All along the railway track northward the tale of industry unfolds. The line divides at Bulawayo somewhat like the letter "Y," the right track proceeding to Salisbury and eastward to Beira, the left to the Victoria Falls and the Congo. On the left line seventy miles east by south of the Victoria Falls lies Wankie, Rhodesia's chief coal centre. Its enormous reserves are held to be a guarantee for the future of Rhodesia's supply. The *mêlée* of modern and bygone enterprise, of black headgear, and of old and fascinating ruins and rock carvings is as ever unmistakable. For within a few miles of the coal shafts are the Inkosi, Bombusi, and other mines. There are mysterious rock carvings. There is an abundance of wild game. To the north are to be found giraffe, zebra, lions, and, indeed, a hundred species. There are hippos and crocodiles in the larger rivers, and many a good lion story is told o' nights by those whose journeys take them over the countryside. One of the best, perhaps, concerns that of the young woman who, somewhere in the northern districts of Southern Rhodesia, was riding homewards on her bicycle when she saw a lion ahead of her in the roadway swishing its tail. Two things happened. Firstly, the fair cyclist rang her bell. Secondly, the lion decamped. And it is suggested—not always reasonably perhaps—that if a bicycle bell is so efficacious in these matters, the Rhodesian lion is nothing to be afraid of. Old Rhodesians know better.

When the first engine ran into Wankie Colliery in September, 1903, it initiated the beginnings of the coal industry, which rests upon an exploitation of 52,500,000 tons

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of coal within a two-mile radius of the main shaft. But when the line crossed the Zambesi into Northern Rhodesia other important mining areas were reached. Once again the engineers worked amid fascinating vestiges of the remote past. At Broken Hill, where, as we have seen, the men of its caves hunted game for food 40,000 years ago perhaps—wild, skin-clad figures wielding implements of stone—lead and zinc were found in vast quantities. The value of the ore reserves of the Broken Hill Mine alone is now assessed at £12,000,000. Coal, nitrate, bismuth, copper, and gold have also been found, and a dam of enormous extent some miles to the eastward has been built for the supply of electric power for the mines. Broken Hill, which is the Government centre of the Luangwa District nowadays, is, in fact, a Rhodesian district of great potential importance.

Copper and malachite were located over a hundred miles farther on at Bwana M'Kubwa, near the Congo border. There was the knowledge, too, that just over the Congo-Rhodesia border, the Katanga country had been explored, and the existence proved of some of the most valuable copper lodes in the world. Lieut.-Colonel H. Marshall Hole has pointed out in "The Story of the Cape to Cairo Railway and River Route," that these copper interests are bringing important communities into being. He has explained also that the last remaining section of the Rhodesian (railway) system is that from Broken Hill to the border. In order to cross at a point convenient for connection with the Congo State Railways, which undertook to carry on with the construction, and in consideration of copper discoveries at Bwana M'Kubwa, it was necessary once more to make a deviation westward of the proposed Tanganyika line. The funds for this section were provided under an arrangement between the Chartered Company and Mr. Robert Williams, the founder and managing director of the Tanganyika Concessions Company, which, owing to its close financial connection with the Katanga Copper Mines, held the chief interest in the extension of the line.

The British and Congolese sections were linked on 10th December, 1909, when Baron Wangermee, for the Belgian Government, and Mr. (now Sir Lawrence) Wallace,

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the British South Africa Company's Administrator for Northern Rhodesia, bolted up the last fishplates on the border This formality, which took place almost twenty years from the date when the northern extension had commenced at Kimberley, marked the completion of the Rhodesia trunk line from south to north.

Nevertheless, it must be recognized that even now in 1929, and in spite of big developments, Northern Rhodesia is something of a *terra incognita*, a treasure house, the wealth of which—mineral, ethnological, archaeological—remains to be explored. Its picturesque peoples have legends of the days when they lived still farther to the north concerning "the little men who sleep on the anthills over to the east," legends associated no doubt with the Bushmen or the pigmies who dwell in the Congo forests; there are numberless hunting customs and survivals almost from neolithic times, a babel of Bantu languages, too, some of which over to the east, it is claimed, reveal traces of the Chinese roots impressed on them perhaps when the Chinese sailors visited the East African coast in a search for Rhodesian gold long, long ago. Pictures of their oriental peaked hats and bits of their china, by the way, have been noted in the Bushman paintings.

But these things can only be hinted at. The work of investigation, the study of the speech of the tribes, the prospecting of the land, the further scrutiny of the ruins—all these things will have to be carried on for many years before the complete story of this splendid land can be told to what will surely prove a wondering and an admiring world.

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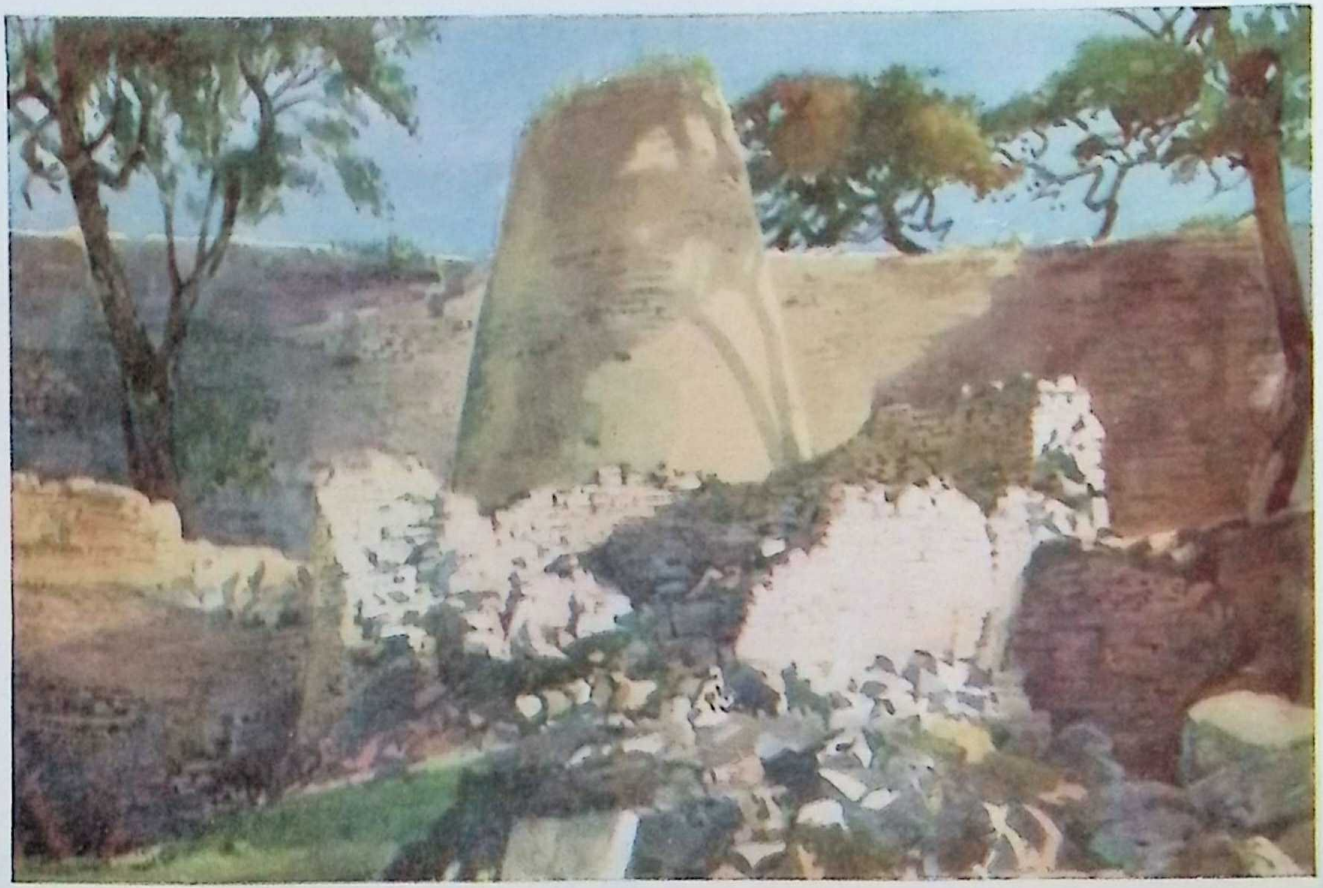

The Conical Tower, Great Zimbabwe Ruins.

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CHAPTER XXV.

The Ghosts of the Great North Road.

I.

"ANYONE can get into his car anywhere in South Africa now and get out of it again on the navigable Nile."

So said Lord Delamere, leader of the white unofficial members of the Kenya Legislative Council, in August, 1926, at the East African Conference which sat at the Victoria Falls. He added: "Numbers of visitors come to Cairo and Khartoum in the North, and to the Cape and Victoria Falls in the South," and he claimed that these two bodies, kept apart hitherto by stretches of impenetrable territory in the middle of Africa, would now be able to pass and repass each other in ever-increasing numbers along the Great North Road—a highway of supreme importance to the development of Eastern and Central Africa.

It is indeed amazing to think that it is now practicable to travel in this fashion from Livingstone across the headwaters of the Congo to Lake Tanganyika, past the trees where Von Lettow surrendered to the British at the end of the German East African Campaign during the Great War, and to come up through the previously little-known highlands of Tanganyika into Kenya, thence across Uganda, and so on to the navigable Nile, all in a few days. The Cape–Nile road is already accomplished—in the rough. It is a magnificent conception, an all-red route which will not only do a vast deal to develop the rich new British territories of East-Central Africa, but may also be described as a justification of the dream of Rhodes.

II.

A motorist who made the journey down from Nairobi to the Rand in 1927, surprised a young giraffe sitting in the

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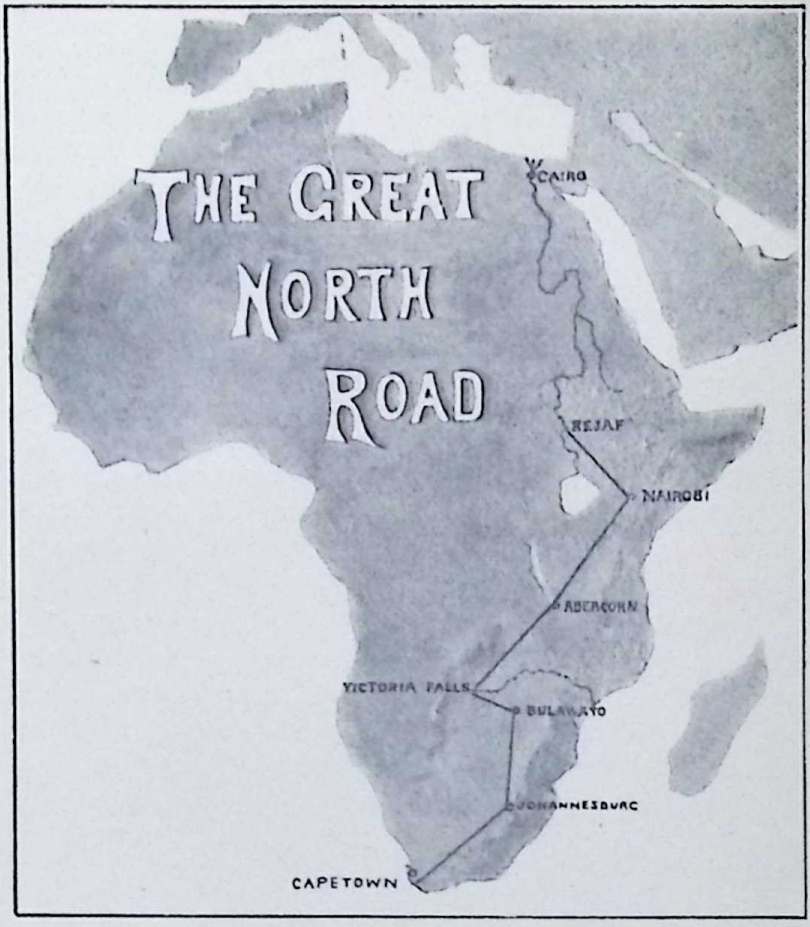

DIAGRAMMATIC MAP SHOWING THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE GREAT NORTH ROAD—CAPE TO CAIRO—FROM CAPE-TOWN ITSELF TO ITS TERMINUS AT REJAF ON THE NAVIGABLE NILE. MOTOR-CARS ARE TO BE SEEN DAILY IN THE AREAS WHERE FORMERLY LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY ENDURED INTENSE HARDSHIPS.

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middle of the highway near Nairobi, a beautiful creature which obstinately refused to get out of the way—until the blare of the hooter caused him suddenly to spring up and stampede. Elephant, too, have displayed indifference at the sudden coming of a car, but have vanished with the sounding of the hooter.

And those night-prowlers—the lions! Travellers have discovered that they fear fires far less than the steady gleam of a motorist's light, a gleam which to the lordly leonine mind is just an awesome eye, watching in the darkness. An incident which proves this occurred to a hunter jaunting in an ox-wagon along the Great North Road from Kondoa Irangi to Arusha in Northern Tanganyika. Creaking onwards in the darkness, he suddenly heard a lion spring at one of the leading oxen, killing it instantly. The party only possessed one hurricane lamp. It was difficult to see. Nevertheless, a native held it up, and the hunter was able to locate the lion, at which he fired twice, missing it with the first shot but killing it with the second. As he walked towards the carcase he heard another lion, apparently about to charge. He stood still. The lamp helped to scare this animal off. The hunter began to realize the extreme danger of the situation, for his wife and child were in the wagon which was apparently surrounded by lions attracted obviously by the smell of blood. At that moment a motorist, carrying strong headlights, happened to drive up. On hearing what had happened, he offered to return with the party to Arusha. Before doing so, however, the men proceeded in the car to within some yards of where the ox was being devoured, the gruesome sounds of the feast being clearly audible. The car lights were turned on. To the amazement of the onlookers, some twenty lions were seen tearing the carcase to pieces. They seemed dazed by the glare. The men were able to shoot nine. The others bolted. The motorist then rushed the woman and child back to Arusha, the hunter remaining behind to guard the oxen. The lions did not return that night, and the hunter succeeded also in getting back to Arusha. A notice board was subsequently erected on the road warning safaris not to camp there because of the lions.

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III

Dr. Saxton Pope, with more of the spirit of the sportsman in him than many well-protected big game hunters who wage unequal rifle war with the Wild, decided in 1925 to do his lion fighting in Tanganyika with bow and arrow. He it was who wrote so finely of the beauty of the African night as he saw it when waiting in the boma for the coming of the lions. He has described how the African sky dulls at the approach of the dark to a dusky blue, how swiftly the stars come forth, and the strange voices of the forest begin to be heard, the boring beetle clicking out his death watch, the short bray of the zebra like the bark of a dog, the cry of the night-hawk, the hysterical laughter of the hyena, and then the terrible, far-off roar of the lion Dr. Saxton Pope had a dead zebra outside his boma, and presently he heard the lapping of lions in the darkness—"great furry tongues licking in the pool of blood that rests in the disembowelled carcase outside." The archers rose quietly with their bows taut, and turned on the spotlight, the gleaming, watching "eye" so feared by the lions. He wrote: "In startling distinctness there lies the striped hindquarters of the zebra, the dense thorn background, and three lions standing or crouching in the spotlight! No one knew what a lion would do when struck with an arrow. There are no statistics on the point. We shot together. We struck! Two beasts bounded out of vision and not a sound occurred. The third lion stood dazed in the glare of the light. I drew an arrow quickly and shot. S—— saw it hit her in the neck, then all was blank. The flashlight went out and absolute black dropped before our eyes. Off in the night we heard the whining grunt of a lion presumably wounded with an arrow. . . . "

In this vivid fashion Dr. Saxton Pope has related his lion experiences in Tanganyika for readers of the *New York World*, experiences which strengthen evidence as to the efficacy of a steady beam in scaring off the king of the forest. But in fairness to the Great North Road it would be wrong to stigmatize it as lion-infested. The lion is not a lover of civilization. Where the game may be, there will the lion be also, for he follows in the track of the game. Many a motorist has driven the whole distance between Nairobi and the

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Victoria Falls without ever sighting a lion: and he would always be safe under cover of his car, with the hooter by day and the spotlight by night, and maybe a rifle in case of need. One might, of course, happen upon a lioness in the middle of the track playing with her cubs, the father of the family looking on in sleepy majesty. These are the chances which give salt to the adventure.

It is a rough but glorious artery, this Great North Road. It is threaded north-east from Livingstone and the Victoria Falls to Broken Hill in Northern Rhodesia, then on to Serenje, Mpika, Kasama, and Abercorn, near the southern edge of Lake Tanganyika. Thence it cuts almost due east across Tanganyika territory to Iringa and due north to Dodoma, intersecting the Dar-es-Salaam–Kigoma railway to Lake Tanganyika. Thence to Kondoa-Irangi and sandy Arusha, close to where the lion adventure already described befell the hunter; and so on past the glorious border mountain scenery, including Meru, 14,953 feet high, and snow-capped Kilimanjaro, 19,718 feet (the latter the highest mountain in Africa) to Nairobi. And then on to the Sudan. The roads are good but sometimes are mere tracks. And the journey should only be undertaken in the dry season, that is to say, between June and October.

IV.

The Great North Road was crossed by Livingstone in his heroic travels about Lakes Nyasa, Tanganyika, Mweru, and Bangweolo, between 1866 and 1868. Old Chitambo, where he died, is but eighty miles from it. And there was a quaint native who lived around there some years ago who used to declare that every six months on the third night after full moon, the spirit of a white man, leading a long line of blacks, could be seen walking across the waters of the swamps.

"I have often seen him with these old eyes," he declared shortly before he died in 1923, "A tall white man, very weary. He had a coloured hat, and a thick stick and he carried a light in a box (lantern). He had hair in front of his ears (side whiskers), and he spoke not. He walked on the waters. He was a spirit. And his servants who carried his meat were spirits also."

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"This very night," said the old man, "you shall see him!"

And he took a hundred or so of his tribesmen after dark to the shores of the lake, and, it is said, all of them saw a shifting light and some figures moving. Was it a will-o'-the-wisp? Or was it perchance (who knows?) the wraith of the old explorer still hunting for the sources of the Nile and for evidence (as he himself put it) "of the great Moses having visited these parts." And so, few who reach Serenje on the Great North Road will forget that but a few miles away the great Livingstone, as great in death as in life, was found dead in his hut, his head pillowed on his hands, in an attitude of prayer.

But farther north, after the road crosses the Northern Rhodesia border into Tanganyika—the scene of so much bitter fighting at the time of the Great War—one enters the region which may yet prove to be the cemetery of some of the great reptilia of the Pleistocene era, the graveyard of the dinosaurs. Towards the coast at Tanganyika near the port of Lindi, there is a region where successive expeditions have discovered enough of colossal remains to stock the museums of the world. The bones of one dinosaur required eighty carriers to take it to the coast. These "terrible lizards," to use the translation of the Greek term, were the mightiest and most brainless of all things known. Their bodies weighed many tons, but their brains would not have outweighed a man's thumb. The excavators found that many were headless. Their heads had been bitten off by other dinosaurs and devoured. Portions of Tanganyika were thus once a playground for these monsters which existed before man, and when the world was young, when indeed Africa was linked by land with South America

V.

Another great figure whose travels and explorations took him over the Great North Road was Stanley. He crossed after his historic rescue of Livingstone (at Ujiji in 1871). He subsequently trekked with his bearers back to Zanzibar, his route again taking him across the road and through the heart of Tanganyika. He traversed it again in 1889 on his journey

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with Emin Pasha from the Nile sources and Ruwenzori (the Mountains of the Moon), south-eastward to Zanzibar. It is extraordinary to reflect that this great African explorer, whose discoveries were of paramount importance to the British Empire—who sowed so many seeds which may yet lead to a great Central and East African federation of British states—began life in a workhouse. Yet so it was.

Stanley's early life is in many respects suggestive of the childhood of Nicholas Nickleby and Oliver Twist, for there was something of each in his origin. Born in obscurity at Denbigh, Wales, on 10th June, 1840 (or, as is sometimes claimed, 1842), he was " boarded out " as a child at half-a-crown a week, and in 1847 was taken to an immense stone building, where, as he relates, a sombre stranger appeared at the door. Despite the child's protests he drew him inside. The building was the St. Asaph's Union Workhouse. And in it Stanley soon discovered the futility of tears. Before long he came into the presence of James Francis, the workhouse schoolmaster, a tyrant who bore a startling resemblance to Squeers of Dotheboys Hall, and who eventually died in a madhouse.

In this deadly *milieu* then, Stanley passed his most impressionable years, until on being brutally assaulted by the schoolmaster one day, he retaliated. Francis, retreating from the attack, tripped backwards over a form, crashed to the floor, and became unconscious ; upon which Stanley and another climbed the workhouse wall and fled. How the lad was turned away from his parents' door, went as a cabin-boy to America, became a sailor, was shipwrecked, travelled through Asia Minor and Thibet as a journalist, accompanied the British Expedition of 1867-68 against the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia, and at last by getting the first news through of the fall of Magdala, attracted the attention of the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, Mr. Gordon Bennett, who ultimately commissioned him in Paris in 1869 to find Livingstone, then believed to have died in Central Africa ; and how Stanley executed that commission—most of this is known to the world. But the reflection is inevitable that to these two men who began life as poor boys—Livingstone as a child " piecer " in a spinning factory at half-a-crown a

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week, and Stanley as a workhouse lad—Central and East Africa owe their awakening. Shakespeare's lines have here a strange and close significance :—

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings.

VI.

Stanley's journeys involved not only crossing the line of the Great North Road, but also various crossings of the great Equatorial forests of the Congo. And it is not altogether to the credit of British capitalists that despite his efforts in 1878 to arouse them to the importance of the Congo Basin, and its forest lands, and to secure the territory for Britain, he failed to do so. King Leopold of Belgium stepped in cleverly, and with the Association Internationale du Congo obtained the ultimate recognition of Europe and America to its transformation in the early 'eighties into an independent State, the Congo Free State, under the sovereignty of King Leopold. As time passes, the importance of this finely watered and highly mineralized colony will become clearer. Its retention for Belgium was a magnificent stroke for that country. Stanley, however, was not destined to work mainly on behalf of non-British Communities ; for he embarked for Africa once more in 1887 and, as already indicated, went to Zanzibar. He had three great objects : firstly, to relieve Emin Pasha, the Governor of the Equatorial Province of Egypt, and one of General " Chinese " Gordon's men who had been cut-off by the Mahdist rising of 1881–85 and isolated ; secondly, to establish a British protectorate in Equatorial East Africa, and as a result of which he concluded agreements with the chiefs of the lake regions in favour of Great Britain and handed these over to the British East African Company. Thirdly, he was hopeful of assisting the Congo Free State, which was then encountering difficulties with the Arabs.

He accomplished all this satisfactorily. He initiated the steps which were followed eventually by the delimitation of British East Africa, now known as Kenya, and German East Africa, now called Tanganyika, although, indeed, in the

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latter consummation the zeal of Dr. Karl Peters, who became an ardent and masterful worker for Germany, must not be overlooked.

In the minds of some statesmen, Stanley left a legacy of new acres for an overcrowded world. For most people, however, his vivid accounts of the forest pigmies, his stories of the stillness of the forest depths with towering trees interlaced at the top and shutting out the sky, and spreading thus for interminable miles across the Congo; his accounts of cannibals and savage custom, and high adventure, on mountain, river, and lake—all this stamped itself mightily on the minds of men. It left an impression which has never been eradicated; for mankind seems still to think of Africa—Central and Southern—almost as Stanley wrote of it forty years ago.

VII.

Livingstone, Stanley! Great names these, and linked inevitably with the Great North Road! There was that strange warrior, too, General von Lettow-Vorbeck who fought so hard for the retention of Tanganyika for Germany during the Great War, a skilful open-country fighter with a habit of going about in the costume of a private and surprising his men. But there are still more impressive memories of the Great War; memories which somehow pervade the great mountains towards the Tanganyika-Kenya border—Mount Meru, and Mount Kilimanjaro, the latter, as already stated, the highest mountain in Africa, and called by the Masai in respect of Kibo, its western and highest summit, "Ngaje Ngai," "The House of God." Kilimanjaro is really an extinct volcano. It is to-day a forest-clad giant, the home of the elephant and the ape, the mother of glaciers, where all who pass must experience the haunting sense of history. It is one, indeed, of the pale ghosts of the great highway. This superb mountain, once the pride of the German Empire, was among the greatest war losses sustained by that power, if not intrinsically, then morally. The Emperor and all German Imperialists boasted of its majesty. They even built a railway to it from Tanga at the coast. It was considered a proud token of dominion. Those who beheld

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"The Exceeding Whiteness," "The Great Wonder," "The House of God" (as it is variously styled by the natives), raising its rose-white summits into the violet dusk, will feel that its perpetual silence is eloquent somehow of that Armageddon, which has changed so radically the currents of the world, yet which to Kilimanjaro was only as a little wind upon the face of Time.

Many valleys radiate from its acclivities, valleys which eventually become forest, and which by moonlight seem as unreal as a fairy world. Towards morning searchlights shoot their red and violet shafts over these valleys, and far above and beyond the forest there shines a spectral shape, the semblance of a remote dome—the summit of the mountain, the roof of Africa.

In order to include Mount Kilimanjaro in the German Empire it is said that the straight-line boundary between British East Africa (Kenya), and German East Africa (Tanganyika), was pushed some thirty miles out of line; indeed the mountain settlers declare that Queen Victoria made a birthday gift of it to the German Emperor. After some forty unsuccessful attempts, the German explorer, Meyer, climbed it in 1888.* The hunter, Cadman, who went into its forest belt long ago opened yet another page of its book when he described an amazing encounter which he chanced upon between an elephant and a giant ape which had been disturbed and frightened as it sat at the foot of a tree. The hunter heard some queer guttural sounds; then beheld the ape, broad, monstrous, covered with hair, its teeth

* Mr. G. Londt, the well-known Capetown mountaineer, set out with two natives to climb Kilimanjaro at the beginning of November, 1925. He climbed nearly 19,000 feet in four days. After two attempts, he reached the top suffering from snow-blindness and in a severe snowstorm. Mr. Londt found the names of two Germans who had ascended in 1914, noted in an American cloth-covered exercise book wrapped in oilskin and concealed on a rim of the crater. The names were Carl van Salis and Walter von Ruchteschell, and there was the date, 13th February, 1914. The first woman who succeeded in ascending the highest pinnacle of the mountain (Kibo) was Miss Sheila Macdonald, a London girl. Miss Macdonald and her male companions got to the top in 1927. They celebrated the occasion by drinking a bottle of champagne. "Only those who have done so," remarked a member of the party, "can imagine how ludicrous one feels when trying to drink champagne out of a bottle at a height of over 19,000 feet!"

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displayed, its whole aspect one of indescribable ferocity, confronting an elephant which towered over it with trunk uplifted. Suddenly the ape leapt aside as if feinting, its "hands" touching the ground, and the next moment the elephant charged. The ape grabbed its trunk and fastened its teeth in it; but its opponent lowered its head instantly, and with wild trumpetings attempted to stab it to the ground. The ape threw himself clear, and turning his head as he retreated, lumbered off, showing his fangs as he went and dodging through the trees as if indeed recognizing that only by cunning could he hope to match even his enormous strength with that of the elephant.

High upon the slopes of Kilimanjaro there is Bismarck's hut—a name, of course, also reminiscent of German dominion. From the top of Bismarck's Hill, one may look down at 13,000 feet upon a vast expanse of blue, shadowy hills and golden cones; one may see Mount Meru, as high as any peak in Europe, whose lakes abound with hippo, and whose rain forests also engirdle its lower slopes. . . . To the north of Mounts Meru and Kilimanjaro is Mount Longido (8,577 feet), and beyond that the town of Nairobi, one of the most important in East-Central Africa, and the capital of Kenya Colony. From here the road passes north to that decayed old volcano, Mount Kenya—eight miles below the Equator and visible from Nairobi on a clear day. It carries its frozen lake jauntily at 15,000 feet. It invites one to skate and to "curl" virtually on the Equatorial line.

Wonderful Mount Kenya, second only in splendour to Kilimanjaro! In the long ago, vast clouds of gas were blown from your craters, and your summit once thrust itself over 20,000 feet into the blue. To-day the craters have vanished, fifteen glaciers wrinkle your sides, and hoary age has descended heavily upon you!

North of Nairobi the road winds by way of Naivasha, Gilgil, Nakuru, Malikisi, and Mbale, and so on to Rejaf, the Nile, and the Sudan, the distance from Nairobi to Rejaf being some 780 miles. But here, as the highway turns to the north of Lake Victoria, converging slowly on the Nile, there will recur the memory of yet another great bronzed explorer,

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John Hanning Speke. It was he, who, travelling inland from Zanzibar with Captain J. A. Grant in 1860, crossed the Great North Road, and reached the south-western shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and on 28th July, 1862, discovered the sources of the Nile. As he stood at this spot in beautiful Uganda on the northern shores of the lake where the Nile rushes forth from that inland sea of 26,800 square miles, he had solved the problem which had baffled geographers for 2,000 years. Mention of this notable man recalls, of course, the tragic memory of his projected debate with Richard Burton, who was sceptical of his conclusion that he had found the true Nile source. The debate between Speke and Burton was to have taken place at the meeting of the geographical section of the British Association at Bath on 16th September, 1864, but Speke was killed while out partridge shooting the previous day by the accidental discharge of his own gun. The debate thus fell through. But history has vindicated Speke. He is known to-day as the man who succeeded where Livingstone failed, who found the sources of the Nile.

Since then enormous advances have, of course, been made in the development of Uganda. There is now a railway connecting Jinja at the head of Lake Victoria where the Nile breaks free, with Namasagali near Lake Kioga. And Jinja itself is a cotton-distributing centre overlooking the Nile Valley. The waters of the lake are clear and deep, and dotted with islands, the shores reveal white townships and wooded hills. Close to Jinja are the Ripon Falls upon which Speke gazed with such wonder, and hereabouts crocodiles, almost camouflaged on the rocks, bask in the heat, and open conveniently their black jaws so that the white birds who perch inside them may remove food fragments from their teeth. Here, too, fish leap in the turbulent waters just as they must have done thousands of years ago. The hippo disport in the open stretches, and numerous fowl flit along the leaves of the water-lilies that break the line of shallows near the shore. Nowadays one may motor to the foot of the Ruwenzori range; and to the marvellous crater lakes of the Toro region; but the splendour of the Primitive is ever close at hand in Uganda, fringing the civilized spaces.

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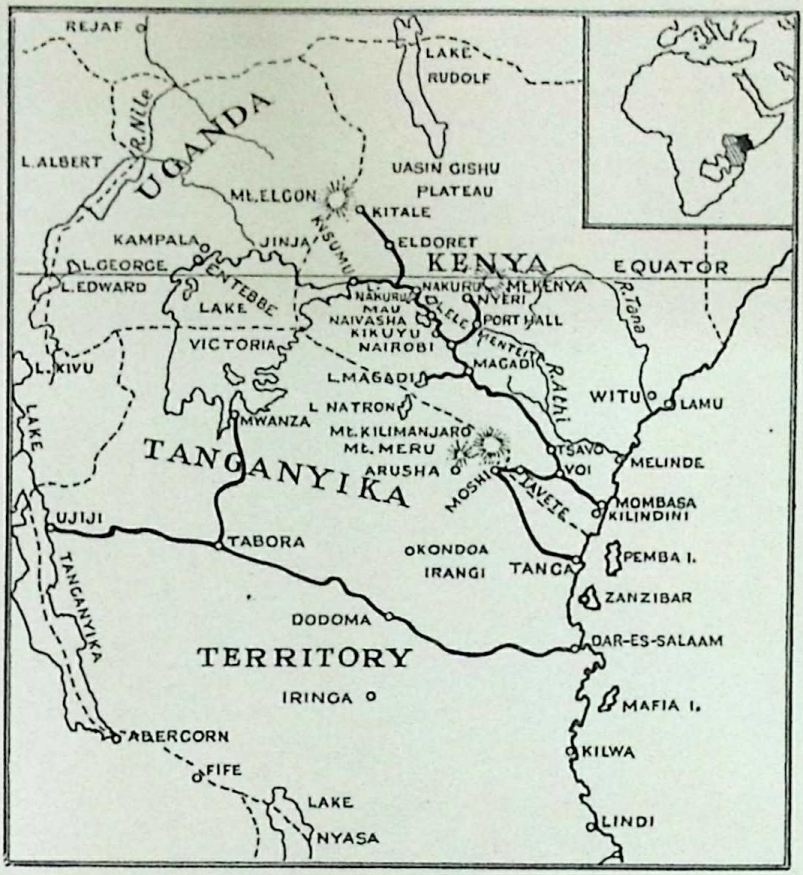

MAP SHOWING KENYA COLONY, TANGANYIKA, ETC.

The distance by way of the Great North Road from the Victoria Falls to Rejaf on the navigable Nile is roughly 2,780 miles, made up as follows: Livingstone to Broken Hill, 380 miles; Broken Hill to Nairobi, 1,620 miles; and Nairobi to Rejaf, 780 miles.

The efforts of all the East Central African dominions are to be centred for many years on making this transcontinental artery through Africa worthy in itself of the name which it already bears, as one of the most romantic highways in the world, peopled indeed with rich and splendid memories, and already in 1929, capable of bearing in the dry weather months many fascinated travellers from the Victoria Falls to the Nile.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Kenya and the Call of Rhodes.

I.

SIR HALFORD MACKINDER, the first and only man to scale Mount Kenya—the summit of which is the bare precipitous core of a volcano shorn of a crater—first went to Kenya in 1899 as an explorer, camping on the site of Nairobi before the town was started. He has seen the colony grow and thrive, and he has epitomized in memorable, thrilling language, not only its future, but also that of its neighbouring colonies, those splendid British East African possessions with which the destiny of Kenya seems to be linked.

"The whole country," he stated in 1926, "from the Cape to Abyssinia, is one of the great natural regions of the world, just as India is a natural region. The States in this region are bound to have a more or less common destiny. . . The possibility of a great East African Empire based on the Cape lies in the fact that it would be shielded from the rest of the world by the desert belt which extends across northern Africa and into Arabia; by the British Raj in India; by the British Naval Guard in Australia and at the Cape; and by the British fleet in the Mediterranean."

"Thus protected, the small white populations of the Union, Rhodesia, East Africa, and the Sudan would have an opportunity to develop their States and to organize the great wealth represented by their native labour."

Sir Halford Mackinder, who spoke with peculiar authority as Chairman of the Imperial Shipping and Imperial Economic Committees, is quoted here, less as a naval authority perhaps than as one who foresees clearly the gradual association of

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these great East and Central African colonies in a far-spreading scheme of closer union or brotherhood.

II.

Lord Delamere, one of the dominating figures in East Africa to-day, also spoke powerfully for this ideal in August, 1926, when, in an address to representative East Africans delivered at the Victoria Falls, he said he believed that the formation of a great British Dominion between the Sudan and the Union could come about by graduated movements, despite the fact that any scheme of federation extending from Southern Rhodesia to the Nile was impracticable at the moment. He also spoke of the eventual union of Northern and Southern Rhodesia with Nyasaland, this to be a southern group; and he mentioned the federation of a northern group consisting of Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika; the two groups to aim finally at federation.

This colossal project, worthy of Rhodes himself, is not the mere dream of a few wealthy Imperialists, but is now the practical aim of some statesmen and of certain East African officials. And if it becomes a reality, and if there results a union of States from the Limpopo to the Nile, then doubtless the time will come when, after all, the railway will be taken north over an all-red route, and the Cape-Cairo dream of Rhodes will be realized. Meanwhile, behind this lies the thought that these territories will become vast sources of cheap raw material: that they will help to feed the factories of all nations and will supply the older centres, and particularly those of Great Britain and the Union of South Africa (which are comparatively close at hand as compared, say, with America), with the means of placing finished products on the markets of the world. Here, then, is one practical idea emerging from the dreams of Rhodes—the cultivation of a mighty tropical field of raw material.

Meanwhile the formidable task of co-ordinating native policy—involving well over twenty millions of natives—customs, defence, the position of Asiatics, medical and geological research—the latter to help to throw light on the

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unknown mineral wealth of the territories—all this will have to be undertaken. The Hilton Young Commission began in 1928 to tackle the task: to suggest how it could all be done; and, unless something of an unforeseen nature occurs, the machinery of closer union may be put into movement shortly, and a new dominion stand nearer realization.

III.

Quite the biggest problem affecting the federation of these States, of course, is that of the Native. How are the twenty millions of natives and the Indians, and the Arabs, and the Pigmies, to be brought under law and control? For war has been their business for centuries, the business of the Somalis, the Masai, the Swahili, the Kavirondos, the Kikuyu, of the old, armed, Arab slavers who drove their lines of yoked captives regularly from the central areas to the coastal dhows, and shot all who fell out (or left them to the lions); of the Pigmies of Uganda, the little fearful folk who never stayed long in one place and whose poisoned shafts were launched alike at man and beast. The Ormsby Gore East African Committee of 1924 frankly felt the difficulty of making legislative machinery for all these folk: felt, for instance, that it was humanly impossible to lay down one native land policy for the different territories. Nor indeed would it be feasible to frame common rules for men who for centuries had made war and pillage the chief objective of their lives.

Nevertheless, the task of formulating sound native policies is being strenuously undertaken—the strengthening of the authority of the chiefs being one favoured policy—so that the cause of peace, the eradication of disease, and the growth of big native populations who will learn the virtue of work, may be achieved successfully. There is, by the way, a note of humour in the fact that when in an attempt to teach the Tanganyika natives the danger of rats as spreaders of the plague a reward was offered for dead rodents, the natives, scenting a profitable traffic, cut off the tails of the creatures and presented these for payment. They had allowed the rats to escape in the hope that their tails would grow again!

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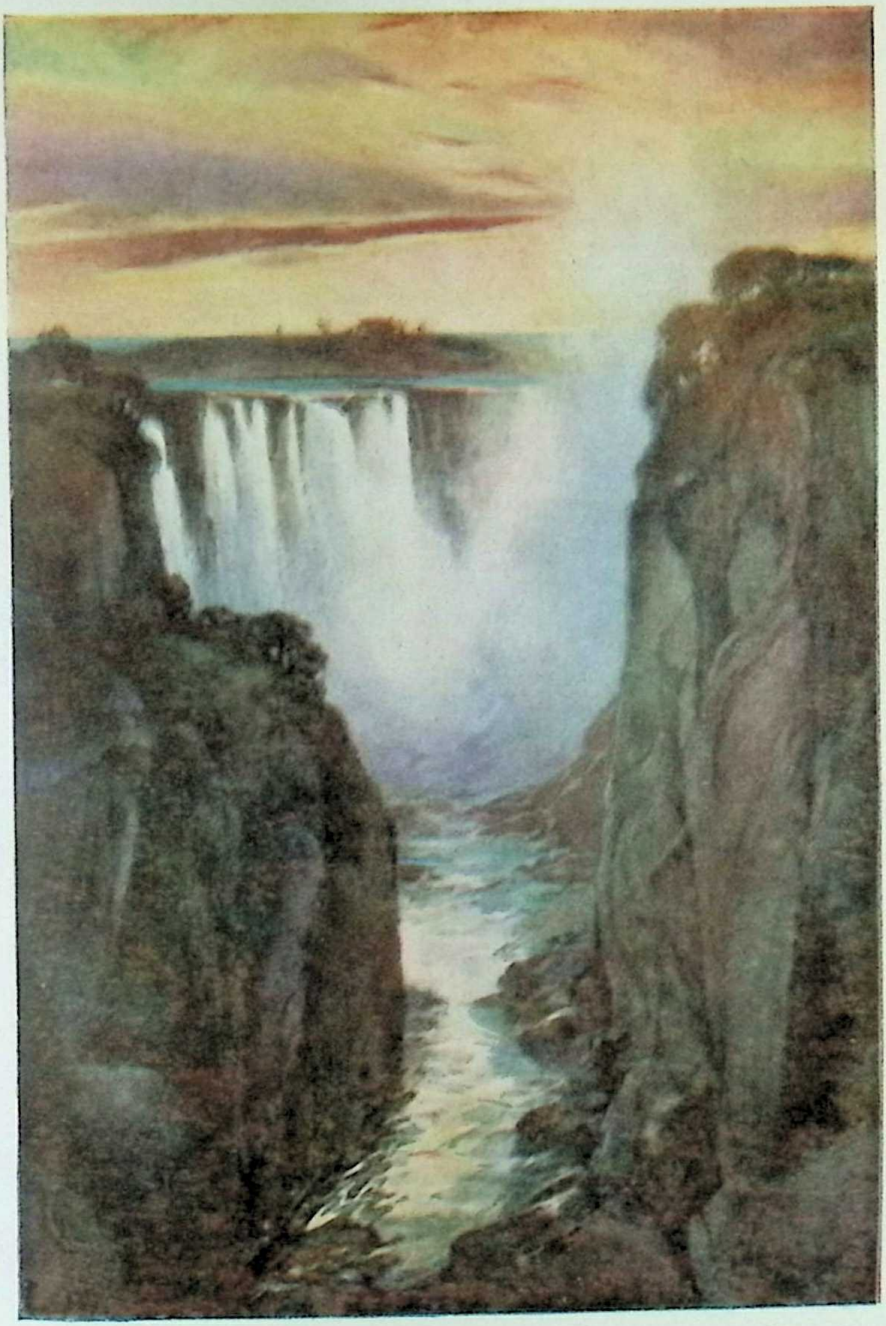

Victoria Falls—the Main Fall seen through the Gorge.

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The dramatic story of the "Sultan" of Witu and his criminal colony in northern Kenya throws a vivid light on the lawless, warlike atmosphere which prevailed as late as the 'nineties, and which is now being steadily superseded by peace and the arts of industry.

Witu, which lies about one hundred and thirty miles north by east of Mombasa and a few miles inland off the Tana River, was a point of political effort in the 'eighties. Acquisitive German and British expeditions passed and repassed it en route to the interior. Dr. Karl Peters organized one of his caravans here in 1889. Its "Sultan" was neither more nor less than a bandit. He lived by robbing the countryside; in fact, so enriched himself with his spoils that the outlaws, the runaway slaves who "stood in" with him, became, as one writer has put it, 'veritable dwellers in an Aladdin's Cave." At length Germany abandoned the country to England in 1890 in return for Heligoland when the Sultanate and its iniquities, with other territory, were added to the political cares of Britain. At this time a party of Germans led by a man named Kuntzel came to Witu to take up a timber concession granted by the Sultan, and ignoring the warnings of friends at the coast that the Sultan was no longer friendly to the Germans, because, he said, they had embroiled him with the British, Kuntzel went to interview him. There was a stormy scene. The Sultan had no intention of honouring the concession. So Kuntzel and his men tried to leave the town, but were stopped by the gatekeeper. The man refused obstinately to allow them to pass. Kuntzel drew his revolver and shot him. The Germans were at once surrounded. A desperate fight ensued. The eleven white men fought furiously for their lives, but the odds were too great, and in the end only one escaped to tell the story

Germany now called upon England to punish the Sultan; and although he had a thousand guns and plenty of confidence in the ability of his nondescript troops, he was rudely shocked one fine day when the British landed, defeated his followers, and set fire to the town, burning his palace and other residences, and driving him into the forest. Eventually, however, Witu was relinquished by the British East Africa Company as unprofitable and was taken over by the

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British Government. To-day the Tana Valley is regarded as a region of considerable potential value.

IV.

One of the oldest and most historic spots in East Africa is Mombasa, the port of Kenya, situated on an island six miles square. It is the coastal terminus of the 587 miles of railway winding down from Lake Victoria and Nairobi, and has a mixed population of 45,000 Europeans, Indians, Goanese, and natives, the Europeans, however, only numbering about two per cent. Here were once held the Arab slave fairs, tragic episodes, set flamboyantly amid heat, Orientalism, and wonderful trees of red and gold.

A great warm space of blue water engirdles the island, washing the very foundations of that old red "Castle of Jesus," which was built by the Portuguese in 1593, and which stands to-day as a stone relic of bygone deeds of blood. It was captured and dismantled by the Arab Sultan of Mombasa in 1631. He massacred all the Portuguese he could find. It was retaken and rebuilt in 1635. One may read to-day in the carved stone over its great gate how the Portuguese "Captain-Major put to death, on his own responsibility, the Rebel Kings and all the Principal Chiefs; for which services he was made a Gentleman of the Royal Household, having already been rewarded for former services by the decoration of the Order of Christ."

For another span of years, then, the Portuguese maintained here a precarious foothold, and in 1696 the last seige of Mombasa began. Eventually the Arabs stormed the walls, and when a relieving fleet from Goa appeared two days after it was too late: the few survivors had been overwhelmed.

Many little touches link the Mombasa of the present with that of the past: for instance, the statue in the Public Gardens to Sir William Mackinnon, who founded the British East Africa Company, incorporated in 1887; Government House, finely sited on the Bluff facing Mombasa Harbour, and the buildings of the High Court of East Africa; and a medley of stuccoed, ramshackle structures more Indian than African. And two miles away is Kilindini harbour—

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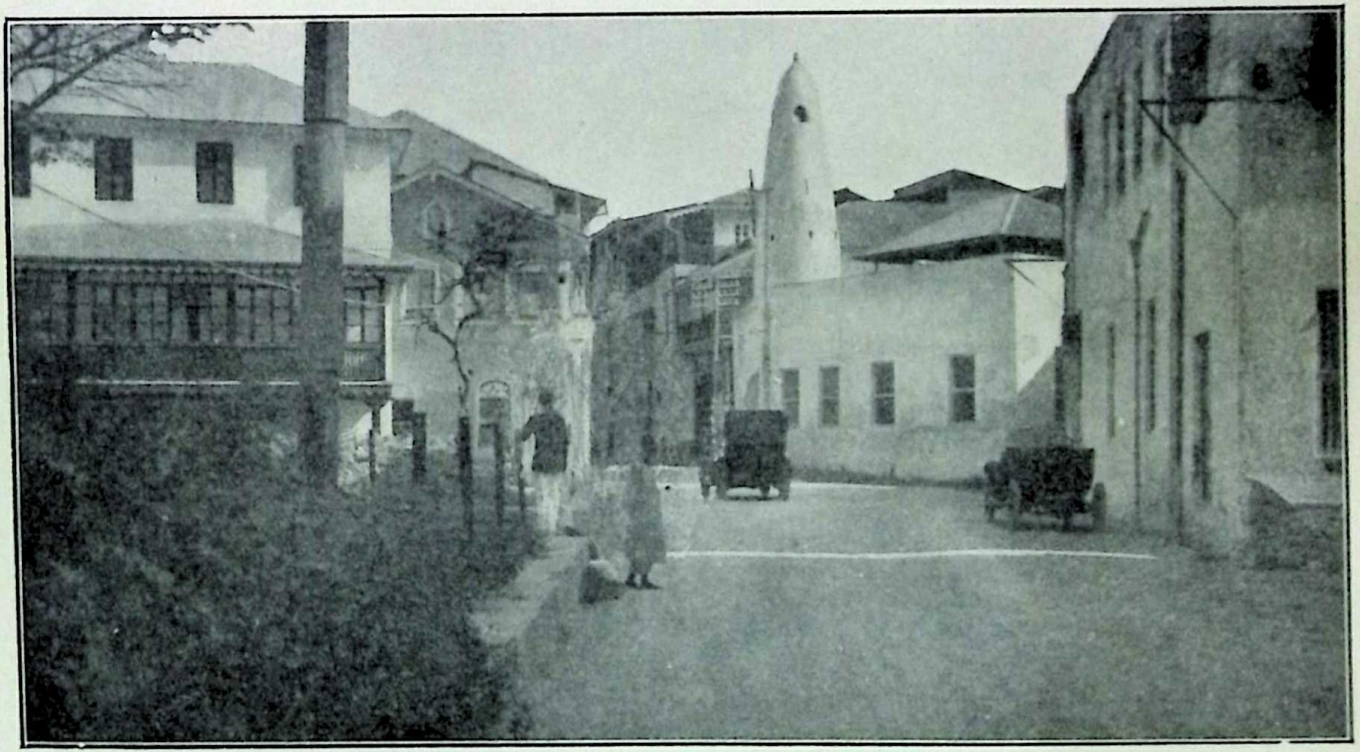

MOMBASA ISLAND—THE OUTER EDGE OF MOMBASA OLD TOWN AND OLD ARAB WATCH TOWER.
THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET HAS MODERN BUILDINGS.

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linked once again with the names of the Portuguese explorers—which, lying as it does on the west side of the island, is certainly one of the finest ports on the East African coast.

V.

Camoëns, the poet, who spent some time at Mombasa before going to India, wrote of its "noble edifices fairly planned on the seabord"; but nowadays although its mangoes and other tropical trees cast fierce shadows picturesquely throughout the day, the town probably looks its best when the sun is sinking, and the fretted lines of coast are silhouetted starkly against the sky.

Before the railway was completed from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Nyanza the long inland caravan journey west by north took three months, and was full of forbidding terrors. To-day it is negotiated safely in less than as many days.

The line now carries the traveller quickly to the inland plateau which in Kenya comes at this point near the coast, so that looking back towards the sea one gets a glimpse of receding blue waters, white coral sands, and green plantations. Then come the plains, reddish, savage, and picturesque; and woods, acacias, clear air, zebras, gazelles, wildebeeste, giraffes, and ostriches. Tsavo station recalls the book, "The Man-eaters of Tsavo," that well-known and thrilling record of the depredations of the ferocious lions which for awhile held up the construction of this line. The sweltering heat of the coast now lies behind, the air grows moist and exhilarating.

And so as the train speeds on there looms up that miraculous old giant, Kilimanjaro, whose pale blue base and great white dome, seen from afar, looks so unreal, spiritual, fantastic. One writer has said picturesquely: "As our gaze rested upon Kilimanjaro a herd of wild ostriches, alarmed by the onrushing train, fled with their great lumbering grace and stately action across the scene of his splendour, an unforgettable frieze. Then came the zebras marching in single file, and the antelopes and the little gazelles, and a new world of wild creatures, living and moving in peace, as if the

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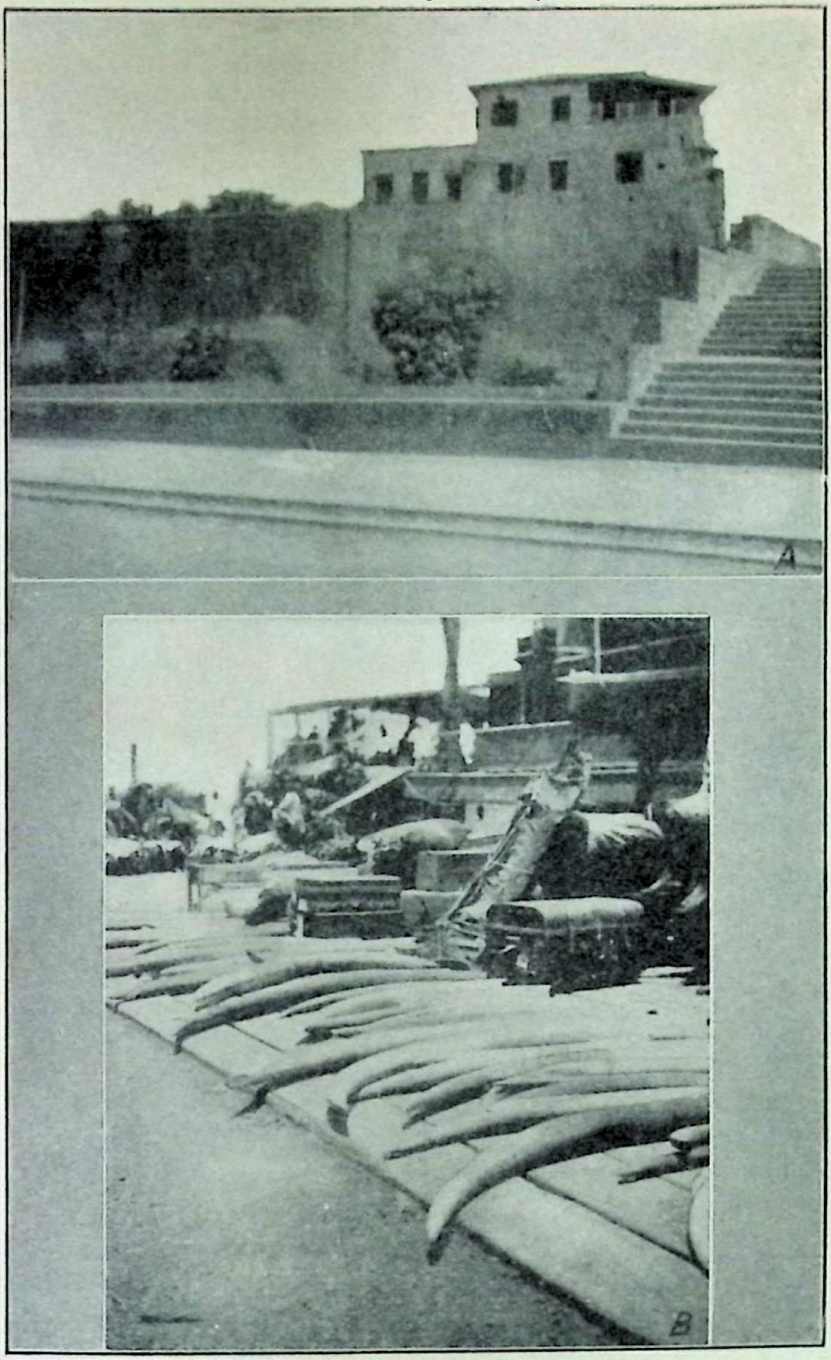

(A) FORT AT MOMBASA. SCENE OF TERRIBLE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FIGHTING BETWEEN PORTUGUESE AND ARABS.

(B) IVORY TAKEN FROM UNLICENSED HUNTERS.

[*Photo: Mrs. Josephine Henocksberg, M.B.E.*

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Flood were just over and they had come only that morning out of the Ark. The train ran across the Athi River, traceable in its windings across the plain by the forms of its cedar-like acacias; the land began to be fenced in; fields and homesteads took the place of the free unlicensed plains, Kilimanjaro withdrew himself from sight; and at Nairobi, the Capital of British East Africa, our journey came to an end."

VI.

Nairobi, that pulsing heart and brain of Central East Africa, which is to possess one day magnificent Government buildings sited by that architectural genius, Sir Herbert Baker (co-designer with Sir Edwin Luytens of the Capitol buildings at Delhi)—this romantic Nairobi is lifted to a height of 5,452 feet, almost over the equatorial line. It is 330 miles inland and north-west of Mombasa. It has a busy social and club life: its future, in spite of its Indian and other political problems, is very bright. From Nairobi the safaris on hunting expeditions often set out; and every author it would seem who goes after big game and writes a book about it, seems to make friends with Nairobi, and its clubs and clubmen.

But Nairobi is beginning to recognize the wisdom of the warnings issued from time to time by the game wardens, warnings to the effect that Africa has a big trust for future generations in the matter of wild life preservation: and that once the wild life has gone, it can never be replaced. It may take two hundred years for an elephant to reach its prime, but only a few seconds to kill it. Captain Caldwell (of the Game Department) has outlined the difficulties and dangers of the work of fighting the illicit ivory traffickers. He mentioned, for example, that on one occasion scouts at Masongaleni had got wind of the presence of native ivory poachers, but that, when detected, these drove off the scouts with poisoned arrows. But the scouts knew where the tusks were and, aided by the police, secured two huge tusks weighing respectively 158 and 149 lb.

It has been estimated that through the free ports of Barawa and Mogadiscio, in Italian Somaliland, ivory and rhino

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horns to the value of £50,000 annually have been smuggled away from Kenya. So serious was the position in April, 1924, that it was stated that Sir Robert Coryndon, then the Governor, had been compelled to make representations to Signor Mussolini. Moreover, there had been enormous ivory exports through Zanzibar. The smugglers were clever. They would bury the ivory until vigilance had been relaxed, or would conceal it in the gourds used as receptacles for ghee.

Fortunately some of the game in Kenya is protected in reserves, but it is to be anticipated that what has happened elsewhere will happen in Kenya, namely, that as time passes and the demand for acres becomes more general, so will controversy grow as to whether man or the Wild has the greater claim to consideration. Meanwhile licences to shoot big game are still obtainable, and shooting parties continue to leave Nairobi to penetrate into the game haunts *

VII

An exciting incident which proves how closely Nairobi is still in touch with the untamed wilderness happened late in 1927 to a youthful party of motorists who set out one day for a picnic spot sixty miles away. They travelled in two cars, young men and women, and were virtually unarmed. On the way back just before nightfall, one of the cars became bogged ; and it was resolved to drive the other back with the

* Captain Ritchie, the Kenya game warden, made the following interesting comment in his 1926 report on settlers' troubles with baboons, which are categorized as "vermin": "Many complaints are received of the damage done by baboons and bush-pig. I have received no reports of the success or otherwise of the poison method I suggested, so that I cannot yet testify to its efficacy. I have recently, however, been told in all good faith of a method of scaring off baboons. which my informant had seen used in Southern Africa with unvarying success. It is as follows: A baboon is caught, a cage trap or gin with muffled jaws being used, and a thick sack or rug thrown over its head. Several persons then hold the animal, which is shaved, so far as possible, all over. This operation being completed the baboon is painted with a thick coat of Cambridge blue, and liberated. No member of his troop will again approach the scene of the indignity for an indefinite period. Considering the highly organized intelligence of baboons I cannot but feel that the proceeding savours of cruelty, more especially in the colour used. However, if all other means fail, some modified form of this method might merit a trial, for truly they are a curse to those whose shamvas they are in the habit of raiding."

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JINJA PIER—A UGANDA PORT ON LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA. THIS PORT IS THE PRESENT OUTLET FOR THE PRODUCE OF THE EASTERN PROVINCES OF UGANDA. COTTON IS THE STAPLE EXPORT. JINJA IS A POINT OF TRANSFER ON THE MOMBASA-NILE ROUTE TO THE SUDAN AND EGYPT.

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young women, leaving two men guarding the stranded car. The intention was to return to fetch them some hours later. The deepening darkness of the fine African night soon caused those left behind to regret that the car lamps were not in working order ; and they realized fully the seriousness of their predicament when they presently heard the sinister growling of lions, and knew that they were being stalked. Slowly and stealthily the savage brutes drew nearer, until they had literally surrounded them. At two o'clock in the morning so near were they that a sudden charge by one would have brought the lot upon them ; and they felt that nothing now could save them but the immediate return of the second car. Suddenly their ears caught the far-off " purr ' of its approach and they saw the flash of its lamps. Scared by the spotlight, the lions retreated, and the rescuers were shocked to learn how narrowly the guardians of the derelict car had escaped a terrible death.

VIII.

Between Nairobi and Lake Victoria at Kisumu, the scenery becomes very grand. The iron road climbs 757 feet in nine miles, with a further climb of 486 feet in the run to Kikuyu. The line indeed follows a winding ridge, separating one valley from another, and the slopes are patched with a mosaic of native cultivation, maize, peas, beans, and potatoes, all being quaintly intermixed.

The Kikuyu natives who congregate about the train are superstitious folk. The missionaries had many tales to tell at one time of their readiness to attribute sickness to demon possession ; so that mothers would leave their sick babes on the outskirts of the forest for the hyaenas to devour. Many a child was retrieved by the missionaries from the very jaws of death.

Beyond Kikuyu one looks down upon a deep depression, a kind of swamp, which is in reality a root-and-earth-bound " skin " a few feet thick, covering an underground lake. The covering has been formed by accumulations on a base of water plants and soil washed from the surrounding slopes.

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THE NATIVE OF KENYA COLONY—KIKUYU WOMEN. THE ROBES CONSIST OF GOAT SKINS GREASED WITH A MIXTURE OF FAT AND RED CLAY.

[*Photo*: *W. D. Young.*

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Nevertheless, it is strong enough to bear the weight of the cattle grazing peacefully upon it. The train sweeps on through country which was covered with thick jungle twenty-five years ago, but which is now about to become a farmers' paradise. At length the vast edge of the Great Rift Valley is reached. It seems almost bottomless.. Here and there through the trees a glimpse is caught of its blue, sun-flecked depths below. In a few seconds the train runs out on a shelf of the escarpment at an altitude of 7,390 feet.

During construction days this station was a very busy centre. The line practically terminated here, and recommenced from the floor of the valley, some 2,000 feet below. Material was lowered down the face of the escarpment on rope inclines, the incline carriages holding a complete truck with its load ; the railway then made a fresh start on it way to Uganda. Passengers walked or were carried in chairs either up or down a zigzag path.

The incline track, with the masonry for a huge cable wheel, is still in evidence on the floor of the valley ; the old railway track, now a road, is clearly seen stretching from Kedong in a straight line towards Longonot Crater. The masonry remains a monument of pioneer days when virgin country, covered by a screen of almost impenetrable bush, was the dominant factor, and at that time no man ever thought that the harshness of the valley could be made to give way to settlement ; yet here also are seen many attractive farms and homesteads.

IX.

The descent down the eastern scarp of the Great Rift Valley is one of many achievements of colonial engineering. The railway descends through the only real break in a sheer cliff extending for many miles, and during the course of this portion of the journey a mighty panorama is unfolded. The act of looking down into the Rift, 2,000 feet below, and across the floor of the trough to the long 9,000 feet line of the Mau Escarpment, 50 miles away, suggests somehow the drawing of a curtain from another world.

The Great Rift, in fact, contains a world of its own.

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Hills and extinct volcanoes rise out from its lake-studded floor in such profusion that at times the Great Rift appears to be lost in systems of minor valleys and plains lying between its two gigantic buttresses, so far apart. A great lunar valley it almost seems. To the south, the floor falls away in a series of basins to the low-lying soda deposits at Lake Magadi; and to the north it rises in a series of ridges towards Gilgil.

The inner wall of the crater of Longonot is partially exposed to the face of the escarpment. The huge cone rises to an altitude of 9,000 feet and is the dominant feature of this portion of the Rift. It is in complete contrast to Suswa, another crater which is, although within close range, indistinguishable from the height above. The base of Longonot is buttressed by step-like formations, the eastern side of the crater-rim is lower, and exposes the line of the farther side. The crater itself is nearly 1,000 feet deep and three miles wide. At some places the rim is so sharply defined as to enable one to sit astride it. It is also very steep and holds a small forest in its deepest parts, and contains a "Blow-hole" from which poison gases are emitted. The climb is no mean mountaineering feat; a camp would be necessary and water would have to be carried from the nearest stations, namely, Kijabe or Longonot. Small game find an asylum in the crater at certain seasons of the year.

X.

This crater-lake region through which the train passes is of intense archaeological interest. It may yet prove to be one of the earliest dwelling-places of the human race. For was it not hereabouts (at Lake Elmenteita) that remarkable deposits containing bones and stone implements were found in 1927 by Mr. L. S. B. Leaky and Mr. B. A. Newsham, members of the East African Archaeological Expedition? Mr. Leaky, it should be mentioned, had been previously a member of the British Museum Expedition to Tanganyika which had unearthed the dinosaurs which left their bones on the site of Tendaguru, near the modern port of Lindi. So that while down near the Tanganyika coast is the graveyard of the dinosaurs, six hundred miles north-east of it are the graves

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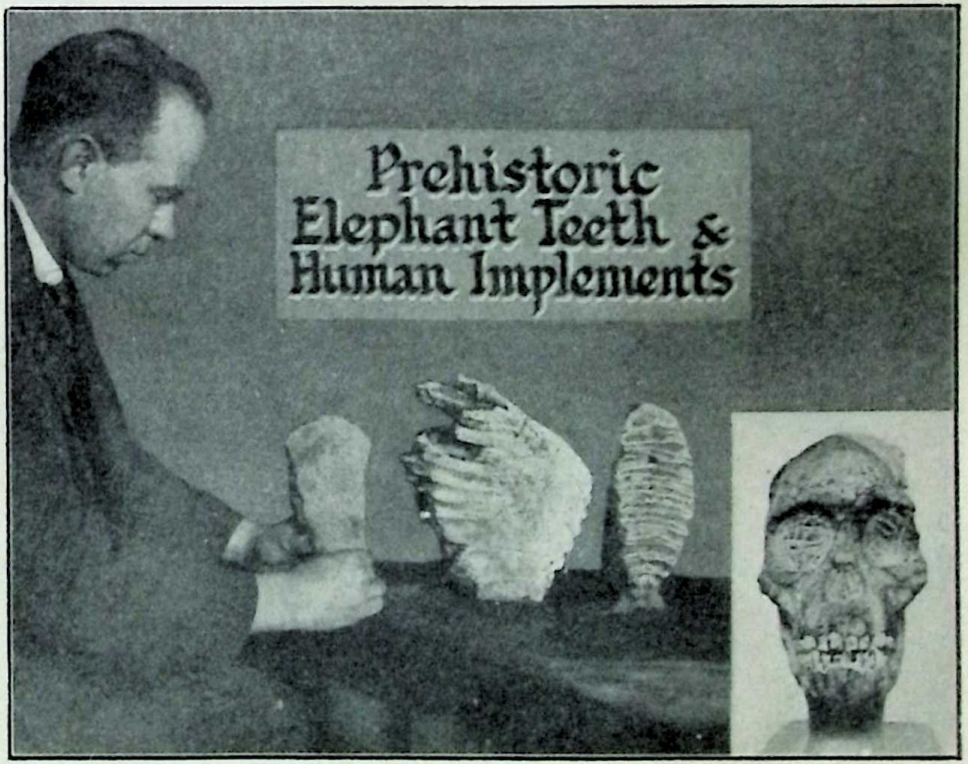

PROFESSOR R. A. DART, OF THE WITWATERSRAND UNIVERSITY, WHO BELIEVES THAT AFRICA MAY YET PROVE THE CRADLE OF THE HUMAN RACE. THE PROFESSOR IS SEEN EXAMINING MASTODON TEETH AND IMPLEMENTS FOUND IN THE VAAL RIVER.

INSET: THE TAUNGS SKULL, FOUND IN LIMESTONE NEAR TAUNGS, BECHUANALAND. IT LIES MIDWAY BETWEEN MAN APE.

[*Photo*: "*Rand Daily Mail.*"

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of stone-age men, at Elmenteita, Naivasha, and Nakuru Lakes. The explorer-scientists, it is said, were able to remove from these Kenya lake sites and elsewhere one hundred and ten cases of stone-age material, including the remains of more than forty human beings. All this raises fascinating speculations as to the origins of man. Professor Dart, the South African anthropologist, holds that many races, notably the Boskop man, a creature with an enormous skull who lived 30,000 years or so ago, the Bushman, the Pigmy, and others, were more likely to have originated in Africa than to have wandered south from Europe as is sometimes supposed. So that those who travel over the crater area may actually be traversing the very regions in which the ape-men of pre-history first emerged from instinctivism into the more generous light of human reason. East Africa is certainly a rich field for the anthropologist. Professor Dart is confident that investigators will yet discover earlier forms of the black races in circumstances likely to support his belief that they originated in Africa and not in Europe.*

XI.

Lake Naivasha is twenty-two miles across in a direct line. The twin cones about it are not easily detected amongst the numerous low hills which fill up the space between the lake and the escarpment behind. These low hills rise from the lake shore.

The lake itself is remarkable for having no outlet, and yet remaining quite fresh (except at its margin, where it is slightly brackish), so that it is possible that an underground leakage may exist in the direction of Lake Magadi, which lies

* The discovery of mammoth teeth by diamond diggers in an old river-bed at Bloemhof (Transvaal) in 1927 is held by Professor Dart and others to be of extraordinary scientific value. Not only were these gravel beds littered with stone implements of the stone-age type made by man anywhere between 20,000 and 50,000 years ago, but it is now proved that at that period the mammoth and mastodon wandered about the banks of the Vaal River. Dr. Beck found a fragment of a mastodon tooth at Barkly West in 1906. Scientists must now reckon with their migration right down to the southern end of Africa. It is conjectured that in some of the earliest gravels of the Vaal Valley there may yet be found other remains of the Taungs man-ape, who may have lived possibly some quarter of a million or more years ago.

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in an almost direct line along the floor of the valley some sixty to eighty miles away, at the low altitude of 1,978 feet as compared with 6,231 feet at Naivasha. Magadi is virtually a soda deposit that replenishes itself automatically. As the crystallized deposit is removed, a liquid solution takes its place from below. Lake Naivasha, it is said, fills a volcanic depression, a notion borne out by the presence of a crescent-shaped island, supposed to be part of the rim of a submerged volcano. This island is an ideal settlers' home and supports a herd of cattle

The Great Rift Valley is one of the most clearly defined and, at the same time, interesting contractions of the Earth's crust. Extending from Syria to Mozambique, the most arresting portion of the valley is that served by, and crossed by, the line of the Kenya and Uganda Railway. The number of lakes all widely differentiated, the various extinct volcanoes, hot springs and jets, indicate subterranean activity, which, however, never manifests itself dramatically nowadays.

The Great Rift is crossed by the railway at its highest elevation. From the top of the Menengai crater at Nakuru it is possible to see the five lakes, Naivasha, Elmenteita, and Nakuru to the south, and Solai and Baringo to the north, Naivasha is composed of fresh water, Elmenteita is salt, Nakuru provides a lathery foam when violently thrashed, proving its soda content. Below Naivasha, at a drop of over 4,000 feet, still in the valley, is the Magadi Soda Lake, and a few miles farther on the salt deposits of Lake Natron in Tanganyika Territory.

Nakuru is a township that has virtually grown up on maize, and while it is not exactly situated in the centre of the maize-producing district, it is the business and administrative centre of a very wide and important farming area. A large percentage of the maize grown in the Colony comes from this area, which lies along the floor of the valley between Lower Molo and Lake Solai. It is the junction for the Uasin Gishu line, which, when the extensions now being added are completed, will become the trunk line into Uganda; and the existing main line, terminating at Kisumu, will be

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devoted to carrying the produce from the rich hinterlands of Lake Victoria.

XII.

The railway line seems constantly to be crossing wonderful country. It is full of stock farms and wild life. The Uasin Gishu line climbs the Mau Escarpment at an altitude of 9,150 feet, rising 3,079 feet in seventy-four miles, and can so claim legitimately to be a mountain railway, the highest, probably, in the British Empire. South of this line, however, the main line winds along to Fort Ternan station, 533 miles from Mombasa, and thus reaches Kisumu and the eastern shores of Lake Victoria, the source of the Nile. The land is fertile and fascinating. Kisumu itself lies at the apex of a triangular system of motor roads serving the great Kavirondo country, and enabling one to travel in comfort by car either to Jinja around the northern end of the lake some one hundred and sixty-four miles, or to Mbale on the western, and to Kitale on the eastern shoulders of Mount Elgon ; or to Eldoret eighty miles away on the Uasin Gishu Plateau, when one can take train to Nakuru, by way of the Plateau line over the highest (9,150 feet) point of the Mau Escarpment.

XIII

East Africa has added a million acres of fertile soil to a world which sadly needs them. Europe, Asia, America, are waiting for the maize, sisal, coffee, meat, and food generally which can be raised on them. The potential cotton-growing areas of East Africa are nearly three times as extensive as those of the whole of the United States of America. In his book on East Africa, Major A. G. Church, a member of the Ormsby Gore Commission of 1924, quotes some amazing figures by Dr. Schantz (of the United States Department of Agriculture) in connection with the boundless hidden wealth of these territories. It is incredible. It goes to show that what that restless genius, Lord Delamere, has done with his lands at Elmenteita and elsewhere in Kenya, there is still room for others to imitate ; nor is there any extravagance whatever in the speculation that time may yet enable mineral

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and agricultural resources to be exploited for the United States of East Central Africa which may make them one of the greatest fields of raw material supply in the world.

XIV.

The mind is stirred at the prospect. Thought ranges from beautiful Uganda and its line of dynastic Nilotic kings, across the great escarpments, the mountains, Elgon, Kenya, and Chibeharagnani, the crater lakes, and the estates of the highlands of Kenya. It rests on the two flashing lines of east-west railway, one 587 miles long linking the the coast with Lake Victoria in the interior, the other 780 miles long from the Tanganyika coast to the lake of that name. One day the latter line will cross Africa. The mind rests on Tabora, the Arab slave city which once flourished on humans and ivory and through which half a million caravan porters passed yearly, but which is now a railway centre of some importance (recommended even as a new Capital for Tanganyika). And the Nyasaland Protectorate, too, south of that, with the wide Rhodesias on the west of it—all great lands of promise.

One sails in fancy across those superb inland seas, Lake Victoria (26,800 square miles and 255 miles long), Lake Tanganyika (12,700 square miles, 450 miles long, and 4,190 feet deep), Lake Nyasa (11,000 square miles, 360 miles long, and 2,316 feet deep), all lying roughly north and south, the remnants perhaps of a vast super-African river whose northern outlet was the Nile. There is charm in recalling the splendours of the African moonlight flooding the mosque and minarets of old Zanzibar, that vivid former slave island and town. Its Sultan's palace and tortuous streets, and dhows lying in the sparkling roadstead, and Swahilis rowing from one ship to another—these leave one almost bewildered with their glittering Orientalism.

Yes, there is no journey in the world quite like that down the East African Coast, where a new port is reached every few days and each so different from the other. As one moves towards the ports of the Union, travellers and missionaries, and settlers come aboard and tell their stories of life in the interior A crowded life it is, indeed, in a new Eldorado.

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And in the ports of the Union, also, lower down, the activities reflected there are no less rich, varied, advanced, new.

Time has written many epics in cities, stones, empires, but surely none as wonderful as this epic of Africa. It lauds a new dominion in the Centre and East—in vindication, it may be, of the idealism of Rhodes—and it rejoices in the Union of South Africa, grown to manhood, in the South. It stands for faith in progress, and progress in faith:

Where the vanguard camps to-day
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

an article of creed which shapes the beliefs, hopes, and even accomplishment of all young peoples in whom dwells the true spirit of vigorous nationhood.

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INDEX.

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INDEX

Name.	PAGE
A	
Abatetwa Tribe	115
Abbott, Dr. C. C.	284
Abercorn	357
Aberdeen	222
Accident Reduction on Gold Mines	56
Addo Bush—Game Sanctuary	245
Adelaide	109
Afrikaner, Jager	304
Agricultural College, Bloemfontein	312
Agriculture in Eastern Transvaal	68
Albany	112, 212
Albert Falls	161
Alexander Bay	274
Algoa Bay	6
Alice, Native College	269
Alluvial Diamonds	183
Amatola Mountains	105
Anglo-Boer War	50, 63, 162
Angola	275
Angoni Tribe	264
Angra dos Vaqueiros	6
Aqueducts, Ancient, in Rhodesia	332
Archaeological Expedition, East African	380
Arusha	355, 357
Association Internasionale du Congo	360
Astronomy at Witwatersrand University	37
Astronomy in South Africa	94
Aughrabies, Great Falls of	304, 306
Austin, Lieut	294
Awemba Tribe	264
B	
Baboons	252, 375
Baird, General	88
Baker, Sir Herbert	97, 195
Bangweolo, Lake	357
Barberton	68
Barkly West	176
Barnato, Barney	187
Barolong Tribe	110
Barotsi, Queen of	268
Barotsi Tribe	264
Barreto, Francisco	26
Basters	300
Basutoland, Administration of	268
Basuto Tribe	265
Wars	309
Batavian House	88
Bathurst	104, 212
Battlefields of Natal	162
Bechuanaland	268, 284
Bechuana Tribe	264
Beersheba, Mount	283
Beira	24
Beira and Mashonaland Railways	324
Beit, Alfred	187
Belgian Congo	292
Belgium, King Leopold of	360
Bennett, Gordon	360
Bent, J. Theodore	315
Berend Berends	300
Bergville	167

Name.	PAGE
"Berrio" Mutiny	12
Biggar	115
Bird Life in Kruger National Park	243
Blaize, St., Bay of	6
Blasting at Premier Mine	200
Bloemfontein	308
Agricultural College	312
Irrigation Settlements	312
Judicial Capital	310
Observatories at	311
Taken	164
Bloemhof	173, 177
Blood River, Battle of	127
Bombusi Coal Mine	350
Boomplaats	155
Bornman, Jan	125
Botha, General	291
Botha, Graham	87
Braamfontein, Explosion at	47
Brandwacht Mountains	231
British Flag hoisted at Capetown	82
British South Africa Company	325
Broken Hill	351, 357
Broken Hill Skull	345
Bromhead, Lieut	160
Buffalo River	105
Bukama	299
Bulawayo	324, 327
Buller, General	96, 162
Bultfontein	188, 189
Burgers, President	63
Burton, Richard	364
Bushman	240
Caves	237
Centenarians	239
Paintings	235, 320
Bushman River, Battle at	126
Bushman River Pass	169
Bushmen in Drakensberg	167
Busi River	24
Butler, James	289
Bwana M'Kubwa	351
Bynestpoort	196
C	
Cadman, Hunter	362
Caldeira, Antonio de	20
Caledon	107
Campbell, Miss Ethel	144
Camps Bay	80
Cane	120
Cao, Diogo	3
Cape-Cairo, all Red Route	292, 353
Cape-Cairo, Road, Distances on	365
Cape-India Sea Route	3
Cape of Good Hope	80
Cape of Good Hope, Discovery of	11
Cape Peninsula	92
Point	80
Purchase of	88
Seizure by Britain	76
Capetown	71, 77, 80, 81
Michaelis Art Collection	88
National Botanic Gardens	97
1820 Settlers	88
Slavery	85
University	97

Koviloor Digital Library

Name. PAGE

Cathcart..... 104
Cato, George..... 144
Caves-Sinoia-M'Topo..... 347
Cedara..... 159
Celliers, Carel..... 127
Cetywayo, Zulu King..... 159
Chamber of Mines, Transvaal..... 59
Champagne Castle..... 167
Chapman..... 88
Chapman's Bay..... 80
Chinde..... 34
Chinese Labour..... 50
  Princess Gang..... 52
  Repatriation of..... 53
Chard, Lieut..... 160
Chartered Company..... 325
Charters, Major..... 135
Chitambo, Old.....341, 348
City Deep Gold Mine..... 56
Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Co..... 338
Coal in Transvaal..... 67
Coelho, Nicolo.....10, 12
Colenso..... 164
  Power Station..... 170
Colley, Sir George..... 162
Companhia de Mocambique..... 35
  do Niassa..... 35
Conch, H.M.S..... 154
Congella, Battle of..... 139
Congo, Association Internationale 360
  Basin..... 360
  Belgian Railways..... 292
Copper at Messina.....322, 323
  in Transvaal..... 68
Corundum in Transvaal..... 68
Council of Seventeen..... 83
Cradock.....211, 222
  Mount..... 107
Cullinan Diamond..... 198
Cullinan, Sir Thomas..... 196
Cunene River.....275, 342
Cyanide Method of Gold Extraction..... 47

D

Da Gama, Paulo..... 10
  Paulo, Death of..... 19
  Vasco..... 9
D'Almeida.....18, 81
Damaraland..... 277
Damara Tribe..... 264
D'Anhaya Pero..... 24
Dar-es-Salaam..... 293
"Darkest Africa"..... 348
Dart, Professor.....320, 382
Darwin, Sir George..... 96
Dassen Island..... 77
De Beer's Consolidated Mines....188, 189
De Caldeira, Antonio..... 20
Deeming.....45, 66
De Kaap Goldfields..... 68
Delagoa Bay (see Lourenco Marques)..... 20
Delamere, Lord.....353, 367
Depa's Kraal..... 151
De Saldanha, Antonio..... 81
Devil's Peak..... 97
Diamonds, Illicit Buying..... 181
  Control Bill..... 190
  Detective Department..... 181
  Namaqualand..... 274
  Transvaal..... 69
  Law No. 19..... 183
  Mines, S.W.A..... 190
  Rushes..... 182
  South Africa's Largest..... 176
Diaz, Bartholomew..... 1
Dingaan..... 109
  Defeat of..... 127
Dingiswayo..... 115
Dinizulu, Sentence on..... 169
Disa, Red..... 102
Discovery of Witwatersrand Gold Reef..... 41
Dodoma..... 357
Doke, Dr. C. M..... 344
Dom Goncalos da Silveira, Father. 27
Donkin, Sir Rufane..... 211
Drake, Francis..... 71
Drakensberg.....160, 167
  Game Reserve..... 250
  Legends.....157, 165
  Mount Aux Sources..... 167
  Peaks..... 167
  Tugela Gorge..... 167
Drakenstein.....86, 101
Dundee..... 160
Du Plessis, Maria..... 66
Durban.....36, 129
  Old Fort..... 135
  Relief..... 154
  'Ricksha Pullers..... 133
D'Urban, Sir Benjamin.....106, 131
Durban, Victoria Embankment... 131
Dutch East India Company relinquishes the Cape.....76, 82
Dutoitspan Diamond Mine..... 188

E

East Africa Company, British.... 360
  High Court of..... 370
East African Archaeological Expedition..... 380
East African Native Tribes..... 368
Eastern Cape Province..... 104
East London..... 105
Elandsputte.....174, 185
Electrification of Natal Rlys...161, 170
Elephants, Hunting of..... 248
  in Addo Bush..... 245
  in Knysna Forest..... 226
Elgon, Mount.....294, 384
Elisabethville..... 292
Elmenteita Lake..... 382
English East India Company.... 82
Eshowe..... 260
Etosha Pan.....275, 342
Experiment Farm at Potchefstroom..... 62
  at Standerton..... 66
Explosion, Dynamite, 1896..... 47

F

Faku, Chief of Pondos..... 137
Fallows, Rev. Fearon..... 94
False Bay..... 81
Farewell, Lieut..... 120
Farrar, George..... 49
Felling, Sir Christian..... 294
Fish Hoek..... 81
Fish River..... 148
Fitz-Herbert, Humphrey 82
FitzSimons, F. W.....214, 237
Fort Hare, Native College..... 269
Fort Peddie..... 153
Fox, Sir Douglas and Partners...292, 338
Frenchhoek..... 86
Frere, Sir Bartle..... 95
Fynn, Henry F..... 120

Kovilloor Digital Library

Name. PAGE

G

Galton 282
Game Reserves 242, 249
Garden Route 107
Gazaland 21
Gemmill, W. 59
George 107, 223, 226
Germiston 40
Giants' Castle 167
Gill, Sir David 94
Glen, Agricultural College 312
Glenelg, Lord 109, 135
Goba 21
Gobabis 275, 279
Gold, Alluvial, First Discovery 62
Early Search for, in Central Africa 26
at Gwelo 330
Influence of Industry 60
Discovery of Reef 41
Reef of Witwatersrand 36
Refinery 40
Golden Dawn Diamond 177
Graaff-Reinet 112, 218
Graham, Colonel, Sir John 103
Grahamstown 89, 103, 153
Grasfontein 174, 185
Great Fish River 7
Great North Road 353
Great Rift Valley 298
Great Trek 89
Greytown 169
Griqualand, East and West 306
Griquas, Origin of 300
Trek 307
Griquatown 301
Groot Constantia 98
Groote Schuur 97
"Grosvenor," Wreck of 149
Gwelo 330

H

"Haarlem, The" 83
Haggard, Sir Rider 193
Halstead, Interpreter 122
Hammond, Hays 49
Hanseatic League 82
Hare, Lieut.-Colonel 139
Harrismith 106
Hartebeespoort Dam 196
Harvard Observatory at Bloemfontein 311
Haydon, Samuel 74
Heidelberg 67
Heidelberg (Cape) 107
Hemming, Captain 247
Henderson—Astronomer 94
Henry the Navigator 1, 3
Herero Tribe 273, 277
Herschel, Sir John 94
Hex River Range 73
Valley 102
Hilton Young Commission 368
Hintza 108
Hole, Lieut.-Col. H. Marchall 351
Homem, Vasco Fernandez 26, 31
Hottentots 84, 85, 272, 277
Hout Bay 80
Howick Falls 161
Huguenots 86, 101
Humewood 213

I

Ilala 95
Illovo 146

Name. PAGE

India, Sea-route to 1
Inhambane 34
Injelele, Mount 327
Innes, Dr. R. T. A. 38
Inyack Island 23
Inyambane Dances 251
Inyanga Estate, Rhodes 332
Iringa 357
Isaacs, Nathaniel 120
Isandhlwana 160
Isipingo 142, 146
Ivory Smuggling in Kenya 374

J

Jagersfontein, Diamond Fields 176
Jameson Raid 49
Jameson, Sir Starr, Grave of 324, 326
Jansenville 222
Jenkins, Mrs. 151
Jess's Cottage 193
Jinja 364
Johannesburg 36
Agricultural Show 38
Astronomy 37
Capital Invested in Mines 58
Climate 37
Depth of Gold Mines 56
Gold Output 58
Industrial Upheavals 53
Labour Employed on Mines 58
Mine Quarters 56
Mine War Dances 55
Occupation of 164
Proclamation of Gold Fields 44, 63
Reduction of Mine Accidents 56
the Start of Gold Mining 44
University at 37
Water Supply 312
Zoo 40
Jones, Dr. Spencer 96
Jonge, Thomas 83
Jorissen, Dr. 63
Joubert, General 164
Jourdain, John 82

K

Kaffir Pianos 256
Kalahari, Copper 323
Desert 279, 284, 304
Reclamation 341
Kalk Bay 81
Kamaherero 277
Kamanassie Irrigation Works 229
Kaokofeld 275
"Ka Robbie" (see Lewis) 277
Karoo 310
Kasama 357
Katanga 287, 351
Katanga, Copper 323
Katberg Pass 104
Keate Award 307
Keetmanshoop 283
Kei River Territory 108, 148
Keiskamma River 148
Kendrew 218
Kenilworth, Capetown 89
Kenya Colony 360
Game 372
Railways 293
Kenya, Mount 294, 363
(Ascent of) 366
Keurbooms River 227
Khama 265
Khami Ruins 330
Kigoma 298
Kikuyu Escarpment 298

Koviloor Digital Library

Name. PAGE

Kilimanjaro, Mount.....357, 361, 362
Kilindini..... 370
Kimberley Diamond Fields.176, 187, 188
Kimberley, Siege of..... 162
King, Dick.....126, 142
King George's Cataract..... 306
King John II. of Portugal..... 3
King, Lieut..... 120
Kingwilliamstown.....105, 153
Kioga Lake..... 364
Kirstenbosch, National Botanic Gardens..... 97
Kisumu.....294, 377, 383
Klerksdorp..... 66
Knysna..... 227
Woodcutters.....223, 225, 226
Kok, Adam.....300, 304
Kokstad.....301, 306
Kolmanskop Syndicate, S.W.A... 181
Kommetjie Bay..... 80
Kondoa Irangi.....355, 357
Koopmans-De Wet Museum..... 88
Kowie River..... 104
Kraalpan..... 162
Kroonstad..... 312
Kruger National Park.....201, 242, 244
Kruger, Paul.....62, 110, 192, 289
Krugersdorp..... 36

L

Ladysmith..... 106
Relief..... 164
Siege..... 162
Lake Magadi..... 382
Mweru..... 357
Nyassa..... 357
Tanganyika..... 357
Victoria Nyanza..... 294
Langlaagte..... 42
Leaky, L. S. B..... 380
Lebombo Mountains..... 21
Lewanika, Chief..... 265
Lewis (Ka Robbie)..... 278
Lichtenburg..... 174
Liebig Company..... 350
Liesbeek..... 85
Limpopo River.....61, 242
Linyante River..... 342
Lion's Head, Capetown..... 77
Livingstone, Dr.....95, 334, 357
Island, Victoria Falls..... 335
Township..... 341
Lobengula.....97, 323, 328
Lobito Bay, Railway..... 290
London Diamond Syndicate..... 190
Lonely Mine..... 330
Longido, Mount..... 290
Longonot Crater..... 379
Lourenco Marques.....20, 21
Lovedale Native College..... 269
Luderitz Bay—Early Voyagers.... 4
Luderitzbucht..... 273
Lydenburg.....62, 67

M

Mackinder, Sir Halford..... 366
Mackinnon, Sir William..... 370
Maclear, Sir Thomas..... 94
Mafeking, Relief..... 164
Siege of..... 162
Magadi, Lake..... 382
Magaliesberg Mountains.....66, 196
Majuba..... 162
Makarikari, Lake..... 342
Makololo Tribe..... 264
Makosini (Place of Great Chiefs).. 260

Name. PAGE

Manicaland Goldfields..... 332
Marcuz, George..... 170
Mariannhill, Trappist Monastry... 271
Maritzburg (see Pietermaritzburg).
Maritz, Gerrit..... 110
Marracuene..... 21
Maru, Mount (see Meru).....357, 361
Mashonaland..... 313
Mashona Tribe..... 264
Matabele.....61, 109, 112, 117, 323, 325
Mathews, Tom..... 53
Matopo Hills.....325, 327
Matopo Park, Rhodesia..... 330
Mau Escarpment.....294, 379
Medicine, Training at Johannesburg 37
Meiring's Poort..... 229
Mellor, Dr. E. T..... 44
Merensky, Dr. H..... 273
Meru, Mount.....357, 361
Messina, Copper at..... 322
Methuen, Lord..... 162
Meyer, German Explorer..... 362
Middelburg..... 67
Michell's Pass..... 230
Mogato Chief..... 204
Mombasa.....17, 294, 370
Monclaros, Father.....26, 27
Monomotapa..... 27
Montagu Pass.....107, 227
Mont Aux Sources..... 167
Moroko.....110, 112
Morris, Sir W..... 96
Moselikatse.....61, 109, 117, 326
Mossel Bay—Early Voyagers.6, 12, 223
Mount Edgecombe Sugar Mill.... 170
Mouille Point, Capetown..... 88
Mowbray..... 89
Mozambique.....27, 32
Mpika..... 357
M'Rimo (Umlimo)..... 329
M'topa Caves..... 347
Muizenberg.....81, 89
Murraca..... 24
Music, Training at Johannesburg.. 37
Mweru, Lake..... 357

N

Nairobi.....294, 357, 363, 374
Naivasha, Lake..... 382
Nakuru..... 383
Namahacha..... 21
Namaqualand Diamonds..... 274
Napier, Sir George..... 137
Natal, Battlefields..... 162
First Railway..... 287
First Settlement..... 120
Industries.....169, 170
Naming of..... 16
South Coast..... 146
Volksraad..... 128
Natalia, Republic..... 137
National Park—Drakensberg..... 250
Native Home Life Problem..... 268
Native Problem of East Africa.... 368
Naval Base—Simonstown..... 80
Ndongeni..... 142
Nelspruit.....68, 244
Nelsrust..... 159
Newcastle..... 169
Newlands—Capetown..... 69
Newmann & Co..... 68
Newsham, B. A..... 380
Ngami, Lake..... 342
Nile, Sources of..... 304
Ninevites..... 269
Nyasa, Lake..... 357
Nylstroom.....62, 204

Koviloor Digital Library

Name. PAGE

O

Observatory, Ann Arbor, at Bloemfontein..... 311
Ogle..... 120
Okahandja, Herero Capital..... 278
Okombahe Tin Mines..... 275
Olifants River..... 68
Omaruru.....275, 283
Ophir..... 36
Orange Free State, Topographical Features..... 307
Orange River.....4, 167, 306
Alluvial Diamonds..... 173
Ormsby Gore East African Commission..... 368
Ostrich Farms..... 227
Otavi.....275, 283
Otto, Brother..... 320
Oudtshoorn..... 276
Outeniqua Mountains.....107, 227
Ovamboland..... 276
Ovambo Tribe..... 264

P

Paarl.....86, 101
Panda..... 128
Papendorp..... 77
Parys..... 312
Patterson, Col..... 295
Pauling, George..... 288
Pequena Bay..... 4
Peters, Dr. Karl..... 361
Philippolis..... 301
Phillips, Discoverer of Zimbabwe Ruins..... 313
Phillip, Doctor..... 89
Phillips, Lionel..... 49
Pietermaritzburg 128, 137, 157, 158, 159
Voortrekkers Museum..... 158
Pietersburg.....68, 204
Pilgrims Rest..... 62
Piquetberg..... 301
Platinum in Transvaal..... 68
Plettenberg Bay..... 227
Polana Beach..... 23
Population, Proportion of Races.. 268
Port Alfred..... 104
Port Elizabeth.....211, 223
Early Voyagers..... 6
Snake Park..... 214
Port Natal..... 120
Porto Amelia..... 35
Port Rex..... 105
Port Shepstone..... 147
Portuguese Angola..... 275
Portuguese East Africa..... 20
Portuguese Navigators..... 1
Potchefstroom.....61, 67, 312
Potgieter, A. H..... 61
Potgieter, Hendrik..... 110
Potgieter, Hermanus..... 202
Potgietersrust.....68, 204
Prehistoric Animals in East Africa 358
Premier Mine, Discovery of....196, 199
Pretoria..... 195
Occupation of..... 164
Signing of Peace..... 164
Pretorius, Andries....61, 126, 128, 137
General M. W..... 309
Kop..... 244
Major.....245, 246
Prime Minister's Residence..... 97
Prince Imperial..... 160
Pringle, Captain..... 293
Products of Natal..... 170
Pungwe River..... 24

Name. PAGE

Q

Queenstown..... 104
Quelimane..... 34

R

Randfontein..... 36
Rand, the..... 36
Rawstone, Fleetwood..... 189
Reform Leaders—Jameson Raid.. 49
Rehoboths..... 303
Reinecke, Dr. L..... 44
Rejaf..... 363
Renders and Zimbabwe Ruins.... 313
Ressano Garcia..... 21
Retief, Pieter.....110, 122, 125, 261
Revolt on Witwatersrand..... 54
Rex, George..... 225
Rhodes, Cecil.....45, 49, 96, 97, 162, 189, 277, 324, 325, 326
Rhodes, Colonel..... 49
Rhodes Estate..... 97
Rhodesia, Chartered Company.... 325
Coal Industry..... 350
Game..... 350
Gold..... 330
Government..... 333
Minerals in..... 351
Northern..... 348
Products..... 333
Rhodes' Inyanga Estate..... 332
Rhodes University..... 103
'Rieksha Pullers, Durban..... 133
Rietfontein..... 277
Rift Valley.....298, 379
Ripon Falls..... 364
Ritchie, Captain, Game Warden... 375
Riversdale..... 107
Robben Island..... 77
Roberts, Lieut..... 164
Roberts, Lord..... 164
Rondebosch..... 89
Roodepoort..... 52
Rorke's Drift..... 160
Rosebank, Capetown..... 89
Royal Observatory..... 94
Rudolph, Gert..... 112
Ruins of Zimbabwe..... 313
Rumwanda Cave..... 237
Ruwenzori.....359, 364

S

St. James..... 81
St. John's River..... 104
St. Sebastian Bay..... 6
Saldanha, Antonio de..... 81
Saldanha Bay..... 12
Salisbury.....323, 332
Salisbury Island..... 131
Salt River..... 89
San Sebastian..... 32
Santa Helena..... 11
Schaaprivier..... 279
Schwartz, late Professor.....276, 341
Seere, Carel..... 309
Selati Goldfields..... 68
Selby, Paul..... 243
Selous, F. C..... 245
Selukwe Goldfields..... 330
Sena..... 28
Senzangakona.....114, 258
Serenje..... 357
Settlers, 1820..... 211
Settlers, 1820, at Capetown..... 88
Shangaan War Dances 251
Shangani River Massacre..... 324

Koviloor Digital Library

Name.	PAGE
Shangani River Memorial	326
Sheba's Breasts	162
Shepstone, Sir Theophilus	159
Shillings, Andrew	82
Shire Highlands Railway	24
Siemerink, H.	215
Signal Hill, Capetown	77
Sikonyella	124
Silveira, Father Dom Goncalos de	27
Simonstown	80
Sinoia Caves	347
Sir Lowry Pass	107
Slave Abolitionist Movement	109, 307
Slavery at Capetown	85
Smith, Capt. T. C.	137
Smith, John Owen	213
Smith, Sir Harry	106
Smithsonian Institute, Observatory at Brukkaros	283
Smuts, General	54, 291
Snake Park, Port Elizabeth	214
Sofala	24
Somerset East	222
South Africa — Administrative Capital	195
South African Native College	269
Southampton, H.M.S.	153
South-West Africa, Bushmen	113, 272
Copper	275
Diamonds	181, 273
Game	176
Germans	277
Great War	356
Tin	275
Speke, J. H.	364
Spionkop	164
Springs	36
Stander, A. J.	66
Standerton	66
Stanger	263
Stanley, Sir H. M.	348, 358
"Star of South Africa" Diamond	176
Statham, F. Reginda	63
Stellenbosch	86, 99
Stockenstroom, Sir Andries	89
Stock Exchange, First	66
Stoffels, Andries	89
Stone Age in Africa	382
Strikes—Witwatersrand	53
Struben, Fred	41
Sudan	357
Sugar Industry in Natal	169
Summer Resorts—False Bay	81
Sundays River	218
Survey of Southern Africa	96
Swartz, Philip	201, 205
Swaziland, Administration	268
Swellendam	101, 107

T

Table Mountain	90, 97
Tabora	385
Taljaard, Jacob	67
Tana Valley	369
Tanganyika Concessions Company	351
Lake	293, 357
Territory	96, 298, 355, 360
Tas, Adam	101
Tati Concessions Company	97
Tete	34
Thaba 'Nchu	112
"Thabas Induna"	350
Three Anchor Bay	80
Tin, Early Mining	322
Toro Region	364
Touws River	230
Transkei	104
Transvaal, Annexation by Great Britain	63
Republic	155
Trappist Monastery, Mariannhill	271
Treaty of Amiens	77
Trichardt, Louis	112
Trollope, Anthony	235
Tsavo	372
Tshaka, King	114, 258, 260
Tshatshu, Jan	89
Tsumeb	275, 283
Tugela Gorge	167
Tugela Heights	162
Tulbagh, Governor	88
Tuli-Liebig Company	350
Twelve Apostles	80
Twining, Lieut.	294
Tzaneen	68
Tzitzikamma	227

U

Uasin Gishu Plateau	294
Uganda	304, 379
Uganda, Railways in	293
Uitenhage	107, 222
Uitlanders	49
Ujiji	298, 348
Ulundi, Battle of	160
Umbogintwini	148
Umbopa	118
Umbulwana	164
Umgazi	150
Umgeni River	131, 161
Umgungunhlovu	122, 126
Umkomaas	147
Umkomanzi	147
Umlimo, Cave of	327
Umtali	330
Umtata	147
Umthlangana	118
Umzimkulu River	147
Umzimvubu River	147
Unandi	115, 263
"Union Limited"	291
Union Observatory, Johannesburg	37
Upington	304
Upsher	24
Uys, Jacobus	127
Uys, Piet	110

V

Vaal River	187
Alluvial Diamond Diggings on	176
Barrage	312
Valley of a Thousand Hills	161
Van der Stel, Adriaan	86
Simon	86, 98
Van Riebeeck, Johan	84
Van Ryneveld Pass Dam	220
Van Wassenaar, Guide	234
Van Zyl	233
Vasco da Gama	9
Vectis	137
Vereeniging	312
Victoria Falls, Kandahar Island	341
Palm Grove	340
Regatta Course at	341
Victoria-Nyanza, Lake	294
Victoria, Rhodesia	323
Victoria Road, Capetown	80
Village Deep Gold Mine	56
Volksraad—Kokstad	303
Volksrust	67, 161
Voortrekkers	61, 89, 110, 122
Vorbeck, Gen. Von Lettow	247, 362

Koviloor Digital Library

Name. PAGE.

W

Waaihoek Mountains..... 231
Waai Nek Tunnel..... 289
Wagner, Dr..... 273
Walker, George..... 42
Wallace, Sir Lawrence..... 351
Walvis Bay.....275, 282
Wangermee, Baron..... 351
Wankie—Coal Fields..... 350
Waterboer, Andries..... 307
Weenen..... 126
Wellington..... 86
Werth, Mr. A. J..... 276
Wesselton Mine..... 188
Westminster..... 312
Whitehouse, James..... 44
White River Settlement..... 245
Wilderness..... 227
Wilge River..... 167
Williams, Gardner F..... 189
Williams, Robert..... 351
Willoughby, Sir John..... 50
Wilson, Major Alan..... 324
Wiltshire, Col..... 103
Winburg.....62, 312
Windhoek..... 282
Wine Industry, Constantia..... 98
Witbank..... 67
Witch Doctors..... 263
Witpoortjie Break..... 52
Witsands Bay..... 80
Witu, Sultan of..... 369
Witwatersrand.....36, 41
Woltemade, Wolraad..... 83
Wonderboom..... 196
Woodstock..... 77
Worcester..... 101
World's View—Matopo Hills..... 326
Wrecks in Table Bay..... 83
Wyatt, Lieut..... 139
Wynberg, Capetown..... 89

X

Xosa Tribe..... 264

Y

Yale University Observatory at Johannesburg..... 37

Z

Zambesia, Copper in..... 323
Zambesi Express..... 291
Zambesi River..... 334
Zanzibar.....360, 375, 385
Zebediela Estates..... 68
Zeederberg Mail Coach..... 291
Zeerust.....68, 113
Zimbabwe Ruins, Gold at..... 314
Zoutpansberg.....61, 68
Zulu Armies.....114, 115
Burial Customs..... 261
Chiefs..... 116
Dances..... 258
King Dingaan..... 109
'Ricksha Pullers..... 133
War..... 159
Zululand..... 258
Zwartbergen Range and Pass..229, 230
Zwide, Chief..... 258

Koviloor Digital Library

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